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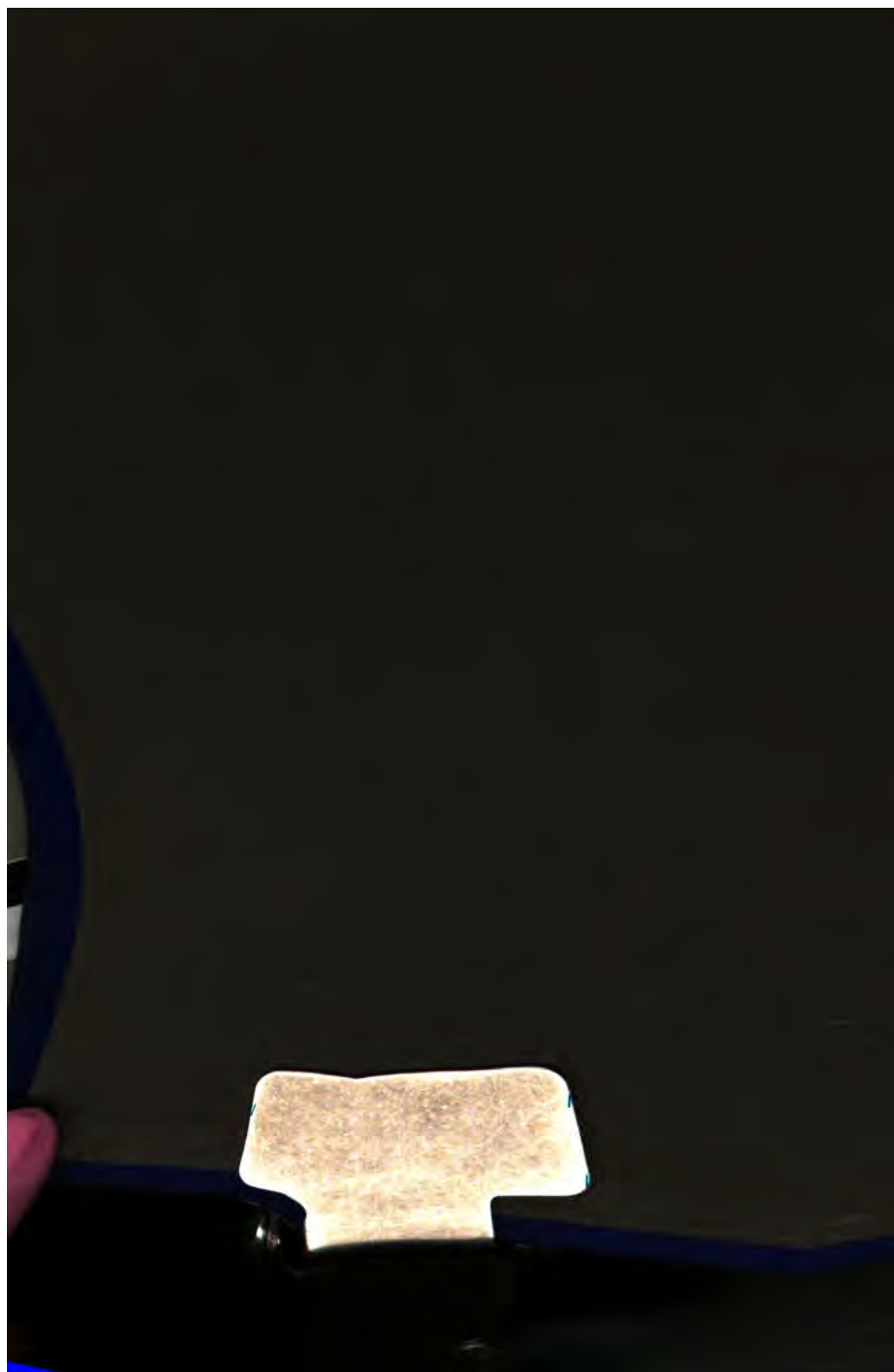
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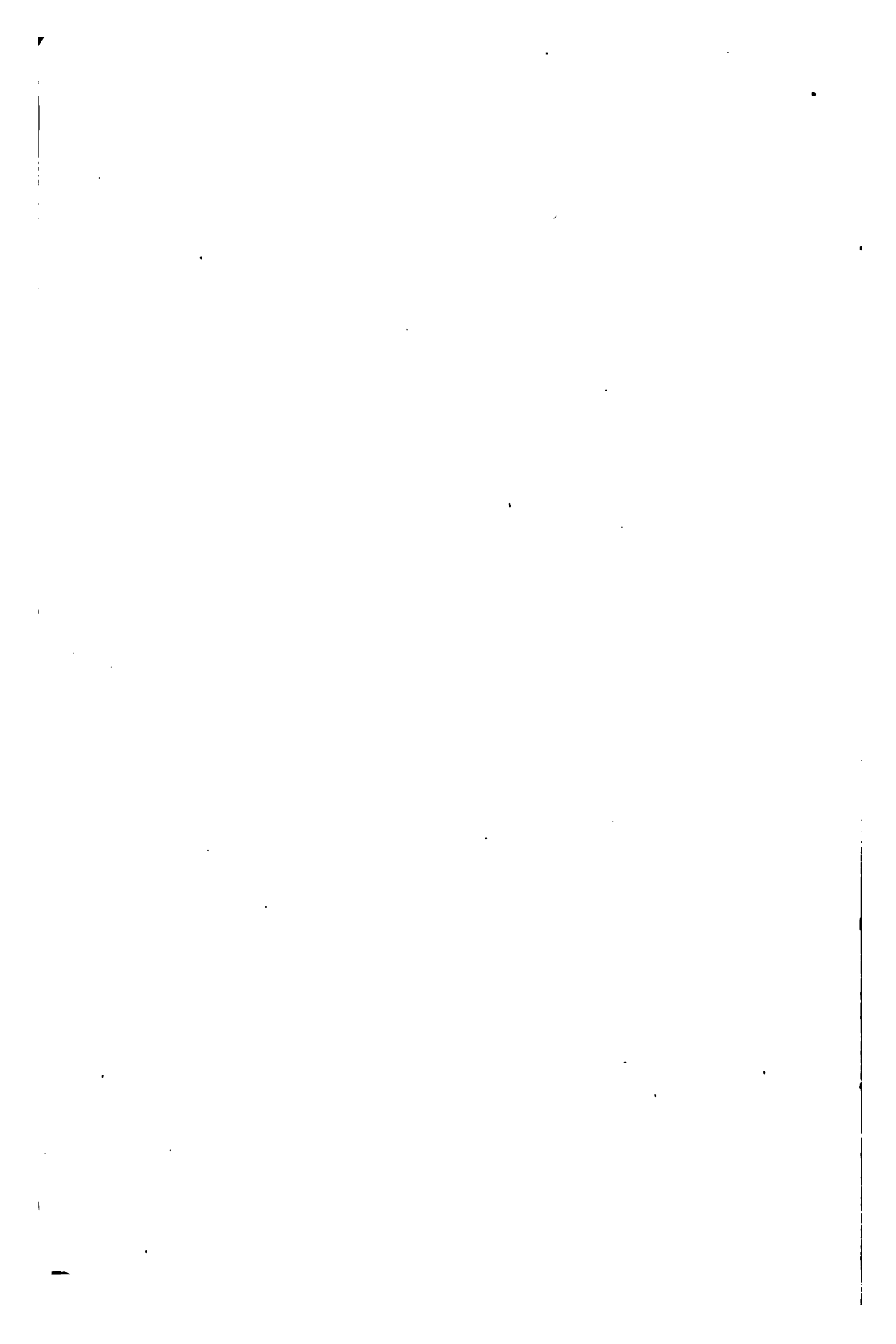


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A HOP-GARDEN IN WEST-KENT.

(See Christopher Smart's Poem, p. 130.)

The Kentish Garland.

Edited by

JULIA H. L. DE VAYNES.

With Additional Notes, and Pictorial Illustrations copied from
the rare Originals,

By J. W. EBSWORTH, M.A., F.S.A.

VOLUME I.

The County in General.



Hertford :

STEPHEN AUSTIN & SONS.

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STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS,



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Preface.

KENT, "‘the Garden of England,’ famed for hops, apples, cherries, cricket, fearless men and pretty girls, has had a fair share of celebration in songs and ballads. . . . From Tom D’Urfey’s vigorous song on the men of Kent, ‘When Harold was invaded,’¹ to the peasantry song, ‘A Seaman of Dover whose excellent parts,’ which tells of The Beautiful Lady of Kent,² there is plenty of valour and affection chronicled.” Thus wrote Mr. Ebsworth,³ and the present Editor aims at uniting some of these County pieces scattered through ballad collections, manuscripts, and old newspapers, into a *Kentish Garland*. The late Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury Square, truly said of our English ballad lore, “It has made us familiar with the manly virtues, sympathies, sports, pastimes, traditions, the very language of our forefathers gentle and simple;” and it appears strange that while nearly every other

¹ See pp. 136-139.

² Pp. 152-158.

³ Introduction to “The Fair Maid’s Choice,” *Bagford Ballads*, edited by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A., for the Ballad Society, Part II. p. 286. 1877.

county in England has carefully gathered up its ballads, our own (though unwearingly studying every other department of its antiquities) has passed these precious memorials of bygone ages almost unheeded. Mr. John Russell Smith, who conferred so many benefits on the county student, at one time thought of issuing a work on its ballads, but abandoned the intention; and Mr. Ebsworth most generously relinquished the publication of what he had already collected and classified, after "gathering together some of these poetical flowers into a Kentish Garland,"¹ in favour of the present Editor, who cannot sufficiently acknowledge all the obligations owing to his unceasing kindness. The reader will perceive many marks of his master-hand on the following pages, but the pages themselves would not suffice to acknowledge all that is owed to him.

We have omitted all coarse ballads from this collection, and if its value is thereby impaired in the eyes of any student, they have an easy and accessible remedy by procuring the Ballad Society's edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads*.² However, the ballads we do insert are printed in their entirety, with very few exceptions duly notified. In the *Soldier's Catch* Mr. Ebsworth has restored a stanza, entirely omitted by Freeman in his *Kentish Poets*, replacing the offensive phrases by bracketed words, and in the *Short Trip into Kent* we were unwilling

¹ The Ballad Society's *Bagford Ballads*, Part II. p. 286.

² Parts I. to IX. edited by Mr. William Chappell, F.S.A.; Parts X., etc., by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A.

to omit an extremely scarce (if not unique) and curious piece, preferring to sacrifice a few lines. If an occasional coarse expression occurs, it must be borne in mind that the days and modes of speech of our old song-writers were different from our own (though some—ourselves among the number—consider it open to very considerable doubt whether our modern varnish of superior refinement extends to greater depth than the skin), and when even Latimer, Shakespeare, the Homilies appointed to be read in Churches—nay, even the Book of Common Prayer—are accused of offending ears polite, surely our ballad writers, who wrote for the mass of the people, must be allowed greater latitude than is granted to the Martyr Bishop or the Immortal Bard. “Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true”: all are not gifted with the same innate sense of propriety or impropriety, the words which fall unheeded on the ears of one age jar unpleasantly in the next, while the study of our old authors affords ample scope for the Charity that thinketh no evil. To all may be commended the wise words of Mr. William Chappell, in his introductory remarks to the *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1871 :

“If we wish to view the age, we must look at its dark side as well as the bright. The latter is less agreeable to the eye, but just as necessary to the picture. They who are accustomed to read of manners and customs in old libraries, know that coarseness of expression must sometimes be encountered. Vice was not wrapped up in such delicate swaddling clothes in former days as now, in order to fit it for ears polite. It stood in a less attractive form, and was less likely to corrupt.”

We do not profess to reprint all, or even a tithe of the pieces connected with our unconquered county, the mass of material necessarily left untouched is something enormous, but we have striven to give a good representative selection. Our two volumes (each complete in itself) are divided into (I.) The County in General, and (II.) Persons and Places. The plan of our first volume may be thus roughly sketched:—First are placed those of the most general interest, followed by those in which the term 'Kent' or 'Kentish' occurs, and a few miscellaneous pieces lead us to (1) The Kentish Election Group, (2) The Kentish Volunteer Group, (3) Kentish Bowmen Group, (4) The Kentish Tour Group, followed by pieces devoted to the truly Kentish subjects of Cricket and Hops. Here we have striven to represent, in language of their own time, the valour, loyalty, patriotism, and political struggles of our Kentish forefathers, the sad and glorious history embodied in Brice's *Register*, the popularity of illicit trading, the Custom of Gavelkind, the love of field sports, and even the beginning of an extensive and lucrative manufacture.¹ To those of our readers who have the patience to follow us into our second volume, we can promise good entertainment, as we shall visit the following towns, making acquaintance with the ancient life of their inmates: Canterbury, Chatham, Dartford, Deal, Deptford, Dover, Gravesend, Greenwich, Maidstone, Rochester, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge-Wells, and the Thanet district; the old historic seats of Cobham, Knole, and Penshurst will

¹ Thomas Churchyard's *Description of Paper*, pp. 16-26.

have Groups devoted to them, while the 'Persons' we meet are various enough to suit any taste, including the immortal 'Abbot of Canterbury,' Wat Tyler, 'the good Lord Cobham,' and his unfortunate successor *temp.* James I., Arden of Faversham, Good Queen Bess, Sir Thomas Scott (thanks to the kindness of his descendant, Mr. James Renat Scott, F.S.A., whose note to *William the Conqueror* will interest all who love heraldic studies), Franklin (of Overbury notoriety), Freeman Sondes, General Wolfe, and others; and we purpose having a literary 'Chamber of Horrors,' in which will be inserted the 'hanging verses' of some notorious Kentish murderers. In this volume we shall give an analysis of Occleve's hitherto unprinted poem on Sir John Oldcastle, which furnishes valuable testimony to his character, from an adversary, and draw some curious pictures of eighteenth century life from the Austen MSS., and, if we have space, hope to devote a small Group to our 'Kentish rivers.'

We regret our having been unable to trace the following ballads regarding 'The County in General,' which we would gladly have inserted in our opening volume: (1) *Newes out of Kent*, licensed in 1561 to John Tysdayle (*Stationers' Registers*, A. fol. 75a); (2) *A Caveat for England, by the Example of Cockham Hill in Kent, in the parishe of Westram in Kent*, entered on January 23rd, 1594 (*Ibid.* iii. 17b); this probably referred to the landslip in 1596, near Oakham Hill, nearly two miles south of Westerham, when about nine acres of ground continued in motion for eleven days, some parts sinking into pits, and others rising into hills; (3) "8°. Junij. 1603. [Entered] to Edward

Aldee, *An excellent new Ballad of a Cruell Stepmother that sought the Destructioun of her husbandes children in Kent*" (*Stationers' Registers*, iii. 96b); and (4) *Strange News from Kent*, entered on April 17th, 1634, to Thomas Lambert (*Ibid.* iv. 291).

There is always great pleasure in acknowledging obligations, and the Editor must express gratitude for the courtesy and kindness received from every quarter. Mr. John P. Anderson, of the British Museum (author of the excellent *Book of British Topography*), and Mr. W. H. Allnutt, of the Bodleian Library, lent valuable help connected with their department of rare books. We have striven to give in every instance reference to the authorities to which we are indebted, and one of the many acts of kindness performed by Mr. Ebsworth was the collation of almost every page of the texts with the originals, whether manuscript or printed. But he was zealous to render it absolutely trustworthy for accuracy, knowing that such alone can make this *Garland* worthy of extended fame. Thus he has spared no pains to help it, and even adds a Frontispiece and Prelude. The *Kentish Garland* claims to be little more than a compilation. It is the earliest volume, but not long to be left unaccompanied. The Editor takes leave of the reader in the words of Gower (himself an 'esquire of Kent'): "If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. Poor, I give of my scanty store, for I would rather be of small use than of none."

J. B. L. De W.

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Prelude.

The Men of Kent.

(By one of them, at Molash Vicarage.)

TUNE, Ally Croaker ; or, Unfortunate Miss Bailey.



OLD legends told, from days of old,
The deeds of "Kentish Bow-men ;"
We listen'd long to "Wooing-Song"
From Sons of Kentish Yeomen :
For Bards of old have lov'd to sing
The deeds of Kentish daring,
Till now our Thanet maidens bring
Kent's Garland, worth your wearing !
They rose for right, those men of might,
They thrash'd the foes who'd pester 'em ;
And still we view them brave and true,
From Foreland-Point to Westerham.

Though some have blent "the Men of Kent"
With "Kentish Men" confusedly,
Each Scholar hails our true "Long-Tales,"
And reads of them amusedly ;
Keep laws in mind, of Gavelkind,
Nor think our tails Darwinical :
And Cantium lore you'll prize much more
Than Talmud-books Rabbinical.
They rose for right, those men of might,
They thrash'd the foes who'd pester 'em ;
And still we view them brave and true
From Foreland-Point to Westerham.

Warm-hearted, fierce, and swift to pierce
Each despot wrong that cross'd them, Boys,
These Men of Kent their names have lent
To projects which oft cost them joys ;

*Yet was their aim well worthy fame,
 The outside world surprising :
 In hope to see fair Liberty,
 Was every " Kentish Rising."*
 They rose for right, those men of might,
 They thrash'd the foes who'd pester 'em ;
 And still we view them brave and true
 From *Foreland-Point* to *Westerham*.

*They're first, you'll own, so strong they've grown,
 At Archery and Cricket true ;
 Although so good our Kentish blood,
 We know " ways of the Wicket," too ;
 And, when Elevens visit here,
 Play hosts and Bacchanalians,
 But let no Rough disgrace our Buff,
 As erewhile did th' Australians.*
 Our men play'd right, and struck with might,
 To floor the foes who'd pester 'em ;
 And still you'll view them brave and true,
 From *Foreland-Point* to *Westerham*.

*False leaders cheat, false friends retreat,
 Whenever luck is failing near ;
 Maid Bess grew sad, poor Thom went mad,
 And each caused some bewailing here.*
 Kent holds her own, in field or town,
 On Thanet Isle, or far land :
 Girls, hops, and cherry, keep her merry ;
 They form her **Kentish Garland** !
 They rose for right, those men of might,
 They thrash'd the foes who'd pester 'em ;
 And still we view them brave and true
 From *Foreland-Point* to *Westerham*.



A Kentish Garland.

I.

William the Conqueror and the Kentishmen.



THE erudite Blackstone says (*Commentaries*, Bk. ii. c. 6): "It is universally known what struggles the Kentishmen made to preserve their antient liberties; and with how much success these struggles were attended," and though Somner and others have endeavoured to cast ridicule and discredit on the time-honoured tale how the Men of Kent, sword in hand, obtained from the Conqueror the ratification of their valued Customs, there is no passage in the history of "the famous old County of Kent" which "Cantium's valiant sons" regard with greater pride. It has been told in chronicles, sung in ballads, used as a powerful engine to excite national and political feeling, and even commemorated on a coin; for in 1795 was circulated a "Kentish halfpenny," bearing on its obverse the mounted figure of the Conqueror, confronted by three men holding boughs; one man waves his sword above his head, while another presents a bent bow. Beneath the figures (which are depicted with much spirit) is the date "1067," and, around, the legend, "Kentish liberty preserved by Virtue and Courage." Drayton, in Song

William the Conqueror and the Kentishmen. 3

The Norman banner shone afar,
 And "Chains for Kent!" the mandate ran,
 Each vale, each forest, armed for war,
 And every oak produced its man. 12
 The oak boughs! etc.

Our sires were brave—each dark grey hill
 That sheltered them yet girds us round,
 The same broad sea and woods,—O still 16
 Be Kentish hearts unconquered found!
 The oak boughs! etc.

When duty calls, we will obey—
 For home and altars! themes like these 20
 Shall aye our hearts in steel array,
 And spread our banners to the breeze!
 The oak boughs! etc.

The old White Horse still keeps our ground, 24
 No foe hath dared to curb him yet;
 And were so bold a rider found,
 He'd crush the slave beneath his feet!
 The oak boughs! etc. 28

Our vales are deep, our woods are wide—
 We love not foreign laws nor lords;
 'Twere well they rouse not Kentish pride,
 Or oak again shall mask our swords! 32
 The oak bough! the oak bough!
 Wreathed around his sword and brow,
 The Kentish Man claims battle's van
 And fights beneath the oak bough! 36

The story on which Deloney's ballad is founded is given in Hollingshed's *Chronicles*, Heyward's *Lives of the three Norman Kings of England*, Selden's notes to the *Poly-Olbion* (Song xviii.), and Lambarde's *Perambulation of Kent*; and though the last-named version is so well known, we here reproduce it: the connexion with the ballad is so close (the latter being little more than a metrical paraphrase of the prose), we think Deloney may have had it before him when he wrote his verses. This is not unlikely, as the *Perambulation* was printed in 1576, and again in 1596; while *William the Conqueror*, though it first appeared in the *Strange Histories*, 1607, must have been written before 1599, as Deloney was certainly dead in 1600. The following is the

story as given by Spot (or Sprott), the old monkish chronicler, and related in Lambarde :

After such time (saith he) as Duke William the Conqueror had overthrown King Harold in the field at Battel, in Sussex, and had received the Londoners in mercy, he marched with his army towards the castle of Dover, thinking thereby to have brought in subjection this countrie of Kent also. But Stigande the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Egeloine the Abbot of St. Augustine's, perceiving the daunger, assembled the countrie men together, and laide before them the intollerable pride of the Normans that invaded them, and their own miserable condition if they should yield unto them. By which meanes they so enraged the common people, that they ran forthwith to weapon, and meeting at Swanscombe, elected the Archbishop and the Abbot for their captaines ; this done, eche man gat him a green bough in his hand, and bare it over his head, in such sort, as when the Duke approached he was much amazed therewith, thinking at the first, that it had been some miraculous woode, that moved towards him : but they, as soone as he came within hearing, cast away their boughs from them, and at the sounde of a trumpet bewraied their weapons, and withall dispatched towards him a messenger, which spake unto him in this manner, "The commons of Kent (most noble Duke) are readie to offer thee, either peace or warre at thyne owne choyse, and election : peace, with their faithfull obedience, if thou wilt permit them to enjoy their ancient liberties : warre, and that most deadly, if thou denie it them." Now when the Duke heard this, and considered that the danger of denial was great, and that the thing desired was but small, he forthwith, more wisely than willingly, yielded to their request, and by this meane both he received Dover Castle and the countrie to obedience, and they onely of all England obtained for ever their accustomed priviledges.

Mr. Sparvel-Bayly ably argues, in his *History of Swanscombe*, that the silence of other chronicles in regard to this story is no proof of its falsity ; he considers it may be accounted for by their believing "it could not add to the renown of the Church, that Archbishop and Abbot should have espoused the cause of the rabble in opposition to William, who had been acknowledged by the hierarchy." Sprot probably repeated a tradition which had long passed current. "The story appealed, does appeal to the patriotism of Englishmen ; it was the story of the noble rescue of something from the general wreck. The retention of time-honoured principles, by an act of heroism, of which the Men of Kent may be justly proud, and in which those living on the traditional site may well glory." "The whole shyre of Kent oweth to Swanscombe everlasting name," says Lambarde, and "the bold Men of Swanscombe" are fully alive to the honourable claims of their native place, the local spirit being cherished

and preserved in a number of traditionary sayings, such as "Kent is the Garden of England, and Swanscombe is the flower of Kent." "Fear neither Man nor Devil—like the Men of Swanscombe." "Men of Swanscombe fear neither Man nor Devil—no one *on* the earth, nor *under* it." There are several versions of the ballad of *William the Conqueror* extant: one, given in Mr. Sparvel-Bayly's *History of Swanscombe*, was taken from a seventeenth-century broadside; another, in Evans's *Old Ballads* (vol. i. p. 34, ed. 1777), was from the *Garland of Delight*. We have adopted for our text that of the *Strange Histories*, considered by Mr. Chappell a better authority. The marginal readings marked "F." are from the text of Messrs. Hales and Furnivall's *Percy Folio*; "P." are the annotations made by Bishop Percy; and "S.B." denotes Mr. Sparvel-Bayly's copy.

**The valiaunt courage and policpe
of the Kentishmen with long raples, whereby
they kept their ancient lawes which William the
Conqueror sought to take from them.**

TO THE TUNE OF, *Rogero.*

WHEN¹ as the Duke of *Normandie*,
with glistring² speare and shield,
Had entred into fayre *England*,
And fo(i)ld³ his foes in field. 4
On⁴ *Christmas* day in solemne⁵ sort,
then was he crowned here
By *Albert*, Archbishop of *Yorke*,
with⁶ many a noble Peere. 8

¹ william duke of Normandy, F., S.B.
² told, P.

⁴ Vpon, F., S.B.

² glistering, P.; glittering, F., S.B.
⁵ soleme, P.

⁶ and, F., S.B.

6 *William the Conqueror and the Kentishmen.*

Which being done, he changed quite
the custome of this land,¹
And punisht² such as daily sought
his statutes to withstand : 12
And many cities he subdude,
fair *London* with the rest,
But³ *Kent* did still withstand his force
which⁴ did his lawes detest. 16

To *Dover* then he tooke his⁵ way,
the *Castle* downe⁶ to fling,
Which *Arviragus*⁷ builded there,
the noble *Britaine*⁸ King. 20
Which⁹ when the brave Archbishop bold
of *Canterburie* knew,
The Abbot of *St. Austines* eke,
with all their gallant crue, 24

They¹⁰ set themselves in armour¹¹ bright
these mischiefs to prevent,
With all the yeomen brave and bold
that were in fruitfull *Kent*. 28
At *Canterburie* they did¹² meete
upon a¹³ certaine day,
With sword and speare,¹⁴ with bill and¹⁵ bow,
And stopt¹⁶ the *Conqueror's* way. 32

"Let us not live like bondmen poore
to *Frenchmen* in their pride,
But¹⁷ keepe our auncient libertie,¹⁸
what chaunce so ere betide.¹⁹ 36

¹ the customes of England, F., S.B.

² then . . power, F.; . . did withstand . . , S.B.

³ the, F., S.B.

⁴ for, F., S.B.

⁵ British, P.

⁶ But, F., S.B.

⁷ order, F., S.B.

⁸ did they, P.

⁹ with sheild, F., S.B.

¹⁰ with, F., S.B.

¹¹ let us, F., S.B.

¹² libertyes, F.S.B.

¹³ punished, F., S.B.

¹⁴ and, F., S.B.

¹⁵ had, F., S.B.

¹⁶ Thé, F.

¹⁷ one, F., S.B.

¹⁸ to stopp, F., S.B.

¹⁹ soever tyde, F.

And rather¹ die in bloudie felde,
in manlike² courage prest,
Then to endure the servile yoake
which we so³ much detest." 40

Thus did the *Kentish Commons* crie
unto their leaders still,
And⁴ so marcht forth in warlike sort
and stand on *Swanscombe* hill ;⁵ 44
Where in the woodes⁶ they hid themselves
under the shady⁷ greene,
Thereby⁸ to get them vantage good,
of all their foes unseene. 48

And for the *Conqueror's* comming there
they privily laide waight,
And thereby sodainely appald
his lofty high conceipt.⁹ 52
For when they¹⁰ spied his approach,
in place as¹¹ they did stand,
Then marched they¹² to hem him in,
each one a bough in hand.¹³ 56

¹ let us, F.

² with manly, F., S.B.

³ thus, F., S.B.

⁴ then they marcht, F., S.B.

⁵ & stood at swansco' hill, F., S.B.

⁶ There in the woods, P. ; And under a wood, F., S.B.

⁷ under they shadow, F. ; Under the shadow, S.B.

⁸ Whereby, F., S.B.

⁹ These four lines are omitted in F. and S.B. P. has :

And for y^e conq^{rs} coming there

They privily laid wait,

And therby suddenly appal'd

his lofty high conceit.

¹⁰ & when thé, F. ; And when they, S.B. ; For when as they did, P.

¹¹ where, F., S.B.

¹² they marched forth, F., S.B.

¹³ eche man took a bow in his hande, F. ; del. "tooke," P. ; Each man with bough in hand, S.B. ; F. and S.B. here insert :

before, behind, & and on eche syde,

as hee did cast his eyes,

he espyed these woods in sobér pace

approach to him full nye.

So that unto the *Conqueror's* sight,
 Amazed as he stood,
 There seemed to be a walking grove,
 or els a mooving wood.¹ 60

The shape of men he could not see,
 the boughes did hide them so ;
 And now his heart for feare did quake²
 to see a forrest goe. 64

Before, behind, and on each side
 As he did cast his eye,
 He spide these woodes with sober pace
 Approach to him full nye. 68
 But when the *Kentishmen* had thus
 inclosed the *Conqueror* round,
 Most³ suddenly they drew their swordes,
 and threw the⁴ boughs to ground. 72

Their banners they displaide⁵ in sight,
 their trumpets sounde⁶ a charge ;
 Their rattling drummes strikes up alarme,⁷
 their troopes stretch out at large.⁸ 76
 The *Conqueror* with all his traine⁹
 was hereat sore agast,¹⁰
 And most in perill when he¹¹ thought
 all perill¹² had beene past. 80

¹ F. and S.B. omit preceding four lines. P. marks to come in :

So that up to the conquerors sight
 Amazed as he stood
 They seem'd to be a walking grove
 Or else a moving wood.

² & how his heart did quake for feare, F., S.B. ; now with feare did quake, P.

³ Then, F., S.B. ⁴ their bouges, F., S.B. ⁵ display, P.

⁶ sounded, F. ; sound the, S.B.

⁷ Their . . . alarms, P. ; The rattling drums strike up alarum, S.B. F., alarme.

⁸ stretch forth to the Large, F.

⁹ whereatt this dreadfull Conqueror, F., S.B.

¹⁰ theratt was sore agazed, F. ; Therat was soon agast, S.B.

¹¹ they, P. ¹² perills, F., S.B.

Unto the *Kentishmen* he sent ¹
the cause to understand,
For what intent, and for what cause
they took this warre in hand ? 84
To whome they made this short replie :
" For liberty wee fight,
And to enjoy K. *Edwards* lawes,
the which wee hold our right." 88
Then ² said the dreadfull *Conqueror*,
" You shall have what you will,
Your ancient customes and your lawes, ³
so that you will be still. 92
And each thing els that ⁴ you will crave
with reason at my hand,
So you will but acknowledge ⁵ mee
chiefe kinge of fair *England*." 96
The *Kentishmen* agreed hereon, ⁶
And laid ⁷ their armes aside,
And by this means King *Edwards* lawes
In *Kent* doth still abide : ⁸ 100
And in no place in *England* else
those ⁹ customes do remaine,
Which they by manly policie ¹⁰
did they ¹¹ of Duke *William* gaine. 104

finis.

¹ therefore unto the Kentishmen
an Embassadour he sent,
to know they cause they tooke in hande
these warres, to what entent.
to whom they made this short reply,
for liberty wee fight,
And to enjoy King Edwards the Confessors Lawes
which wee doe hold arright. F., S.B.

² why then, F., S.B. ³ your libertyes, your auncient customes, F., S.B.,
⁴ which, F., S.B. ⁵ Soe that you will, F., S.B.
⁶ therevpon agreed, F.; thereon, S.B. ⁷ all, F., Percy marks "delend all."
⁸ doe still in Kent abyde, F., S.B.; In Kent doe still, P.
⁹ such, F., S.B. ¹⁰ as they by their manlike, F.; of . . . , S.B.
¹¹ All other copies omit "they." It may be a *Percy Society* misprint.

Note to William the Conqueror.

We have much pleasure (owing to the kindness of Mr. Jas. R. Scott, F.S.A.) in placing before our readers a note embodying the result of researches, arising from a conviction on the part of that gentleman, that the leader of the demonstration in favour of Kentish rights, etc., at Swanscombe, was a member of the family of Swene the Outlaw, a son of Godwin Earl of Kent, and brother of Harold the last Danish King of England. We are not aware of any attempt having been made in other directions to throw light on this historical legend, and have therefore the greater pleasure in giving Mr. Scott's views on this interesting subject, and which he has kindly permitted us to publish. Of the evidence, presumptive and otherwise, in favour of his theory, we leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

I have frequently, in connexion with the historic legend assigning Swanscombe in Kent as the locality at which the Kentish men assembled with boughs in their hands (*circa* 1067), and demanded of William the Conqueror a recognition of their rights, when that monarch was on his way from London to take possession of Canterbury and Dover Castle, considered that the principal personage engaged in that patriotic movement, on the part of the men of Kent, was no other than a descendant of Swene Godvinson, a Jarl in Wessex, the outlawed brother of Harold (son of Godwin, Earl of Kent), the most unfortunate, and the last, of the Danish line of Kings, slain at Hastings.

The conclusion at which I have arrived has not been hastily formed, nor until circumstances and coincidences had thrust themselves on my attention; and although each incident individually considered may appear but an inconsiderable item in the general conclusion, yet taken collectively an overwhelming conviction has taken possession of my mind that I am correct in my surmise.

To simplify this theory, I have appended hereto a Genealogical Table, showing the connexion of the Danish and Saxon line of Kings at the Conquest, and their intimate connexion and kinsmanship with William the Norman. The reasons leading to the foregoing conclusions are as follows:

1stly. Swanscombe in early charters is entitled "Swenescamp," and was most probably the camp of Swene Godvinson the Outlaw, when he with his father, Godwin, Earl of Kent (an exile), ravaged London and the banks of the Thames in 1052, and wrested for a time the metropolis from Edward the Confessor.

2ndly. Swene Godvinson had some years before the Conquest been outlawed by Edward the Confessor for outrage, and for the murder of his cousin Beorn

(see Genealogical Table), and had retired to Normandy, where he lived as a hostage at the Court of Robert, Duke of that province, and was in great favour with that prince. Swene, at the intercession of his father, Earl Godwin, was afterwards pardoned by Edward, but again outlawed, and his possessions seized by that king; but he eventually returned, in 1052, together with Godwin, Earl of Kent, and Harold, at that time Earl or Jarl of East Anglia, and ravaged London and the counties of Essex and Kent lying contiguous to the River Thames. Now Harold (afterwards King), Swene, and Leofwin, sons of Earl Godwin, had large possessions on both sides of the River, in London, and in Southwark, during the reign of Edward the Confessor; and there is every reason to believe that Swene Godvinson the Outlaw held possession of "Swene-camp," although the Domesday Survey is silent on the matter of ownership previous to the Conquest.

It could not have been Swene the Outlaw who met the Conqueror William at Swanscomb, inasmuch as he died in 1054 at Lycia, whilst on an expiatory pilgrimage to the Holy Land, probably undertaken, as usual in those days, to purge his excommunication; but it is assumed that he was the only son of Earl Godwin who died leaving issue, and that it was Swene's son who thus wrested from the Conqueror a recognition of Kentish rights, etc.; the individual in question having been brought up at the Court in Normandy, like his father before him, and having assisted William at the Battle of Hastings: whilst Harold, Gurth, Leofric, and Tosti, the other sons of Earl Godwin, had opposed that monarch from the moment he landed in England. These latter were all killed in battle, and died without leaving issue.

It may be also assumed that as Swene Godvinson the Outlaw, son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, having retired to Normandy after his outlawry in England, was well acquainted with his kinsman, Robert, Duke of Normandy, and his son the Conqueror (see Genealogical Table); and furthermore, that Swene's supposed son Robert (the Staller Constable, and King William's Standard Bearer at the Battle of Hastings) was the individual, or his son, Swene of Essex, who headed the Swanscomb demonstration, and thus not only secured a return of a portion of the estates formerly held by Swene the Outlaw, from the Conqueror, but also a recognition, *inter alia*, of the peculiar privileges of the *Danish* Custom of Gavelkinde for the men of Kent.

Robert the Staller and Standard Bearer, as above mentioned (not improbably named Robert from his patron and supposed kinsman Robert, Duke of Normandy, and who had been brought up at the Court of that dukedom), had a son Swene, known as "De Essex." He was the possessor of the only Castle mentioned in Domesday as at that time in existence in the County of Essex, viz. Raleigh, his *Caput Baronie*, and also of 55 Lordships in that County alone, besides numerous other manors elsewhere in England. *Swene of Essex* appears to have been the *only noble* who at the time of Domesday Survey in 1087 was in possession of estates in England that apparently had belonged to his ancestors before the Conquest, and was doubtless thus *exceptionally and exclusively* treated by the Conqueror in reward for services rendered by his family, probably by Robert the Staller, son of Guymarcke—"Guimarcae," a lady's name.

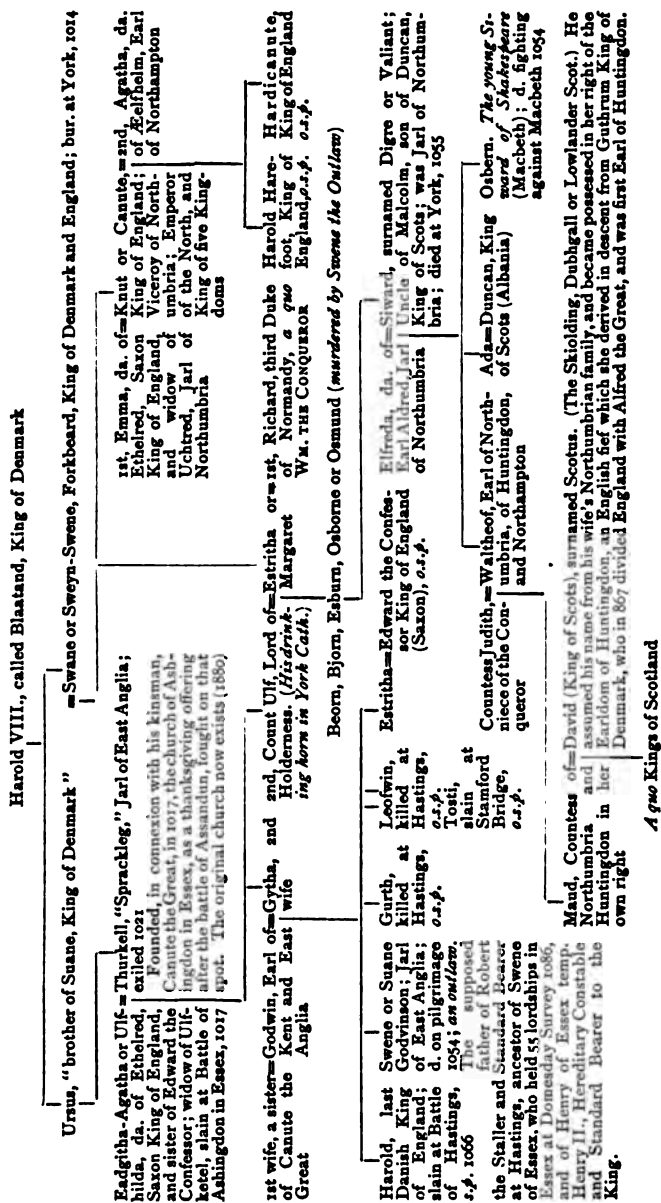
Now, if, as assumed, Robert the Standard Bearer and Constable was the son of Swene the Outlaw, he would, in accordance with the custom of the times, be known only by his mother's name, the sentence of excommunication and outlawry in those days, when treason was the highest crime known to the State (murder not even excepted), utterly proscribing a man's name, and compelling in his descendants a change of name, to avoid the penalties then attaching to a name proscribed and excommunicated.

It is thus I account for Robert the Staller being usually described as "filius Guimarce" in Domesday, but we find in the next generation that the name of Swene again appears, but with the affix or surname of *De Essex* (not Godwinson proscribed), and thus one is enabled to ascribe the circumstance of Henry de Essex (in the third generation from Robert the Staller) holding in the reign of Henry II. the office of *hereditary* Constable and Standard Bearer to that King, he being in direct descent from Robert (supposed son of Swene the Outlaw), Standard Bearer and Staller (Constable) to William the Conqueror as before mentioned.

It may be mentioned here, as confirmatory of the theory that it was a descendant of Swene the Outlaw who waylaid the Conqueror at Swanscombe, and obtained from him, firstly, a partial restitution of territory, and, secondly, a recognition of the Danish custom of Gavelkind for the men of Kent, that the family of Swann, or Swain, of Baldwinstown, in Ireland, claim their traditional descent from a noble Dane of the name of Swayne, who, about the time of the Conquest, held lands in Kent and elsewhere, including, *inter alia*, in Kent, the manors of Swanscombe, Densted, Sutton, and Denton. The manor of Swanscombe at the time of the Conquest *was one of the most important in the County, inasmuch* as it held by castle guard of the manor no less than five manors in Essex, four in Surrey, and twenty-four in Kent. This same castle, or camp, in Swanscombe, being in my belief no other than the Kempa (Danish), Camp or Combe (Anglo-Saxon), of Swene the Dane and outlaw in 1052. Incidentally it may be mentioned here, that before the Conquest, and in Danish times, many of our riparian parishes in Kent, held by Harold, Leofric, and Swene, as sons of Earl Godwin of Kent, extended to the other side of the river, in the county of Essex, the parishes of Woolwich, Milton near Gravesend, Higham below Gravesend, and Chalk, being instances of the kind, and were probably so held as precautions against attack and for security of possession.

Finally, and as bearing on the theory detailed in the above paragraphs, there would appear to be one other circumstance as an element in the consideration of this question, which points conclusively to a Danish rather than an Anglo-Saxon or Norman instrumentality in the demonstration at Swanscomb, thus : Worsaae, in his "History of the Danes in England," asserts that the custom mentioned in Shakespeare (*Macbeth*, Act V.), and historically asserted to have occurred at Swanscombe, viz. the carrying of boughs of a forest, so as to disguise the numerical strength of an armed host, *was essentially Danish*, and was an universal custom amongst Norse and Scandinavian nations. It is therefore not surprising to find some thirteen years previously (say in 1054) the same custom had been asserted when Beorn or Osbern (the young "Siward" of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*), cousin of Swene Godwinson the Outlaw above men-

A GENEALOGICAL TABLE SHOWING THE KINSMANSHIP EXISTING BETWEEN THE DANISH, NORMAN, SAXON, AND SCOTO-SAXON ROYAL LINES, AND THEIR RELATION TO THE FAMILY OF SWENE THE OUTLAW (*circa 1050*).



mentioned, marched "Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill," and in battle defeated Macbeth, and placed his nephew, Malcolm Caenmohr, on the Throne of Alban—Scotland, as we now term that Kingdom, not being then in existence, and Danish Northumbria, including the present lowlands of Scotland, extending northwards as far as the Scotwater (Firth of Forth), and Skotlandes-firth (the Firth of Clyde). The Pictish Kingdom of Albania lying north of these boundaries, united by the northern Roman wall.

The Genealogical Table herewith given suggests the relationship of the persons mentioned in the course of these notes, and their connexions with the Danish, Saxon, Norman, and Scoto-Saxon Royal families dominant at this period (say 1060), before the Conquest, and how these were affected territorially by the wholesale confiscation brought about by William the Norman in the conquest of England, and thus account for the final stand made by the Danes in the South of England and Northumbria against the encroachments of the Conqueror.

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II.

A Description and playne Discourse of Paper.

THE following poem is thus described in Mr. Russell Smith's *Bibliotheca Cantiana* (p. 166, *Dartford*): *A Sparke of Friendship and warme Good-will, that shewes the Effect of true Affection, and unfolds the Fineness of this World. Wherunto is joined, the Commoditie of Sundrie Sciencies, the Benefit that Paper bringeth, with many rare Matters rehearsed in the same. With a Description and Commendation of a Paper-Mill, now and of late set up (neare the town of Dartford) by an High-Germaine called M. Spilman, Jeweller to the Queen's most excellent Maiestie. Written by Thomas Churchyard, Gent. 4to. Printed at London, 1588. "Reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany, and in the second volume of Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, 1788. Herbert and Ritson (also Brayley) mention an edition of the date of 1558." We follow the reprint by Nichols.*

Mr. C. Carleton-Massey informed the Editor that the *Commoditie* is *not* to be found in the *Harleian Miscellany*. The *Sparke of Friendship* is therein given, but with the following remark: "N. B. The Verses above mentioned relating to the description and commendation of a Paper Mill then newly erected at Dartford will be published in a future number," and this has the foot-note, "As these do not appear to have been published, they will be given in the Supplement," but in two supplementary volumes there is no trace of the poem.

Thomas Churchyard appears to have "began writing in the reign of Edward VI., but 1559 is the earliest date of any extant or known performance by him, and he did not cease to publish until after the death of Elizabeth." Thus writes Mr. J. P. Collier, in his *Poetical Decameron*, ii. 73; and in his *Bibliographical Account*, i. 136, he adds: "Churchyard is not a poet who possessed any imagination, nor are his thoughts novel or striking: his language is often below his subject, but his versification is usually flowing, and his reflections are frequently just and natural." The same venerable commentator has since reprinted *Churchyard's Chips*, his *Shore's Wife*, his *Miserie of Flaunders*, etc., in his *Private Reprints*. He reminds us that the author "was not a man of imaginative powers: he deals mainly with facts, and narrates them more like a rhyming chronicler than as an inventive genius." (*Blue Series, Churchyard's Chips*, p. ii.)

[Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," vol. ii. p. 592 *et seq.*]

**A Description and playne Discourse
of Paper, and the whole benefites that Paper brings,
with rehearsall, and setting foorth in Verse a Paper-
Moll built near Dartford, by an High Germaine,
called Master Spilman, Jeweller to the Queene's
Majestie.**

WHEN sence of man sought out what Science was,
And found each art, through wit and study great,
Before long prooffe could bring great things to passe,
In iudging head did many a hammer beat : 4
But triall had, experienced proved good,
For practise[d] skill, on certaine surety stooode.
Then ignorance blinde gave learned knowledge place,
So studious minde gaynde glory, wealth, and grace. 8

Some searcht for gold, and digg'd deepe caves in ground,
And some sought pearle, and precious jewels gay ;
Some saylde the seas, and wand'red world full round,
To bring home goods, that should the charges pay. 12
Some made fair silkes, and velvets fayre and rich ;
Invention still was dayly usde so much,
That each device, that could be put in prooffe,
Was set abroad, and tried for man's behoof. 16

But sure some arts doth so surmount the rest,
That famous were the authors of the same,
Whose noble acts, their worth so well exprest,
That writer's pen shoulde but eclips their fame. 20
Look throughly then on that our elders did,
And bring to light their secrete knowledge hid,
And yeald them lawde, as their deserts doth crave,
For I in hand another matter have. 24

I prayse the man that first did Paper make,
The only thing that sets all virtues forth :
It shoes new bookes, and keepes old workes awake,
Much more of price than all the world is worth : 28
It witnesse beares of friendship, time, and troth,
And is the tromp of vice and vertue both ;
Without whose help, nor hap nor wealth is won,
And by whose ayde great workes and deedes are done. 32

It flies from friend and foe in letter wise,
And serves a State and kingdome sundry wayes ;
It makes great winde where never dust doth rise,
And bredes some stormes in smoothest summer dayes. 36
It telles of warre, and peace, as things fall out,
And brings, by time, ten thousand things about.
For scholars fit, and merchants all alike,
For plowemen good, that digs and delves the dike. 40

For good devines, and lawyers not amiss,
For saylors too, and those that travell farre,
For students best, that knowes what learning is,
For pleaders meet, for men of peace or warre ; 44
For all degrees that are of manly kinde,
A right good meane, that may express the minde.
A needful thing, that no good wit may want,
A thing most usde, yet never will be skant. 48

What man, or sex, or shape of worthy molde,
Can paper lacke, but buies it less or more ?
Things present are in paper long enrolde,
So things to come, and things long past before. 52
Though parchment duer a greater time and space,
Yet can it not put paper out of place :
For paper, still, from man to man doth go,
When parchment comes in few men's hands, you knowe. 56

If paper be so precious and so pure,
So fitte for man, and serves so many wayes,

So good for use, and wil so well endure,
 So rare a thing, and is so much in prayes : 60
 Then he, that made for us a Paper-mill,
 Is worthy well of love and worldes good-will ;
 And though his name be *Spill-man* by degree,
 Yet *Help-man*, now, he shall be calde by mee. 64

Six hundred men are set at worke by him,
 That else might starve, or seeke abroad their bread ;
 Who nowe live well, and go full brave and trim,
 And who may boast they are with paper fed. 68
 Straunge is that foode, yet straunger made the same,
Spill-man, Help-man, so rightly call the same :
 Far greater help, I gesse, he cannot give,
 Than by his helpe to make poore folke to live. 72

Fewe help these days, to bring us any wealth,
 Some sundry wayes doe still more harme then good :
 So such as help doe breede good blood and health,
 And, in best part, ought well be understoode. 76
 If Paper-mill helps poor, and harms no riche,
 The gayne is great, and the invention much,
 The worke not small, the labour worth the viewe,
 Because old Art is now revivde anewe. 80

One *Thirlby* went Embassador, farre from hence,
 To *Charles* the Fift, an emperor of great fame,
 And, at returne, did bring with him, from thence,
 A learned man, *Remegius* by name ; 84
 Who *Thirlby* lovde, and made, by his devise,
 A Paper-mill, but not so much in price
 As this, that nowe neere *Darthford* standeth well,
 Where *Spill-man* may himselfe and houshold dwell. 88

Well, this is he that first heere profit brought,
 First triall made of thinges not heere well knowne ;
 First framde the forme that sundry paper wrought,
 First took in hand, by charges of his owne, 92

A doubtfull worke, that others erst begun,
Who spent thereon more wealth then well they won ;
This man alone the substance shewes so right,
That all the rest were lampes that gave us light. 96

The mill itself is sure right rare to see,
The framing is so queint and finely done,
Built all of wood, and hollowe trunks of tree,
That makes the streames at point device to runne, 100
Nowe up, nowe downe, now sideward by a sleight,
Nowe forward fast, then spouting up on height ;
As conduits colde could force so great a heate,
That fire should flame where thumping hammers beat. 104

The hammers thump, and make as lowde a noyse,
As fuller doth that beates his wollen cloth
In open shewe, then sundry secrete toyes
Makes rotten ragges to yeelde a thickned froth : 108
Then is it stampd, and washed as white as snowe,
Then flong on frame, and hang'd to dry, I trow :
Thus paper streight it is, to write upon,
As it were rubde and smoothde with slicking stone. 112

Through many handes this paper passeth there,
Before full forme and perfect shape it takes ;
Yet, in short time, this paper ynkke will beare,
Whereon, in haste, the workeman profit makes. 116
A wonder sure to see such ragges and shreds
Passe dayly through so many hands and heads ;
And water, too, that paper's enemy is,
Yet paper must take forme and shape from this. 120

This water doth not onely drive the mill,
But gives it grace, and makes it fine and fayre ;
Is cause and ground to give it fashion still,
For it is made with water, winde, and ayre. 124
And takes his forme of compounds mixed well,
Wherein there doth a secrete nature dwell ;

A heavenly power, that earth and ayre hath knit,
By cunning art, and worke of humane wit. 128

For clothe and silke, and metalles fine or bace,
Are wrought of thinges that have a substance great ;
This findeth forme and stampe in a straunger's cace,
As water-mill made rags and shreds to sweate. 132
Of whose thick froth, a cream or curdde should rise,
That should take shape and strength by breath of skyes :
Though sure a meane there is to worke the same,
Some secrete cause brings paper first in frame. 136

As corne is sowne, and there must rotte in grounde,
Before it blade, or takes good roote or strength,
Then reapt and thrasht, and to the myll full rounde
Is sent to grinde, and make good dow at length, 140
Then kneaded well, then bakte, and made good bread ;
So paper, sure, throwgh many a hand and head
Doth passe, like drosse that of itselfe is nought,
Till it be tried by skill, and throughly wrought. 144

From drosse comes gold, when fier hath searcht it well ;
So all things have their worth from some great cause.
The pearle, some say, is fetcht from oyster's shel,
Thus each thing yields to Art, and Nature's lawes, 148
As fier from flint, through stroake of steele we finde ;
So worlde may see what wonders worketh kinde.
Glass was at first as straunge to make, or vewe,
As paper nowe, that is devisde of newe. 152

Of newe, I meane, in *England*, save one man,
That had great wealth, and might much treasure spare ;
Who, with some charge, a Paper-mill began,
And after built a stately worke most rare, 156
The *Royall Exchaunge*, but got by that more gayne
Than he, indeede, did lose by former payne ;
But neither he, nor none before his dayes,
Made Paper-mill that merits so much payse, 160

As this, that nowe is not full farre from hence ;
Where water ranne in waste and vaine away,
Nowe profit yeelds, and brings in pounds and pence,
That quittes the cost, and doth the charge defray. 164
This had not bene, if Prince had not retained
The straunger here, by whome these giftes are gayned ;
Her Highnesse then sawe, in her deep foresight,
What famous worke this man coulde bringe to light. 168

The glory then, and honor of this deede,
Is hers, and ours shall be the gayne therein ;
We reape the corne, whoever sowde the seede ;
Who e'er have lost, we shall be sure to winne. 172
This mill remaynes a sampler to the rest,
That after comes, to shewe whose worke is best ;
No doubt but some this course will followe on,
A straunger left this worke to looke upon : 176

That many moe by this may builded be,
And many heads and handes may thrive thereby.
He merits much, that first plants fruitful tree,
They purchase prayer that first doth practise try. 180
They ought not reape that never meant to sowe,
They winne great hap that can through hazards go,
They lose no time that toyles for publike state,
They glory gayne that first a conquest gate. 184

Nowe gallant witts, that joye in doing well,
Ply pen apace, whiles learning may be had ;
Now striplings yong, but late come out of shell,
To schoole, good boyes, to make your parents glad. 188
Now Printer's presse, that sets foorth many a booke,
Besturre the stampe, that worlde for newes may looke ;
Now Stationers, that worketh all the yeere,
Sell bookes good cheepe, for paper is not deere. 192

Nowe, Writers grave, that studie heavenly things,
Your workes shall shine by meane of paper's grace ;

Now, Merchants wise, that home great profit brings,
 Send letters out abroad to every place. 196
 For paper doth present itself to those,
 In Common weale, that writeth verse and prose ;
 The merry Myll now grindes, and goes so brave,
 That world at will shall alwayes paper have. 200

When paper was not throwly knowne of men,
 They wrote in stones, and barks of trees, for shift ;
 But, loe, long since, the paper, and the pen,
 By deepe device, found out a finer drift. 204
 And most to prayse, because of trifling toyes,
 So great a wealth our worthy world enjoys ;
 Of drosse and rags, that serves no other meane,
 And fowle bad shreds, comes paper white and cleane. 208

And even so, the baddest people may
 Become good folke, if they will bide the stamp,
 Which people first, with many a worthy way,
 Must be well wrought, like oyle that burnes in lampe. 212
 For oyle is tried, and pur'd, ere it be solde,
 And searcht throwout, as fyre tries out the golde ;
 And when the oyle is fit to blaze or burne,
 It is applied, at neede, to serve our turne. 216

So man is meete to serve his native soyle,
 When thumping worlde, abroad, hath tried him throwe,
 Or heere, at home, his life hath 'scaped foyle,
 And he, thereby, may show at blotlesse browe. 220
 But this must be, as paper passeth mill,
 Man's doubtfull dayes must passe through perilles still ;
 And though great blowes do beat him backe a space,
 He bides the brunt to get the greater grace. 224

And yeeldes to thumps and thwartes as yce to thawe,
 As frost to fier will soft and gentle waxe ;
 Or, as stiffe neckes will stoupe and yelde to lawe,
 Compelde, by flame, to yelde to fire like flaxe. 228

For nothing more becomes a noble minde,
Than bide the blastes and puffe of every winde,
Whose bellowes blowes to hinder well-wonne fame,
When doe-well shall in spight possess good name. 232

If ship passe storme, and tries the surging seas,
Comes quiet home to harbor in a roade,
Man must of force through torment purchase ease,
And must beleewe great burthen is no load. 236
And so bace raggs, whereof is no account,
Through straining hard, past tenter-hookes may mount,
And bodie tost and tumbled up and downe,
May come to rest, and reap right rare renowne. 240

Man's secrete faults, and foule defects of minde,
Must be reformde, like raggs in Paper-mill,
When hammer's help hath changde his cankered kinde,
And clensde the heart from spots and former ill. 244
A second shape, and forme full fresh and new,
He doth receive, in nature, grace, and hiew ;
When water-streams hath washt him over quite,
Then man becomes, like paper, faire and white. 248

If water were as scant as deerest wine,
How should this world mainteine each science heere ?
In water thin, there dwels a power divine,
Where face is seene, as in a christall cleere. 252
An element that every creature needes,
Wherein, full oft, both fowle and fishes breedes ;
Whereby a world of people daily live,
And God to man doth manie a blessing give. 256

What earth or soyle can flourish where it wants ?
Colde water sweete doth cowle the scalded brest,
The drops whereof doth comfort herbs and plants,
And graces great by water is possest. 260
Then, muse not, man, if water thee reforme,
Thou art but earth, and foode for scraling worme :

A bladder pufte with winde and ayer full thinne,
That cannot bide the push of baggage pinne. 264

Our finest coyne of silver or of golde
In grossest sort is handled, as ye knowe,
And beaten long, and thumped treble folde,
Before it doth for current money goe. 268
The wollen cloth, that from the walke-mill comes,
At first must passe through manie hands and thumbs :
Yea, washt and walkt with water where it goth,
Ere it do take his breadth and thickness both. 272

What linnen, lawne, or cambricke, can be white,
If water do not thoroughly wash the same?
It scours that cleane that is as dunne as kyte,
And brings fowle cloth in perfect forme and frame. 276
All slubbred things must needes be washt anue,
Fowle things are nought, if proverbe old be true.
Thus prove I plaine, by course of water-mill,
And hammering world, men's manners changeth still. 280

Though some do say, in *France*, and other place,
Are Paper-mills, as fayre and straunge as this ;
What's that to us? this gives our Country grace,
And to all *Kent* a double honor is : 284
That in the soyle was borne our worthy Queene.
By straunger's meane, so straunge a work is seene :
And straungers are so glad, with straunge device,
To serve and please our Prince of peerelesse price. 288

In other Realmes, their milles are not in woorth
Scarce half so good, the prooffe may well be founde :
This is so fine with workmanship set foorth,
So surely built and planted in the ground ; 292
That it doth seeme a house of some estate,
A Mill most rare, a worke devisde of late,
Whose goodnesse great exceedes the outward showe,
And from whose stampe shall publicke profite flowe. 296

And, troth to tell, the Mill is blacke and white,
And water doth worke all the paper there ;
The sight thereof shall breede more rare delight
Than man, with eye, beholdes in many a where. 300
This somewhat more may move a marvell^e heere,
No profite may be reapt in many a yeere ;
The author then of this newe Paper-mill
Bestows great charge, and gaynes but worldes good-will. 304

Death may prevent his hope and purpose too,
Death cuts off all from him, if so it hap ;
If loss so fall, what then shall *Spillman* doe ?
But so receive the losses in his lap. 308
This daunger great deserveth some regard,
Or of the worlde doth merit some reward ;
Give him good Speech (as reason doth require),
Yeelde duety : so the labror hath his hire. 312

An high *Germaine* he is, as may be proovde,
In *Lyndoam Bodenze* borne and bred ;
And, for this Mille, may heere be truly lovde,
And praysed too, for deep device of head. 316
But, if the hope of gayne quit not the cost,
The world will judge his labour is but lost.
To hazard's hap he doth commit the same,
And seemes, as yet, to care for nought but fame. 320

Wealth, wit, and time, with toyle and travaile great,
He plyes apace, and spareth for no charge ;
The mill goes round, the workmen moyle and sweate,
The streame goes straight, that earst ranne all at large.
The wheelles conveyes the water divers ways,
The hammers thump, the stamp but seldome staves ;
The ragges and clowts becomes as white as snowe,
And all these knackes the master needes must knowe: 328

Whose purse, whose paynes, whose purpose is not small,
Whose plot points out a peece of worke right fayre,

To hinder none, but made to please us all,
 To which brave mill do thousandes still repayre. 332
 So see what things are wrought, by cunning skill,
 To God's great prayse, and Princes' honour still,
 And to the place and soyle where it doth stand,
 A goodly grace, and paper neere at hand. 336

 Loe, heere how man to paper is comparde,
 That readie is to take both stampe and print;
 Through triall great, and manie a passage hard,
 More stiffe than steele that strikes out fire from flint; 340
 But, though most hard the path and passage be,
 In the right way it sets man frank and free,
 That hath been brought in bondage from his birth,
 And makes him seeme a little God on earth. 344

 Full fraught with wit, with art, and science great,
 With learned lore, with skill and knowledge deepe,
 With gifts divine, that feares not Fortune's threat,
 With quick device, that can both get and keepe, 348
 With reason such as rules each other thing,
 Of beast and fowle, the onely Lord and King,
 A Prince of all the earthly pleasures heere,
 Found out with paine, and bought with travayle deere. 352

Although somewhat wordy and tedious, as was Churchyard's wont, this "Description of Paper" contains matter worth preservation. It has, therefore, been reproduced entire. Unfortunately, we were not able to collate the original, of 1588, which is extremely rare, and there is some doubt as to the literal accuracy of the reprint by Nichols. The sense seems to be obscured in lines 5 and 6.

Kent still maintains its early reputation for paper-making; as Canterbury pilgrims can learn, whichever river-course they follow, by Stour or Medway. The poem thus belongs to the Kentish group; not needing to be reserved for the special illustration of Dartford.

III.

The Cobler of Caunterburie.

THE *Cobler of Caunterburie*, from which the following pieces are taken, is a book of the greatest rarity. The only copy with which Halliwell (and it would appear from the *Bibliotheca Cantiana*, p. 108, also Mr. J. Russell Smith) was acquainted being sold at the Duke of Grafton's sale for £18, and bore the date 1608. We believe one of this edition is to be found in the British Museum, but the Oxford collections contain in quarto, black-letter, seventy-two pages, *The Cobler of Caunterburie; Or, an Inuective against Tarleton's Neues out of Purgatorie, A merrier Jest then a Clownes Jigge, and fittler for Gentlemens humors. Published with the cost of a dickar of Cowe hides, At London; Printed by Robert Robinson, 1590.* The book appears to have possessed considerable popularity, as in 1630 *The Tincker of Turvey* was partly constructed on it, and is now likewise of the greatest rarity, Halliwell stating only three copies are supposed to exist. We have taken *The Description of the Seaman*, and collated *The Description of the Cobler*, and his *Song*, from the one in the British Museum. The *Cobler* seems to have been likewise favourably received in Scotland, for there was issued at Edinburgh, in 1681 (12mo.), the *Witty Pleasant and true Discourse of the Merry Cobler of Canterbury; together with the pretty conceits of Frier Bacon, with the Cobler's Song.* Our reprint is taken from the Oxford copy, the figures on the left-hand side of the verses denoting the pagination of the original. Mr. W. H. Allnutt (the obliging Assistant at the Bodleian Library) describes the *Cobler* as consisting of a number of stories told by different supposed characters, somewhat in the manner of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, interspersed with nine songs, one or two of which are somewhat broad. The "descriptions" are quaint and amusing, and we are pleased at having obtained a copy for our *Kentish Garland*.

p. 2.

The Description of the Cobler.

HIS stature was large and tall,
 His lims well set withall,
 Of a strong bone and a broad chest,
 He was wide and wildsome in the brest ; 4
 His forehead hie, and a bald pate ;
 Well I wote he was a mate
 That had loued well a bonnie Lasse,
 For the Lowne's¹ eies were as gray as glasse ; 8
 And oft haue I heard my mother say,
 The wanton eie is ere most gray.
 He loued well a cup of strong Ale,
 For his nose was nothing pale : 12
 But his snout and all his face
 Was as red as ruby or Topace.
 A voice hee had cleare and lowde,
 And well he gan² sing to a crowde. 16
 He was a stout sturdie squire,
 And loued week³ daie good compire.
 Drinke he would with euerie man,
 In cup, cruse, glasse, or can : 20
 And what euerie day he got,
 He hoorded vp in the Alepot :
 That all *Caunterburie* gan lere,
 To talke of this merrie Coblere. 24
 Therefore now marke me well,
 For thus his tale he gan to tell.

¹ clowne's, *Tincker of Turvey.*

² can, *ibid.*

³ eke, *ibid.*

p. 16.

The Description of the Smith.

THIS Smith, I weene, was a quaint sire,
As merry as byrd on brier.
Jocund and gleesome at euery sith,
His countenance aie buxsome and blith; 4
His face was coaly and full blacke,
Hued like vnto a Collier's sacke,
Or as if it had beene soild with mier;
Full of wrinckles was his cheekes with the fier. 8
Well he could sweat and swinke,
And one that aie loued good drinke,
For hard by his Forge alwaies stooode
A stond of ale nappy and good : 12
Which made the colour of his nose
Like to the fier when it glowes.
His head great, his browes broad,
Able to beare a great load ; 16
As no man might hold it scorne
On his head to graft a horne.
His coates were fit for the weather,
His pilch made of swine's leather : 20
So was his breech, and before
A dustle apron he wore ;
Wherein not to faile,
Was many a horse shoo naile ; 24
And for to fit him euerie tide,
Hung an hammer by his side.
Thus attyred the Smith gan say
What befell on a summer's day. 28

The Cobler's Song.

WHEN as the Nobilitie pull downe their towers,
 Their mansion houses and stately bowers :
 And with stone and timber make hospitals free,
 Then the Cobler of *Romney* ¹shall a Cuckold be. 4

When Gentlemen leaue of their Peacockly sute,
 And that all their workes are charities fruites ;
 Tendring the poore which needy they see,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 8

When Vsurers run vp and downe with their gould,
 And giue it to them from whome it was pould :
 And Collier's sakes ouer great you do see,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 12

When *Westminster* hall is quite without benches,
 And *Southwarke Banckeside* hath no prettie wenches ;
 When in *Smithfield* on Fridaies no iades you can² see,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 16

When Maides hate mariage, and loue to liue chaste,
 Virgins forsooth till fourescore be past ;
 And loue not that yoongmen their beauties³ should see,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 20

When wiues are not wilfull, but needs will obay,
 When silent and speechlesse they sit a whole day :
 When Gossips do meete, and no words there wilbe,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 24

When women's toongs doo cease for to wagge,
 And shoemakers giue not there maisters the bagge ;
 When Cuckolds and keepers want hornes for their fee,
 Then the Cobler, &c. 28

¹ a Cuckold shall be, *Tincker of Turvey*.

² doe, *ibid.* Compare 2nd Pt. *Henry IV.*, Act i. Sc. 2.

³ beauty, *ibid.*

The Cobler of Canterbury.

31

When tapsters and alewiues, from *Berwick* to *Douer*,
Fill thirding deal pots till the drinke run ouer ;
When the quart is so full that no froth you may see,
Then the Cobler, &c. 32

When Smithes forswear to drinke of¹ strong Ale,
And liue without liquor whiles their noses be pale :
When in Vintner's wine no mixture you see,
Then the Cobler, &c. 36

When *Dutchmen* hate butter, and the *Spaniards* pride,
When Cardnars² do want a trull by their side :
When the Pope like *Peter* humble³ you see,
Then the Cobler, &c. 40

p. 27. **The Description of the Gentleman.**

HIS stature was of a middle length,
Well ioyned, of a good strength,
Siken writtes report to vs
Was that *Troian Troilus* : 4
For hee was of comely visage,
And his manners of curteous vsage.
His haire in curled lockes hung downe,
And well I wot the coloure was nutbrowne : 8
And yet it was ful bright and sheene,
Such wore *Paris*, I weene,
When he sailed to *Grecia*
To fetch the faire *Helena*. 12
His front was of a syluer hue,
Powdred thicke with vaines blue.
His eies were lumynous,
Christallyne and beauteous : 16

¹ off, *Tincker of Turvey*.

² Cardinalls, *ibid*.

³ humbled, *ibid*.

Gray and sparkling like the starres,
 When the day her light vp sparres.
 His cheekes like the Lilies white,
 Or as *Luna* being bright : 20
 And yet comely therevpon
 Was shadowed colour Vermilion :
 That gasers all woulden suppose
 How the Lilie and the Rose 24
 Did maken warre each with other,
 Which should be aboue an other.
 His suercoate was of Satten blew,
 Like vnto a loue true : 28
 His hose were garded along
 With many a broad veluet thong.
 His Cloake grew large and wide,
 And a faire whinyard by his side, 32
 The pummell guilt : and on his head
 He had a bonnet, colour read.
 An alder leefe swaine, I weene,
 In the barge there was not seene. 36
 And then thus he gan tell
 What in *Cambridge* to a scholler befell.

Rowland's Song to his Mistres.

APROACH in place *Pierides*,
 My vaine in verses to bend :
 Dame *Chryseis* which gau'st *Homer* sucke,
 Thy tender teats me lend. 4

Alcmena, thou which *Ioue* didst rocke
 In cradle full of ioy,
 Eke swath me in those swadling clowtes,
 Account me for thy boy. 8

The Cbler of Canterbury. 33

Ye Naiades and pretty Nymphs,
That on *Pernassus* dwell,
Lend me your Muse, that I may now
My Mistres' beauty tell. 12

How that in beautie shee doth passe
Venus, the Queene of *Loue* :
To whom, if I doe gaine hir grace,
I will be Turtle Doue. 16

Therefore, my deere, conceiue my griefe,
And thinke how I doe loue thee :
And in some lines send me reliefe,
For time and truth shall proue me. 20

Thus hoping pen and paper shall
Thy minde to me short tell :
But loue me as I doe loue thee,
And so, my deere, farewell ! 24

P. 35. **Marian's verses to Syr Rowland.**

FEARE not, my deare, the stormes of Loue,
for they are passing sower :
And sometimes sweete as honycombe,
and all within an hower. 4

Like to a Sunshine Sommer's daie,
When *Phæbus* shewes amaine :
And yet ere night from tawnie Clowdes
doe fall a showre of raine. 8

So whatsoeuer chance betide,
or whatsoeuer fall ;
If Father frowne, or Mother chide,
yet must you beare withall. 12

For why? the Cuckow doth not come
 in *Aprill* more sure,
 Then I will fixe my loue on thee,
 for euer to indure. 16

Thus wishing thee to thinke of me,
 in studie or in streete,
 I bid you heartilie farewell,
 till we in *Cambridge* meete. 20

The description of the Scholler.

A MAN he was of a sober looke,
 Giuen much vnto his booke :
 For his visage was all pale,
 And Clarkes tellen this tale, 4
 That mickle studie makes men leane,
 As well as doth a curst queane.
Apollo, radiant and sheene,
 His patterne long had beene : 8
 For well skild was he
 In verses and Poetrie.
 In Palmestrie he had some lore,
 In other Arts mickle more. 12
 Mickle could he say at each steuen
 Of the liberall Arts seuen :
 Of the welking, and the Axle tree,
 Whereon the heauens turnde be : 16
 Of *Mercurie* and *Charles* waine,
 And of the Beares twaine :
Calisto and hir sonne conueied thither ;
 Which to Seamen shew the weather : 20

The Cobler of Canterbury. 35

When *Neptunus* with his mace
 Will make smile *Amphitrite's* face.
 Many other matters of Sophistrie
 Could this Clarke in secrecie. 24
 He could also speake of loue,
 Of *Paphos* and of *Venus* doue.
 And perhaps though he were a Clarke,
 Yet he could skill in the darke 28
 As well as a man of lay degree,
 To dallie with a wench in priuitie.
 His attire was all blacke ;
 But why doe I longer clacke ? 32
 This Clarke gan report
 His storie in this sort.

p. 59. **The description of the old Woman.**

CROOKED was this beldam for age,
 Hufe shouldred, and of a wrinckled visage ;
 And as hir backe and necke was croked,
 So was hir nose long and hooked. 4
 Manie furrowes in hir brow,
 Hairy, and bristled like a Sow.
 Shee had a large tawny face,
 And therein an il fauored grace. 8
 She was mouthed like a Sparrow,
 Gated like a wheelebarow ;
 And of long time beforne
 Not a tooth in hir head had she borne ; 12
 Yet could she chew good ale,
 For her nose was nothing pale,
 But with swinking at hir will
 Shee lookt red about the gill. 16

Mickle talke she had, and mickle chat,
 When with hir Gossips she sat,
 That threescore yeares before
 The bell for gossiping she bore. 20
 Hir apparell was after the elder bere,
 Hir cassocke aged some fiftie yere ;
 Graie it was, and long beforne,
 The wool from the threedes was worne. 24
 A thrumbe hat she had of red,
 Like a bushel on her head.
 Hir kercher hung from vnder her cap,
 With a taile like a flie flap, 28
 And tied it was with a whim wham,
 Knit vp againe with a trim tram,
 Much like an *Egyptian*.
 Hir sleeues blew, her traine behind 32
 With siluer hookes was tucked, I find.
 Hir shooes broad, and forked before,
 None such saw I of yore.
 This beldam, on hir merrie pin, 36
 Began hir tale with this gin.

[**Spirit, spirit, get thee hence.**]

SPIRIT, spirit, get thee hence,
 For here is no residence :
 Here thou maist not be
 This night to trouble me ; 4
 For my husband and I
 Safe in our beds must lie ;
 Therfore from hence goe,
 And trouble me no mo. 8

[“The Tincker of Turvey,” Lond. 1630, p. 97.]

The Description of the Sea-man.

HEE was a fellow browne of hue,
 Sun-burnt in his face he grew,
 Well-set, strong of limbe and bone,
 Yet tight and yare as any one : 4
 Skill he had the helme to steare,
 And o' th' ship's decke to domineere ;
 Each tacking, little rope, and line,
 He could finde, when was no shine 8
 Of sunne or moone ; in stormyest night
 He could trim his sayles aright.
 His compasse cou'd he at his heart,
 And knew what winds blew in each part ; 12
 The starres he had as true, by name,
 As if at font he heard the same ;
 And with his finger's poynt could tell
 In what house every starre did dwell : 16
 As here the great *Beare*, that the small ;
 Such starres are fix'd, such shoot and fall,
 (At least they seamen¹ downe to slide) ;
 There does the bright *Orion* glide ; 20
 The taylor's yard, and the starres seaven,
 Is he acquainted with in heaven :
 As well as those seaven starres (the signe
 To tell within, is sold good wine). 24
 Shelves, rocks, gulphs, quick-sands, could he shun,
 And i' th' maine ocean his course run,
 By his good needle and his chard,²
 Blow grumbling *Boreas* nere so hard. 28

¹ = they seem.

² *i.e.* Compass-card.

IV.

Song xviii. of the *Poly-Olbion*.

IN the following reprint we omit the lengthy notes by Selden, 'the great dictator of learning to the English nation,' whose varied lore as philologist, antiquary, linguist, and herald, is amply displayed in his 'Illustrations' to the *Poly-Olbion*: each allusion in this poem forming a peg, on which are hung the bones of every species of extinct learning, gathered up with a voracity worthy of Clement of Alexandria, or Manasseh Ben Israel, and befitting companions for Drayton's extraordinary poem. The first eighteen Songs appeared in 1612-13, and the remainder (xix. to xxx.) in 1622. On this work Mr. Hallam (*Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. pp. 258-9, edition 1872) bestows just praise, and we reproduce in part his criticism:

Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* is a poem of about 30,000 lines in length, written in Alexandrine couplets, a measure, from its monotony, and perhaps from its frequency in doggerel ballads, not at all pleasing to the ear. It contains a topographical description of England, illustrated with a prodigality of historical and legendary erudition. Such a poem is essentially designed to instruct, and speaks to the understanding more than to the fancy. The poems displayed in it are, however, of a high cast. . . . The style of Drayton is sustained with extraordinary ability, on an equable line, from which he seldom much deviates, neither brilliant nor prosaic: few or no passages could be marked as impressive [here we totally disagree with Mr. Hallam], but few are languid or mean. The language is clear, strong, various, and sufficiently figurative; the stories and fictions interspersed, as well as the general spirit and liveliness, relieve the heaviness incident to topographical description. There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language, comparable together in extent and excellence to the *Poly-Olbion*; nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly gifted author.

Mr. Hallam justly states the poem would be judged very unfairly by partial extracts, yet we think the following passages would give a not unfair idea of Drayton's varied powers. The lengthy catalogue of the English voyagers and their exploits (*Song xix.*), the roll of English saints (xxiv.), and the history of

the Civil Wars (xxii.), in which occurs the well-known and moving picture of the fatal divisions between the Cheshire gentry at the Battle of Blore Heath in the Wars of the Roses:

There *Dutton*, *Dutton* kills: a *Done* doth kill a *Done*:
A Booth, a *Booth*, and *Leigh* by *Leigh* is overthrown:
A Venables against a *Venables* doth stand:
 And *Troutbeck* fighteth with a *Troutbeck* hand to hand;
 There *Molineux* doth make a *Molineux* to die,
 And *Egerton* the strength of *Egerton* doth try.
 (*Poly-Olbion*, Edit. 1613, p. 41.)

The exploits of Robin Hood and his merry men are told (*Song* xxvi.) in as spirited lines as any in the Robin Hood Ballads, while the nursery favourites, Guy of Warwick and Bevis of Southampton, have their deeds befittingly recited in the twelfth, thirteenth, and second *Song*. Drayton's love for the country embraces even the Lincolnshire fens (xxv.), and the Muse in *Song* xix. apparently expresses his own partiality for those scenes—

Where dainty Summer bowers and arborets are made,
 Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.
 Fools gaze at painted Courts, to th' country let me go,
 To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low;
 No gold-embossed roofs to me are like the woods;
 No bed like to the grass, nor liquor like the floods;
 A city's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves,
 The Muses have free leave to starve or live in caves.
 (*Ibid.* 1622, 2nd pt. p. 2.)

To his truly English love for country life Drayton united an equally national love for field sports, as is shown by his description of a stag hunt (xiii.), hawking (xx.), and coursing at Kelmash, in Northamptonshire (xxiii.); in the last-named *Song* occurs the amusing list of the 'blazons of the shires,' forming a perfect magazine of County proverbs, very properly commencing with:

Kent, first in our account, doth to itself apply
 (Quoth he) this blazon first, Long tayles and Libertie.
 (*Ibid.* p. 70.)

We now proceed to collect the Kentish passages in our author's voluminous poems, and think in the following lines of

his *Barons' Wars* we can trace an allusion to the County prerogative of forming the vanguard of the English army :

Those of *Kent*, unconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintain their ancient right.

Dr. Robert Anderson thought it probable that Drayton was in some military employment in Kent in 1588, as it appears, from his poem of *Moses, in a Map of his Miracles*,¹ he was a spectator at Dover of the Spanish Armada ; the allusion occurs in Book iii. (on the destruction of Pharaoh's host: edition 1604 p. 63):

In eighty-eight at *Dover* that had been,
To view that navy (like a mighty wood)
Whose sails swept heaven, might eas'y there have seen
How puissant *Pharaoh* perish'd in the flood.
What¹ for a conquest strictly they did keep,
Into the channel presently was pour'd ;
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,
That *Spain's* long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
Th' afflicted *English* rang'd along the strand,
To wait what would this threat'ning power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high Justice scourg'd th' *Iberian* pride.

Drayton makes Dame Eleanor Cobham (*England's Heroical Epistles*) affectingly allude to the county, when writing to Duke Humphry during her imprisonment in the Isle of Man, she bewails her altered condition :

If *Cobham's* name my birth can dignify,
Or *Sterborough* renown my family.
Where's *Greenwich* now, thy *Elinor's* court of late,
Where she with *Humphry* held a princely state ?
That pleasant *Kent*, when I abroad should ride,
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride ?
The *Thames*, by water when I took the air,
Danc'd, when my barge was launched from the stair.
The anch'ring ships, that, when I pass'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad ?
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,

¹ First ed. reads When.

Should after see me, mail'd up in a sheet,
Do shameful penance, three times in the street,
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
Bare foot to trudge before a Beadle's wand ;
That little babes, not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along ?

In the same *Epistles* Jane Shore, writing to her royal lover, declares :

More glorious suns adorn fair *London's* pride,
Than all rich *England's* continent beside,
Who takes in hand to make account of this,
May number *Romney's* flow'rs or *Isis'* fish.

In *The Miseries of Queen Margaret* (edit. 1627, pp. 75, 76), the history and progress of Jack Cade's rebellion are thus described :

His name was *Cade*, his native country *Kent*,
Who, though of birth and in estate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent
(Which the wise Duke¹ well understood before) :
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore ;
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong ;
Witty, well spoken, cautelous though young.

But for the Duke his title must derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore must cast and cunningly contrive
To see how people relished the same ;
And if he found it fortun'd to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim :
To shew himself his title good to make,
And raise him friends and pow'r, his part to take.

All opposition likewise to prevent,
The crafty Duke his meaning doth conceal,
And *Cade* doth rise t' reform the government,
And base abuses of the Public Weal,
To which he knew the Commons would consent,
Which otherwise his treason might reveal ;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

¹ of *York*.

Song xviii. of the Poly-Olbion.

From *Sussex*, *Surrey*, and from *Kent* that rose,
 Whom hope of spoil doth to this act persuade,
 Which still increase his army as it goes,
 And on *Black-heath* his rendezvous he made,
 Where in short time it to that vastness grows
 As it at once the kingdom would invade,
 And he himself the conquest could assure,
 Of any pow'r King *Henry* could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
 Sent by the King that rebel to pursue ;
 When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
 He made as though he from the army flew,
 The slaughter of the soldiers must be great,
 When he those *Staffords* miserably slew :
 Captains select, and chosen by the Queen
 To lead the pow'rs that should have wreak'd her teen.

When for a siege he to the City came,
 Assaults the bridge with his embolden'd power,
 And, after oft repulsed, takes the same,
 Makes himself master of the town and Tower,
 Doing such things as might the devil shame,
 Destroys records, and virgins doth deflow'r,
 Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after all this stir,
 Lastly, beheaded the Lord Treasurer.

Later in this poem the Yorkist proceedings in Kent, after the Parliament of Coventry, are chronicled (*ibid.* p. 87):

Then have they forces rais'd for them in *Kent*,
 Their next and most convenient place to land
 (Where should the adverse pow'r their hopes prevent,
 In *Dover* Road yet were their ships at hand),
 And by their posts, still to and fro that went,
 They certainly were let to understand
 That *Kent* was surely theirs, and only stay'd
 To rise in arms the *Yorkists'* power to aid.

When *Falconbridge*, who second brother was
 To *Salisbury*, they send away before,
 To see no ships should out of *Sandwich* pass,
 To hinder them in coming to the shore ;
 There of munition took a wond'rous mass,
 Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant store
 He armed many at their coming in,
 Which of their side would scarcely else have been.

That they no sooner settled were on land,
But that in arms th' rebellious *Kentish* rose,
And the Lord *Cobham*, with a mighty band,
With their *Calicians* presently doth close ;
That now they sway'd all with a pow'rful hand ;
And in small time so great their army grows,
From *Sussex*, *Surrey*, and those parts about,
That of her safety *London* well might doubt.

To retire from warlike deeds and popular commotions to
pastoral scenes, Drayton's "Dowsabel" is described as
'lythe as lass of *Kent*' ;
while in *Eclogue* viii. we are introduced to

Dear *Sylvia*, one the best alive,
That once in *Moreland*, by the silver *Trent*,
Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,
But now allured to the Fields of *Kent*,
The faithfull'st Nymph, wherever that she won,
That of this day doth live under the sun.

Near *Ravensburn*, in cottage low she lies,
There now content her calm repose to take,
The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes
Hath oft enforc'd the Shepherds to forsake
Their flocks, and folds, and on to set their keep,
Yet her chaste thoughts still settled on her sheep.

We have elsewhere¹ quoted the lines recording the device
under which the Kentish troops embarked for Agincourt ; a few
other Kentish allusions are scattered through the *Poly-Olbion*,
but we shall now (albeit unwillingly) take our leave of Drayton
and his Works, after reproducing the important Song XVIII.,
which is devoted to Kent.

The spelling is modernised in all of our Drayton extracts,
and the redundant capitals retrenched from the 1613 edition of
the *Poly-Olbion*. In general, we prefer to reprint *verbatim et
literatim*.

¹ In our Kentish Bowmen Group.

[Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*; or, a *Chorographical Description*, 1613, pp. 283, & seq.]

Poly-Olbion.

The Eighteenth Song.

The Argument.

The *Rother* through the *Weald* doth rove,
 Till he with *Oxney* fall in love :
Rumney would with her wealth beguile,
 And win the river from the isle. 4
Medway, with her attending streams,
 Goes forth to meet her Lord, great *Thames* :
 And where in breadth she her disperses,
 Our famous Captains she rehearses, 8
 With many of their valiant deeds.
 Then with *Kent's* praise the Muse proceeds,
 And tells when *Albion* o'er sea rode,
 How he his daughter-isles bestow'd ; 12
 And how grim *Goodwin* foams and frets :
 Where to this Song an end she sets.

OUR *Argas* scarcely yet delivered of her son,
 When as the River down through *Andredsweald* doth run :
 Nor can the aged Hill have comfort of her child,
 For, living in the woods, her *Rother* waxed wild : 4
 His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
 That from the Sylvans kind he hardly could be known :
 Yea, many a time the Nymphs, which hapt this flood to see,
 Fled from him, whom they sure a Satyr thought to be ; 8
 As Satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,
 And would not once vouchsafe to look upon a plain ;
 Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
 Which *Albion* in his youth upon a sea-nymph got ; 12
 For *Oxney's* love he pines : who being wildly chaste,
 And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.
 But what obdurate heart was ever so perverse, 15
 Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience, could not pierce ?
 For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
 In-isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.

Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well. . 19

Of *Rother's* happy match, when *Rumney* Marsh heard tell,
 Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
 And falleth in her sight into the sea at *Rye*,
 She thinketh with herself how she a way might find
 To put the homely Isle quite out of *Rother's* mind ; 24
 Appearing to the Flood, most bravely like a queen,
 Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's green;
 Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers and weeds;
 Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering
 reeds : 28

Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty thighs,
 Most strongly seem to tempt the River's amorous eyes.
 And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling plait,
 Imboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed
 neat. 32

Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to batten ;
 Some sent away to kill ; some thither brought to fatten :
 With villages amongst, oft powthreed here and there :
 And (that the same more like to landskip should appear) 36
 With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
 (In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,
 Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brouz'd the velvet
 buds), 39

In which, they lick their hides, and chew their savoury cuds.

Of these her amorous toyes, when *Oxney* came to know,
 Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,
 Th' allurements of the Marsh the jealous Isle doth move,
 That, to a constant course, she thus persuades her love : 44
 'With *Rumney* though for dower I stand in no degree ;
 In this, to be belov'd, yet liker far than she :
 Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour lack,
 The soul is said deform'd : and she, extremely black. 48
 And though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
 From her there yet proceeds unwholesome putrid air :
 Where my complexion more suits with the higher ground,
 Upon the lusty *Weald*, where strength doth still abound. 52

The Wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace,
 Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace ;
 Where, to great *Neptune* she may one day be a prey :
 The Sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day. 56
 And what, though of her strength she seem to make no doubt?
 Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him out.'

With this persuasive speech, which *Oxney* lately us'd,
 With strange and sundry doubts, whilst *Rother* stood con-
 fus'd ; 60

Old *Andredsweald*¹ at length doth take her time to tell
 The changes of the world, that since her youth befel,
 When yet, upon her soil, scarce human foot had trode,
 A place where only then the Sylvans made abode. 64
 Where, fearless of the Hunt, the hart securely stood,
 And every where walk'd free, a burgess of the wood ;
 Until those *Danish* routs, whom hunger starv'd at home,
 (Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did roam, 68
 And stemming the rude stream dividing us from France,
 Into the spacious mouth of *Rother* fell (by chance),
 That *Lymen* then was nam'd, when (with most irksome care)
 The heavy *Danish* yoke, the servile *English* bare. 72
 And when at last she found, there was no way to leave
 Those, whom she had at first been forced to receive ;
 And by her great resort, she was, through very need,
 Constrained to provide her peopled Towns to feed. 76
 She learn'd the churlish axe and twybill to prepare,
 To steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrowing share :
 And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
 A housewife she became, most skill'd in making cloth. 80
 That now the Draper comes from *London* every year,
 And of the *Kentish* sorts makes his provision there.
 Whose skirts ('tis said), at first that fifty furlongs went,
 Have lost their ancient bounds, now limited² in *Kent*. 84

¹ "See Song XVII." The Note is given at the conclusion of this Song.

² "The Weald of Kent."

Which strongly to approve, she *Medway* forth did bring,
 From *Sussex* who ('tis known) receives her silver spring,
 Who tow'rds the lordly *Thames*, as she along doth strain,
 Where *Teise*, clear *Beule*, and *Len* bear up her limber train
 As she removes in state : so for her more renown, 89
 Her only name she leaves, t' her only christ'ned¹ Town ;
 And *Rochester* doth reach, in ent'ring to the bower
 Of that most matchless *Thames*, her princely paramour. 92
 Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with her pride)
 Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride.
 That where she told her *Thames*, she did intend to sing
 What to the *English* name immortal praise should bring : 96
 To grace his goodly queen, *Thames* presently proclaims,
 That all the *Kentish* Floods, resigning him their names,
 Should presently repair unto his mighty hall,
 And by the posting tides, towards *London* sends to call 100
 Clear *Ravensburn* (though small, remembered them among)
 At *Deptford* ent'ring. Whence as down she comes along,
 She *Darent* thither warns : who calls her sister *Cray*,
 Which hasten to the Court with all the speed they may. 104
 And but that *Medway* then of *Thames* obtain'd such grace,
 Except her country Nymphs, that none should be in place,
 More Rivers from each part, had instantly been there,
 Than at their marriage, first, by *Spenser*² numb'red were, 108
 This *Medway* still had nurs'd those navies in her road,
 Our armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad ;
 And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
 Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen : 112
 Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been brought,
 What brave exploits they did ; as where, and how they
 fought.
 Wherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly calls,
 The Captains to recite when seriously she falls. 116

¹ "Maidstone, i.e. Medway's town."

² "In the *Fairie Queene*."

A glorious roll of English Worthies and their exploits follows, which occupies the Song till its six hundredth and fifty-second line. We omit this portion, somewhat unwillingly, but the names and deeds befittingly celebrated by Drayton belong to *English*, and not to *County* history, though we trust our readers would not exhibit the same impatience as was displayed by the Kentish nymphs during the Medway's recital :—

When now the *Kentish* Nymphs do interrupt her Song,
By letting *Medway* know she tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler *Kent* she nought or little said. 656

When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the land, as *Medway* goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, ' O famous *Kent*,' quoth she,
' What country hath this isle that can compare with thee, 660
Which hast within thy self as much as thou canst wish ?
Thy conies, ven'son, fruit ; thy sorts of fowl and fish :
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood :
Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good. 664
Where *Thames*-ward to the shore, which shoots upon the rise,
Rich *Tenham* undertakes thy closets to suffice
With cherries, which, we say, the Summer in doth bring,
Wherewith *Pomona* crowns the plump and lustful Spring, 668
From whose deep ruddy cheek sweet *Zephyr* kisses steals,
With their delicious touch his love-sick heart that heals.
Whose golden gardens seem th' *Hesperides* to mock :
Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apricock, 672
Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the king,
The apple-orange ; then the savoury russetting :
The pear-main, which to *France* long e'er to us was known,
Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our own. 676
The renat : which, though first it from the pippin came,
Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that curious name,
Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set ;
As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget 680
(Both by the sire and dame being anciently descended)
The issue born of them, his blood hath much amended.

The sweeting, for whose sake the plowboys oft make war :
 The wilding, costard, then the well-known pomwater, 684
 And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several taste,
 That have their sundry names in sundry countries plac'd :
 Unto whose dear increase the gardener spends his life,
 With piercer, wimble, saw, his mallet, and his knife ; 688
 Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned root,
 As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute :
 And their selected plants doth workman-like bestow,
 That in true order they conveniently may grow ; 692
 And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labouring ant,
 Which many times annoy the graft and tender plant :
 Or else maintains the plot, much starved with the wet,
 Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set : 696
 Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy.

But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,
 Who any way the time intend not to prolong ?
 To those *Thamisian* isles now nimbly turns my song. 700
 Fair *Sheppey* and the *Greane* sufficiently supply'd,
 To beautify the place where *Medway* shows her pride.
 But *Greane* seems most of all the *Medway* to adore,
 And *Tenet*, standing forth to the *Rhutupian*¹ shore, 704
 By mighty *Albion* plac'd till his return again
 From *Gaul* ; where, after, he by *Hercules* was slain.
 For, earth-born *Albion* then, great *Neptune's* eldest son,
 Ambitious of the fame by stern *Alcides* won, 708
 Twelve Labours which before accomplish'd by his might,²
 Would over (needs) to *Gaul*, with him to hazard fight.³
 His daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)
 Which *Doris*, *Thetis'* nymph, unto the giant bare : 712
 With whom those isles he left ; and will'd her for his sake,
 That in their grandsire's court she much of them would make ;
 But *Tenet*, th' eldest of three, when *Albion* was to go,
 Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him so, 716

¹ "Near Sandwich."² We transpose two lines, evidently misplaced.

There at the giant raught ; which was perceiv'd by chance :
 This loving Isle would else have followed him to *France* :
 To make the channel wide that then he forced was,
 Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to pass. 720

Thus *Tenet* being stay'd, and surely settled there,
 Who nothing less than want and idleness could bear,
 Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground,
 With sundry sorts of grain : whilst thus she doth abound, 724
 She falls in love with *Stour*, which, coming down by *Wye*,
 And towards the goodly Isle his feet doth nimbly ply,
 To *Canterbury* then as kindly he resorts.

His famous country thus he gloriously reports : 728

'O noble *Kent*,' quoth he, 'this praise doth thee belong,
 The hard'st to be controul'd, impatientest of wrong.
 Who, when the *Norman* first with pride and horror sway'd,
 Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the *English* laid ; 732
 And, with a high resolve, most bravely didst restore
 That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.

Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free customs bind,
 Thou only showd'st thyself of th' ancient *Saxon* kind. 736
 Of all th' *English* shires be thou surnam'd the Free,
 And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall reck'ned be.
 And let this town, which chief of thy rich country is,
 Of all the *British* sees be still Metropolis.' 740

Which having said, the *Stour* to *Tenet* him doth hie,
 Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
 Into the mouth of *Thames* one arm that forth doth lay,
 The other thrusting out into the *Celtic* Sea. 744

Grim *Goodwin* all this while seems grievously to lowre,
 Nor cares he of a straw for *Tenet*, nor her *Stour* ;
 Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to *France*,
 Since mighty *Albion's* fall by war's uncertain chance. 748
 Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while is had,
 'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad ;
 That, when the rolling tide doth stir him with her waves,
 Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he raves, 752

And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his deep,
That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to keep.

The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
If possibly, to cure his grievous malady : 756
As *Amphitrite's* nymphs their very utmost prove,
By all the means they could, his madness to remove.
From *Greenwich*, to these sands, some scurvy-grass do bring,
That inwardly apply'd 's a wond'rous sovereign thing. 766
From *Sheppey*, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling blood ;
Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
Rob *Dover's* neighbouring cliffs of samphyre, to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite. 764

Now, *Sheppey*, when she found she could no farther wade
After her mighty Sire, betakes her to his trade,
With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,
And cherisheth the kind of those choice *Kentish* breed. 768
Of villages she holds as husbandly a port
As any *British* isle that neighboureth *Neptune's* Court.
But *Greane*, as much as she her father that did love
(And, than the inner land, no farther could remove), 772
In such continual grief for *Albion* doth abide,
That almost under-stood she weepeth every tide.

Old Andredsweald—"All that maritime tract comprehending Sussex, and part of Kent (so much as was not mountains, now called the Downs, which in British,¹ old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English, signifies but hills), being all woody, was called Andredsweald, i.e. Andred's wood,² often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredchester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses), whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call those woody lands, by north, the Downs, the Weald : and the channel of the river that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known, in Shoreham-ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch ; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the parishes' terminations on this side the Downs, that is Herst, or Hurst, that is, a wood. It is called by Ethelwerd expressly *Immanis sylva, quæ vulgo Andredsunda nuncupatur*, and was 120³ miles long, and 30 broad."

¹ "*Dunum* uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & *Dwynem* Belgis dicuntur tumuli Arenarij, & Q. Curt. Oceano objecti. Gorop. Gallic. I. alij."

² "We yet call a desert a wilderness, from this root."

³ "Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo."

The Duke of Buckingham going to Dover.

COUNTY and local histories are alike singularly silent regarding the events which are detailed in the following amusing piece. The writer describes the Duke's reception at Canterbury with the vividness of an eye-witness, and an evident enjoyment which might have befitted an actor in the scene he depicts with so much relish. The following is an early MS. note, introducing the Poem in the Sloane Collection :—

About the latter end of December the Duke went to Dover (sent by his Ma^{tie} to treat with the French Embassadour, concerning vnknowne matters); in y^e night that he went, there arose such a turmoyle of winde and raine, as the like is not recorded in the memory of our age, which caused the multitude strongly to accuse his excellency, in such reproachfull termes as impudency it selfe would blush at the reading thereof: One libell (the author whereof was justly punished) a hand set downe, w^{ch} the iudicious reader may smile at.

It was immediately after the fleet of two hundred English and Scottish vessels, laden with wine which had already paid the increased duty, was seized at Bordeaux. Bassompierre was at Dover, on his return homewards, but was summoned back by Buckingham, who went to Canterbury, on December 4th, 1626, and met him, purposing to cross the Channel with him, and arrange matters. But he was dissuaded from the voyage by Bassompierre. This is the occasion referred to in the poem.

Another ballad on a former expedition deserves notice, but need not be reprinted here, as it is given in *The Drolleries of the Restoration* (vol. iii. pp. 20-30), edited by J. W. Ebsworth, in 1875. It consists of 42 stanzas, and is entitled *Jack of Lent's Ballat* (on the welcoming of Queen Henrietta Maria, 1625); it begins:

List you Nobles, and attend,
For here's a Ballat newly penn'd—
I took it up in *Kent*:
If any ask who made the same,
To him I say the author's name
Is honest *Jack of Lent*.

This reappeared, with some variations (beginning, *Now list, you Lordlings, and attend, Unto a Ballad newly penned*, etc.), in the *Choyce Poems* (1661, p. 83), which, says Mr. Ebsworth, "was merely the earlier edition (of June, 1658) reissued, with an irregular extra sheet at beginning." The full title of the ballad is: "The Author, intending to write upon the Duke of *Buckingham*, when he went to fetch the Queen, prepared a new Ballad for the Fidlers, as might hold them to sing between *Dover* and *Callice*." A MS. note marks the author as John Eliot.

[Brit. Mus. Sloane MS. 826, f. 28b.]

The Duke of Buckingham going to Dover. December, 1626.

WHY did the fond Plebeans say
 That *Buckingham* was runne away?
 Why did the Sailours and their wiues
 Hope for fresh meat and merry Liues? 4
 The monied and the poore men make
 All holy-days for his flight sake?
 Why were the Parliament benches brusht,
 And all new Plotts for money husht? 8
 Why did this Knight, and that rich Squire,
 Who did their kingdom's good desire,
 The voyces of their shears¹ to gaine,
 Free open houses now proclaime? 12
 Why were the exchequore coffers wide,
 The mouldie chests new purifide?
 The tellers' talleys itching lye
 For fifteens and for subsidie? 16
 Why did the soldier, whose sad sailes
 Came home anotamized from *Cailles*,²
 Promise that *Christmas* day should see
 Him cassockt, and his companie? 20

¹ *i.e.* shires.

² *i.e.* Cadiz: The disastrous expedition against which (planned in December, 1624, and ended in November, 1625) was justly charged among Buckingham's offences. "One by one, all through the winter months, the shattered remains of the once powerful fleet came staggering home, to seek refuge in whatever port the winds and waves would suffer."—S. R. Gardiner.

Why on this hope did they plung more
 Into the soaking Tapster's score :
 And make their greedy Lan[d]lord stay,
 For rent, an other quarter day ? 24
 The Duke's returnd, these hopes are vaine,
 Th' Artillery men must watch againe.
 Put up your vselesse cudgells you,
 You *Munmorth*-murriand-pitchie crew. 28
 Your tryumphs vnder hatches stow,
 Your ebbes encrease, so dose¹ his flow.
 And though your wiues have sharpt their nailes,
 To scratch his face, that proiect failes ; 32
 He's garded by the Citie Swisses,
 And whilst you scould he huggs his blisses.
 I graunt you, as he went from hence,
 So fowle a night nere rained since 36
 The body of the *Scotish* Queene
 To *Westminster* remoovd hath beene.
 But, ah ! poore wretches, did you thinke
 Your Admirall so soone would sinke, 40
 Or that his [s]tately toppe should vaile
 To one poore storme or shower of haile ?
 And though some fondlings idly say
 The wind his perriwigg blew away : 44
 Which found, an other swears he's dead,
 His body's goune, but here's his head.
 This stopt pursuit, which elce that night
 Could not have donne for all his spight. 48
 At *Canterbury*, ther he met²
 An other storme as lowd and wet,

¹ *i.e.* does.

² This account is scarcely exaggerated. Buckingham saw every day fresh signs of his unpopularity. "At Court it was believed that the only object of his [present] embassy was to enable him to make love once more to the Queen of France. When he set out to meet Bassompierre at Canterbury, the mob followed him with curses, shouting after him, 'Begone for ever !' whilst reasonable men explained his desire to go to France by his eagerness to be out of England during the session of Parliament, which was now naturally enough presumed to be inevitable."—*England under Buckingham*, etc., ii. 104.

<i>The Duke of Buckingham going to Dover.</i>	55
As that he ridde in, for the cry Beeing but once raiz'd, " the Duke's past by,"	52
W th knitting needles, and w th ladles, Spitts, fire-forkes, and leggs of cradles, The Women, whose friends were yet vnpaid, The coaches of the Duke assaid.	56
And then had sheard his flesh assur'd, But <i>Holland's</i> lookes his peace procur'd. The <i>Mirmadones</i> themselues had donne As much for <i>Priam's</i> valiant sonne.	60
And he look'd soe, and yet, 'tis true, The wether chang'd his lookes to blew. At <i>Douer</i> , least they should deceiue him, He made the Castle to receiue him.	64
The Embassadour of <i>France</i> and he Talked of what's vnknowne to me : Perhaps they haue agreed together To meete in <i>France</i> in fairer wether :	68
Which so if't prooue, then his returne Can neuer make the people mourne ; For he's come back to let you know Some good of his before he goe.	72

IGNOTO.



VI.

The Kentish Fayre.

THE amusing tract "THE KENTISH FAYRE, or the Parliament sold to their best worth," consists of 8 pp. 4to. and was "Printed at *Rochester* and are to be sold to all those that dare buy them, 1648." The title-page contains these verses :

GOOD *Oliver*, lend me thy nose,
'Tis dark, all lights are out :
For now I meane to write in prose,
But guided, by thy snout. 4

Black *Tom* already's at the *Faire*,
And in his Coach is carried :
His men, mean-while blowne in the *Ayre*,
And to the Fiends, are married. 8

Some *Citizens*, they say will ride,
To buy knacks for their *Wives* :
Let *Skippon*, Skipp-on as their Guide,
He may protect their lives. 12

At *Rochester*, the *Faire* is held,
By all good tokens, know it :
A thousand *Saints*, late, there were feld,¹
As yet the Bridge, can show it. 16

¹ Possibly "feld" = fel'd = felled ; but more probably "seld," *Scotied* for sold, in reference to the Fair. We find the word "sold" still used as a slang term, signifying bamboozled or outwitted.

The *Kentish Fayre* is written in dramatic form, the scene being laid at Rochester. It opens by "the Cryer" announcing, "Oyes, Oyes, Oyes: All manner of Persons

KNOW our most gracious godly Parliament
Is set to sale at *Rochester* in *Kent*!
All those, who have a mind to buy, repaire
Thither, and they may have their Choice of ware. 4
A Faire is kept there, there to sale is set
The Mischiefes, did at first the Warre beget.
There you may Buy pretended false Religion,
Jealousies, feares, false-hearted, and Misprision: 8
The cursed Plot, to take off STRAFFORD'S head,
And to send *Canterbury* to the Dead:
To drive the *King* away, to carry on
A most unheard-of vile Rebellion, 12
To Prison him, debarre him of his Wife;
And lastly, to bereave him of his Life.
Here now the Rebels reigne is at an end,
You may by them, and what they did Intend. 16

Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir Thomas Peyton enter, disguised as pedlars, and discuss the Royalist prospects, of which they are sanguine:

1[st] *Pedlar*. How strong are the *Kentish-men*?—Full sixteene thousand, Sir, in Horse and Foot, they doe increase their numbers every day; the Apprentices of *London* flock unto them.

2[nd] *Ped*. If *Kent* that ne're was Conquer'd, now hold out stify for the King and conquer Treason and Rebellion, the latter Conquest will exceed their former Policie.

1[st] *Ped*. Eight of His Majestie's Ships have willingly submitted to their power, the rest [it] is thought wil come in shortly; *Rainsborough* the Vice-Admirall is turn'd on shore, his teares and prayers saved his life, else they had cast him over-bord.—(p. 3.)

The 2nd Pedlar joyfully believes Fortune has turned her wheel, "now all things are reverst, miseries now threaten the Rebels from all quarters." Poyer, he states, is defending Pembroke Castle, "having beaten *Flemming* and *Horton*, yea, *Oliver* himselfe,"—"the hardy *Scots* are comming dancing a Martiall measure, after their Drums and Bag-pipes." In the

North Sir Marmaduke Langdale, having fortified Berwick, is scouring the country with 7000 men, with whom joins Sir Thomas Glemham, who has seized Carlisle and fortified it for the King.

See where the most renowned men of *Kent* are in huge Bodies joyn'd, have lately given the Arch-Rebel *Fairfax* a great overthrow near *Rochester*, have kill'd a thousand on the place, have taken divers, dispersed his whole Army, himselfe escaping hardly; *Essex*, *Surrey*, and *Cornwall* now putting themselves into a Military posture. Ha, who are these? what Women weare Armes. — (*Ibid.*)

(p. 4.) [Enter] *Mrs. Webster, and Mrs. Maine, with Pistols and Swords.* They sing:

Mrs. Web.

*Mrs. Webster
and Mistris
Maine two
Women yt
are now in
Armes in
Kent.*

MEN tardy grown, and deaf to good,
remisse in euery thing;
Their owne great woes, not understood,
themselves slav'd, and their King.

4

'Tis time that Women armour weare,
and teach Men for to fight;
'Gainst those, who their destruction sweare,
and seeke it, day and night.

8

Mrs. Maine.

Wee two, like *Amazons* of old,
who fought for wretched *Troy*,
Have vow'd to kill all those that would
persist us to annoy.

12

Come, *Fairfax*, thee I long to Charge,
at head of all thy Men:
And send thee maimed in a Barge
to *London* back agen.

16

Mrs. Web.

Nol Cromwell, though thou baths't in flames,
Yet know, thou Salamander!
That thou shalt tremble at our Names,
And wee shall send you yonder.

20

Come, all ye *Sectaries* that dwell
within the cursed Citie :
And wee will send you unto Hell,
unto the black Committee.

24

The ladies at first do not recognize the disguised Knights, but on so doing, in answer to Sir Thomas Palmer's question (p. 5) —“What men of note have you now at the Faire who lead the rest a *Cinque-pace*, unto the martiall murmur of the Drum,” Mrs. Webster enumerates :

Sir *Robert Tracy*, Sir *Gamatiel Dudley*, Sir *John Many*, Sir *Tho. Godfrey*, Sir *James Hales*, Sir *Will. Many*, Sir *John Dovell*, Sir *Richard Hardresse*, Colonel *Washington*, Col. *Le' strange*, Col. *Hacker*, Col. *Culpepper* and many other Esquires and Gentlemen of knowne valour and integrity.

A lively conversation ensues, of which the speech delivered by “the rich Pedlaresse Mrs. *Fame*” on her entry, will serve as a specimen :

What doe you lacke or buy, Gent ? Any Votes, Orders, or Declarations, any Plots, Covenants, or Protestations ? will you buy an Ordinance of Indempnity ? perchance one of you may be a Rebelle, or a Parliament man, will you please to buy a new Ordinance for putting Malignants out of the City of *London*, and the late lines of Communication ? see what you want, Gentlemen, see what you want.

In the following pages the Parliamentarians come in for a liberal share of comic Billingsgate—Pride, Player, Bark-stead, Harry Martin, Weaver (“who pronounced openly to the rest of his fellows,

That it was fit the King should be brought to his tryall, and hang'd, drawne, and quartered, rather then Treated with, Hee being the only cause of all the Blood-shed throughout the three *Kingdomes*,” p. 6),

Scot, Vane, Mildmay, Manchester (“the wild Boare who hath rooted up two famous Universities, and deadly wounded Learning and Learned Men,” *ibid.*), “*Challoner* the Atheist, *Corbet* the Cuckold, and *Fowke* the Fool,” being especially favoured by name, while (p. 7) Wilkins the Exciseman is declared by Mrs. Fame “A Villain worth hanging,” and the moral conduct of “R. D.” is strongly reflected on. Fame then exclaims :

Here's a mad Order Sir, lately put forth by the Rebels, which saith, that the Lives and Lands of these that keepe the *Faire* in *Kent* shall be lawfull prize to the Souldiery, and further commands, *That no quarter bee given either to Man, Woman, or Child.*

Sir T. Peyton responds in a speech (p. 8) which befittingly concludes the piece :

Saist thou so, *Fame*? their Order wee'l make good upon themselves, and crush their soules out with our yron hands. have they sat seaven yeares to marre our Government, and would they now ceaze on our Lives and States? thinke they for to build high upon our ruines? know *Fame*, and eccho it throughout the world, *Kent* will be loyall to their King, should all the Kingdome else prove wicked : although wee are not fearfull to find ayd. *Surrey*, *Essex*, and *Cornwall*, have promised to come in, to our assistance.

Then let the Rebels, and their *Fairfax* know,
That they must fall, for Fate will have it so :
Wee have begun to rout them, nor will cease,
'Till, with their cursed Lives, we buy our Peace. 4
Great CHARLES looke up, for now redemption comes,
Peace speaketh, in the language of our Drums.
By *Blood* they hold their power, by *Blood* must wee
Restore our *King* unto his Soveraigntie : 8
Our selves unto our Rights, which wee have lost,
By trusting seeming Friends, who hate us most.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, let the Kingdome heare,
The Rebels must not Reigne, another yeare. 12

Finis.



VII.

Men of Canterbury.

THE *Kentish Fayre* does not form an inapt prelude to the poetical pieces on the sad and stirring events which followed it: "Kent, who valued Liberty so loves," (Cowley) made a last desperate effort in favour of the King, fighting with the high and gallant spirit characteristic of those Cavaliers whose "Marching Along," in 1642, Robert Browning has so vigorously described :

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And pressing a troop, unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the Cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're——

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

(Chorus) *March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

Contemporary verses on the Kentish Rising will be found in the following pages, including the lines printed in the original edition of Carter's *True Relation* of the struggle in Kent and Essex, which were omitted in the eighteenth-century reprints ; but instead of dilating on the events in that graphic narrative, we shall unite in the sentiment of Cowley's lines :

. . . thou, O *Medway*, swell'd with slaughters, borne
Above the flow'ry banks that did thee once adorn :
Or why, O *Colchester* ! should I rehearse
Thy brave united courage and thy force,
Or deaths of those illustrious men relate,
Who did with thee deserve a kinder fate.
Or why the miserable murders tell
Of captives, who by cooler malice fell.

(Cowley *Of Plants*, translated by Aphra Behn : Book vi. *Of Trees*. In the *Third Part of Cowley's Works*, 1st Edition, 1689, p. 151.)

[Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 28656, f. 17.]

**Verses by Mr. Egerton on certain
Men of Canterbury declaring themselves for "God,
King Charles, and Kent." Jan. 1648.¹**

THE roast-meat men of *Canterbury*,
 Counting it no small injury
 To lose their spic'd broth, and their pies,
 Their wassails, and their fooleries, 4
 Resolv'd ere Christmas went away
 They would some uncouth gambol play;
 For now debar'd of their good cheer,
 They took the double size in beer: 8
 And now so long they sit and fuddle,
 'Till each agreed to broach his noddle.
 Then one saith this, another that,
 And the third talks he knows not what. 12
 'Till one upstart, whose nose to handle,
 Had often sav'd them fire and candle,
 And he in broken sense relates
 The wrong to be debar'd their cates; 16
 And tells them, if they do not rise
 To right plum-pottage, and mince-pies,

¹ This is a manuscript copy of the small 4to. newspaper called *Mercurius Crito-Pragmaticus*, No. 17, Thursday, Jan. 13, etc., 1648. One of the speakers declares, of the Canterburians: "their seizing on the magazine in the Town-Hall, their keeping Courts of Guard, and their fool-hardiness, in declaring themselves for God, King *Charles*, and *Kent*, is come to nothing, so that now the coxcombs wish they had drank *Mandragora* in their late merriment. Wittily, upon this scuffle, my loving friend Mr. *Egerton* wrote these verses."

Hereafter may things never whittle,
But the plum-pottage burn the kettle, 20
And may each bak'd-meat (heaven forbid)
Lose both the bottom and the lid.
At this each swaine ¹ lift up his snout,
And wrath incensed all the rout : 24
And now away the clowns do reel,
And out of doors each one doth wheel ;
He gets a mattock, he a rake,
A third will needs his coulter take, 28
And all with an inspired rage
Set forth in martial equipage.
Fear now upon the Townsmen falls,
To see these frantic bachannals : 32
They lock their doors, but to no end,
The mad-men do them open rend,
And he that hath not broth and pie,
Within his lard, or buttery, 36
Was surely banged, back and head,
And all his chattles forfeited.
But to prohibit this wild churse²
Out comes the *Mayor* on his horse ; 40
But they of him stand in no awe,
His crown is crack't, he doth withdraw :
And thus, elated with success,
They needs will further yet transgress. 44
For *God*, and for King *Charles*, they cry ;
Plum-pottage and sweet Christmas-pie ;
But out, alas ! this did no good,
Their language was not understood : 48
And now these birds in cages sing,
Wee'l no more Christmas revelling.

¹ "*Qy.* Swine," is interpolated here, in the MS.

² The MS. reads "churse," probably for "course."

VIII.

Kent's Invitation to take Arms.

AFTER the disturbance at Canterbury, narrated in Mr. Egerton's verses, the Parliament sent down a regiment of foot, who removed and burned the wooden gates of the city, and many persons supposed to have been implicated in the Christmas riot were imprisoned for two months in Leeds Castle, and then admitted to bail. They were brought to trial under a special commission of Oyer and Terminer at Canterbury Castle, when the Grand Jury ignored the bill, and being ordered to reconsider it, held to their decision, and drew up the celebrated Kentish Petition, which was approved by most of the county clergy and gentry. Letters were sent ordering the Petition to be suppressed, and its most active supporters seized, whereupon the Royalists determined to maintain their rights by force of arms, ordered the train-bands to assemble, seized on several depôts of ammunition, and on May 23rd, 1648, resolved at Canterbury they had a right to state their grievances to Parliament, and, if necessary, they would march "Sword in one hand, and the Petition in the other." The sad ending at Colchester of their gallant efforts "For God, King Charles, and Kent," is told in the lines from Matthew Carter's *True Relation*, but we can well imagine with what enthusiasm the following poem was received, and how readily the high-spirited Kentish gentry responded to *Kent's Invitation to take Arms*.

[British Museum Harl. MS. 6918, f. 67.]

Kent's Invitation to take Armes.

BRAVELY resolved, great hearts, I see some good
 is still remaining, and the daring bloud
 Of your unconquerd Ancestors curvetts
 in your quick veines where mounting honour sitts ; 4
 Hence then the female Gentry of the Smocke
 compounded of What-newes? and What's-a-Clocke?
 that call to dinner, and thanke God they keepe
 good howres to Eate, and after Eating sleepe ; 8
 Then goe to Bowles, and, when they weary grow,
 they clubb their thinn Groates, and to supper goe.
 Thus betwixt eating, sleeping, drinking, play,
 they haue not leasure for to liue a day ; 12
 For these bad actions, if you rightly scanne,
 make nature only liue, but kill the man :
 Chide your dull blood to action, tis *Kent's* doome
 if not by 't selfe nere to bee ouercome ; 16
 Doe not belye your Scabberds with a dresse
 of faigned fauours from your mistresses,
 While the meane time the coward steele within
 to your dishonour sleepe in a whole skinne ; 20
 Give me the man that hangs upon his hilt
 A traitour's bloud when his base bloud is spilt,
 that dares assist his reason with his sword,
 and speake bold *Pym* to Atomes in a word ; 24
 that takes a *Hotham* by the face's maine,
 and throwes him to the *Deuill* for a pawne ;
 till the 5 members meete, who make a law
 against their conscience to keepe Kings in awe ; 28
 That scornes to draw the ayre y^t doth not smell
 of his King's breath, how farre soere he dwell ;

That weares black danger at his heeles, and kicke
 cold feare into a Calenture. These trickes 32
 made *Pompey* swell, and gaue an endless name
 to *Cæsar*, whose bright steele the world did tame ;
 'Twas this made *Alexander* whip soe sore
 the dastard world, and still cryed out for more. 36
 Laugh then at death, and give his dart the Lye,
 so to prouoke a stabbe and quickly dye ;
 The longest life may haue the greatest cryme,
 Honour takes date from action, not from time ; 40
 and he whose bloud in his King's cause is spent
 outliues an Euerlasting Parliament.

In lines 37, 38, is an allusion to the well-known poem of *The Lye* (= "Goe, Soul, the body's guest"), which has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh. Cf. the final stanza (Farmer's Chetham MS.)—

Although to give the Lye
 deserves no less than stabbing,
 Stab at thee he y^t will,
 no stab the Soul can kill.

IX.

The Royalist Rising in Kent.

A CAPITAL sketch of *The Royalist Rising in Kent*, 1648, and the previous disturbance at Canterbury on Christmas Day, 1647, is given by Col. Colomb in the *Archæologia Cantiana* (vol. ix. pp. 31-49). Whatever doubts there are about the wisdom, there can be none on the valour of the undertaking, and we consider we are justified in reproducing the verses commendatory of Carter's stirring narrative. For ourselves, though cherishing a strong admiration of the Kentish Fairfaxes, Wallers and Weldons, we heartily unite in Col. Colomb's concluding words :

One who saw their struggle gives us in quaint, but touching terms, the epitaph of the men of Kent. "They rose," says he, "naked and solitary—stood so ; and so fell." Their defeat was rather a surprise than a conquest. They spake for liberty and monarchy. Let their ashes find peace for it ; their memories honour ; and let them that come after mend it.

[From "*A most true and exact Relation of that as Honourable as unfortunate Expedition of Kent, Essex, and Colchester.*" By M. C. (Matthew Carter), A Loyall Actor in that Engagement (*Anno Dom.* 1648), 1650. 12mo. p. 207.]

To my ingenious friend upon his Exact Journall of the Kentish Forces.

WHAT I must say on this (my very Friend)
Should rather be to cherish, than commend ;
Since Critick's Iury-men (perhaps) may grudge
That one so partiall should be thy judge. 4
Yet I may draw my attestation so,
That as a Witsse they may let me go.
Then on thy Commentary (which in right
I can't call lesse, since thou didst act and write) 8
I will say this ; Thou dost not *Mercury*'t
In any circumstance, except in Wit :
For he will know, that language understands,
Thou'st *Iacob*'s voice, as well as *Esau*'s hands. 12
Thine own heard's slaughter too, thou'st drest so neat,
That to the ag'd it will be savory meat ;
And may they blesse the[e] for't, that thus doest tell
With how much brav'ry *Lisle* and *Lucas* fell. 16
There thou tol'dst thy Saints bell, that our eyes
To them might pay their annual obsequies ;
And shew'dst their slaughter-men, that they survive,
Whom they of life intended to deprive. 20
Indeed their Mansion they have changed thus ;
That is, they live, not in themselves, but us.
Thus by thy pen, thou givest them what they lost,
Anticipating their last rise almost : 24
For them (as then) we now in Glory spie,
But I confesse, 'tis Intellectually.
Thy language thus giv[e]s both a life and shape
To th' Martyr'd Corpses, as an *Æsculape*. 28

Yet for this Art none can reward thy pen,
 Since there's no triumph or'e a Citizen ;
 Unlesse you'd sav'd (not rais'd them), you can't owne
 A just pretence unto the Grassy Crown. 32

Thus (stead of Lawrell) I must now bequeth
 Nought to thy Front, except a Cypresse wreath.
 For (I think) rightly no man understands
 A fatall Tragedy, that claps his hands. 36
 Thus (friend) thou seest, I can no bayes conferre ;
 Ile be thy Vsher not thy Trumpetter.

Thy new born off-spring I will cherish rather,
 (As Gossips doe) saying, 'tis like the Father. 40

Your impartiall Fidelio,

G. W.

To the Ingenious Author of these Commentaries.

I'VE read thy tract, this is my summ,
 Thou'st made thy *Kent*, our Christendome. 2

RODERIGOE.

To my Honoured Friend, upon his Commentary.

THOSE able Souls who can claim great Estates,
 In the large fields of fancy, whose conceits
 Free, high, and virgin in each golden line,
 Like gems set in that glistering metall shine, 4
 May chance go neer to cloath their muse (my friend)
 In a fit equipage for to attend
 Thy triumph, when a poor and needy braine
 Must be a blot in thy more pompeous train. 8
 When such as I endeavoure thee to praise,
 We do but bring thee thorns instcad of Bayes,

And by an indiscreet affection wound
Those Temples we intended to have Crown'd. 12
Yet must I on, and so, with what I doe
Thee Injury, must crave thee pardon too ;
For should I see thee thus engag'd among
An hoast of Enemies, scourg'd by th[ei]r tongue, 16
And like a true-borne coward, nor strike a blow
In thy behalfe, nor dare to face the foe,
As well might these great spirits who there dy'd
Condemn my cowardice, as now my pride. 20
Th' hast greater art than *Dedalus* ere knew,
To twist ev'n Inke it selfe into a clew.
More power than the highest fates afford,
Makes paper fighting, and a pen a Sword. 24
Then lead the way, and we will learn of thee
Anew to spell our mis-lead loyalty.
Thou who could'st guide us thorow the wild maze
Of error, and teach Truth those narrow waies 28
Shee's often lost in, learn confused fame
In her mixt Dialect for to speak plain,
Taught by what thou'st observ'd, and done before,
And now hast said, wee'l act, and erre no more. 32
No more shall *Kent* hang down her drooping head,
And sadly tell the number of her dead ;
But blesse her overthrow, as proud that thou
Hast taught her thus the way to conquest now. 36
Lucas, and *Lisle*, shall start amaz'd, that words
Should have a pow'r to vindicate their swords.
And CHARLS himselfe confesse his Wain to be
A great deal fitter to be driv'n by thee. 40
Nay, which is more, he shall at length confesse
His Wain full mooned by thy brain's increase.

E. P.



X.

On the Gray Friars of Ashford.

ASHFORD was always considered a perfect hot-bed of Nonconformity, and the energy of its professors greatly troubled the busy spirit of Archbishop Laud. If we may trust our Satire, they seem to have been equally powerful in numbers and noise, though in notoriety they were outdone by Maidstone, which produced two such "lights" as Andrew Broughton, the regicide mayor (whom Thomas Wilson, the Vicar of All Saints, publicly rebuked from the pulpit for his share in the King's death, and, when he rose from his seat to leave the church, cried after him, "he ran away because he was hard hit"), and Thomas Trapham, surgeon to both Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell, who having to embalm the King, after sewing his head to his body, remarked "he had sewed on the head of a goose." During the Commonwealth the Rev. Nicholas Prigg was the Independent minister at Ashford. He is said to have been noted as "a man of eminent abilities, and a celebrated preacher," and having the good fortune to marry a Mrs. Scott, purchased an estate with her property which supported them both after his ejection by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. "Ashford, like Afric, yields variety," and the Presbyterians (some of whom are supposed to have belonged to the Scotch cavalry stationed in the town) started a chapel in St. John's Lane. Some allowance must be made for the bitterness of the following Satire, when we remember that the Kentish Cavaliers had seen their clergy silenced, ejected, and (in some cases) replaced by mere ignorant, self-ordained fanatics, such as Boreman has described in *A Mirrour of Mercy and Iudgement* (1655). Dr. Calamy and Timpson give the names of seventy-six Nonconformist ministers who replaced the Royalist clergy, and the last-named writer states, "Several other names of Nonconformist ministers in Kent are mentioned, but they conformed, and entered the Established Church of England" (*Church History of Kent*, pp. 206-7).

The original "Albumazar," referred to in line 7, was written by Thomas Tomkis, or Tomkyns, 1614.

[British Museum Harl. MS. 4126, f. 93.]

On the Gray-Friars of Ashford.

By HENRY TUBBE.

(Probably, about 1679.)

YOU that love Monsters, come along with mee ;
Ashford, like *Africk*, yeelds varietie.
 The Elders are in view ! Behold & see
 A very Vision of Iniquitie ! 4
 A Black, & White Witch blended ; a pure Saint
 Mixt with a Sable Feind in doubling Paint.
 Here is *Albumazar*, the Learned Clown,
 Larded with a Set-ruff & a rug-gown : 8
 After a hearty draught of right Sage-Ale,
 He says, he seldome knew his judgment faile.
 And there's the Justice, in a Velvet-jerkin,
 Wash'd with the heav'nly dewes of brave *Pomperkin* ; 12
 And under it a Doublet steeped in Braggot,
 Of Buff, as tough (for ryme's sake) as a Faggot :
 Hee, hee it is, who, when all's done & sayd,
 Like *Ipse dixit*, strikes the Naile o' th' Head. 16
 There sits a Venerable Muftie, drest
 With Lungs for Three Parts, and a double Chest
 To beare the Burden, a wide Weasand to 't,
 A Cross-bow-mouth, and a rich Nose to boot, 20
 Which indeed makes the Musick, whines in chimes
 Like Friar *Bacon's* Brasse upon all Times :
 Though his Braines are not of this Amplitude,
 In sooth, his Malice is a Multitude ; 24
 A Legion of Mischeifes, that can't rest,
 Till it have quite destroy'd both Man & Beast.
 And yet this Brotherhood would seem to bee
 The Bulwarkes of some Fine Felicitie. 28

Like meager Ghosts They trembling sit & stand,
 As Inborow and Outborow¹ to th' Land.
 These Vestry-Varlets, with their hanging Eares,
 The Emblem of our Jealousies & Feares, 32
 For their *Jerusalem* yet act their part
 Like stout, proud Heires of great King *Robert's* Heart.²
 If Captaine *Squirt* but moderate, the Throng
 Listens, and gapes for Sweet-meats from his Tounge. 36
 Like a State-glisten it cures backward still
 With Quantities of Zeale, enough to fill
 A Seeker's Belly, bravely dish'd & stew'd,
 To tast, as every Palate is indued. 40
 His Thoughts are stuff'd with a destructive curse,
 Just like the Treason of the Timber-Horse :
 And wee shall have, although but arse-versie,
 A Layre of Justice, and a Layre of Mercy. 44
 What is thy Price & Pow'r, *Religion* ! when
 Things, that but only weare the shapes of Men,
 Yea, scarce so much, Hobgoblin-Vanities,
 Must governe Thee ; and with their fulsome Lies 48
 Corrupt the sweetnesse of that Truth, w^{ch} brings
 Such Health, as crownes the Diadems of Kings ?
 Sweet little Town ! How are thy Streets defil'd
 With these wild Beasts, e'en blasted & revil'd 52

¹ "Inborow and Outborow. This Title in good earnest did once belong to *Patrick* Earle of *Dunbar*, w^{ch} (according to Mr. *Camden's* interpretation) signifies thus much, that he was to allow & observe the ingresse & egresse of those that travailed to & fro between both Realmes. In a metaphoricall jeer (I thinke) it may be well applyed to these officious Time-servers, who sit only to marke passages of State, without any effectuall Power, either to Benefit themselves, or the Commonwealth."

² "Our Histories report of K. *Robert Brus*, that having made a Vow to go to the Holy Land, he gave order at his death, thinking that a Sufficient discharge of this solemne duty, to have his Heart carried to *Jerusalem*. These punctuall Reformers may seem to be Inheritoures of this constant spirit & resolution, who having first by a firm League & Covenant devoted their very soules to Presbytery, & afterwards by a sad expiration of their Power quite lost the way thither, doe yet bequeath the dead Heart of their desperate designs to be transported to this Blessed Habitation of (I know not what) Peace and Government."

With Execrations, the blasphemie
 Of their vile lookes & presence ! Pietie
 Is but an idle Name, since these Wormes first
 Usurp'd the reines, and with their harsh votes curst 56
 The glory of our Church : Devotion
 Is but a scurvy loathsome Potion !
 Rare Physick ! Doctour *SMECTYMNUUS* vailes,
 And cries, The Directory never failes. 60
 One, by the vertue of strong roapie Ale
 Inspir'd, can make a Sermon of a Tale ;
 Which taken to the purpose, hee'll defie
 His Adversaries with Alacritie ; 64
 And from those Fumes obtaine the mysterie
 Of a religious, pious, Alcumy ;¹
 Retrive the Age, and turne it back againe
 Into the Splendour of a Golden Raigne : 68
 Our Iron-Workes shall down, down, By this Liqueur,
 That so our Faith in Gold may grow the quicker.
 Bless'd with the quiet Gift of Yea & Nay,
 This Post can purely prophecie & pray : 72
 Although, *Cassandra*-like, 't is his ill hap
 Not to have credit, till the After-clap ;
 Till grave Sr *John* Himselfe bee made the Game
 Of all our misery, of all our shame. 76
 Neighbour to both these, betwixt Drunke & Sober,
 Stands one, that lookes like Autum[n] in October ;
 And yet, forsooth, if you but name the King,
 His Loialltie will glister like the Spring : 80
 I,² like the Spring ! it sprouts, & springs, & growes,
 And growes ; but when it will bee ripe, God knowes.
 This by the motion of his waving Crest,
 And the Hand layd devoutly on the Breast, 84
 Such vigour gives, such valour to the rest,
 To live & dye with Him, They hold it best.

¹ *i.e.* Alchymy.

² = *Ay*.

Another swells like a young preaching Cub,
 With a devout Oration in a Tub ; 88
 Nay, since that Vessell was transform'd, the worst
 Are Orthodox Divines, bred up and nurst
 In Revelations ! The valiant Sword
 Of *Scanderbeg* is Nothing to the Word ; 92
 The razour-metall-word ! that cuts & teares
 Their very mouths up to their very Eares !
 Th' aspiring Word ! w^{ch} sometimes gets so high,
 That 't is enroll'd in *Albo Oculi* ! 96
 And whosoever tries the Altitude
 Of sense or meaning there, does but intrude
 Upon such mysteries, as ne're were seen
 But by the equall force of such like Eyne. 100
 Yet 't is to bee suppos'd, when those Lights heave,
 The Man is gluttred with some Bishop's Sleeve :
 A Sacrilegious Bit perfumes the throat
 With such a S[c]ent, it sets the Eye a-flote. 104
 Their Stomacks are not queasie ! these Mad Waggs
 Can swallow down the Reliques of the Raggs,
 Dropt from that Linen, w^{ch} the Blessed W ,
 The dainty Wench of *Babylon*, once wore. 108
 But stay ! I know the reason now of all
 These chequer'd tricks, these rude, phantasticall,
 Light & darke Showes of Goggles, Luggs, & Nose ;
 Cleare, cloudie colours, as the Gray Fox goes, 112
 Silver-haird Sanctity, & Dapple Grace,
 A Brown-blew Bonnett, a pease-porridge Face,
 Good & Bad spoild together in all parts ;
 'Tis the bright Horror of their durty Hearts ! 116
 Thus their close Guilt, like a slow Poison, workes
 Upon their Soules at last in horrid jerks ;
 And that foule Venome, w^{ch} did lurke before
 For others ruine, strikes at their own door. 120
 Well, say no more, fond *Muse* ! the groveling State
 Of these poor Wretches cannot recreate
 Thy angry Spleen ! In such deepe Miseries
 Pity may find enough to glut her Eyes ! 124

XI.

A Poem to his Majestie.

THIS contemporary poem gives a striking picture of the extravagant joy and adulation with which the return of Charles II. was regarded. The following account of his reception on landing is given in Lyon's *History of Dover* (vol. i. pp. 112-113):

Charles the Second embarked at the Hague, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-third day of May, and he was accompanied with twenty-five sail of good vessels; and on Friday, about two o'clock, he landed at Dover. General Monk, the Earl of Warwick, the Constable of Dover Castle, with divers other persons of distinction, were standing on the shore with the mayor, and the corporate body, and the Rev. John Reading, with a rich canopy, ready to receive him. As soon as the King placed his foot upon the beach, general Monk presented himself before him, on his knee, and kissed his hand; and he was embraced by his Sovereign; who declared what a high sense he entertained of his loyalty, and services, in being instrumental to his restoration. The Rev. John Reading then delivered a short speech, in the name of the corporation, and they presented to the King a Bible, with gold clasps. The people shouted, and the guns fired from the Castle. The King immediately left Dover in a coach, with the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

The career of the Corporation's spokesman, Mr. Reading, during the Civil War and Commonwealth, furnishes a fair specimen of the vexations inflicted on the Royalist Churchmen of that period. He had arrived at Dover in 1616 with Edward, Lord Zouch, Constable of the Castle, and so pleased the parishioners that they requested him to become their minister. He was appointed chaplain to the King, and, not changing with the times, became as much disliked as he was formerly popular. In 1642 a military officer named Saunders, from Northbourne, who had distinguished himself by plundering several Royalists, came and robbed his study, and in November of the following year he was seized and imprisoned by order of Sir Edward Boys. The King, hearing of this treatment, obtained from Archbishop

Laud his appointment as rector of Chartham, and he was also made prebendary of Canterbury. In 1644 he received from Sir William Brockman the rectory of Cheriton, and was there again arrested by Major Boys' orders, and confined first in Dover, and afterwards in Leeds Castle. Regaining his liberty, it was directed that his effects should be restored to him, but, adds Lyon, "Major Boys was of a different opinion, and he refused to part with what he had got, without money." The parishioners of Dover do not appear to have agreed harmoniously with his successors, as in a short time they had five ministers, whom they seem to have supervised pretty strictly, as in 1660 a committee was appointed to settle not only at what time, but also in what manner, their then pastor (Mr. Barry) should administer the Lord's Supper, and also what Catechism he should teach the children. Lyon considers it probable that Mr. Reading returned to Dover at the Restoration; and, considering the constant annoyances, vexations, and petty persecutions all classes endured during the rule of Puritanism, we can hardly wonder they united in rejoicing "When the King enjoyed his own again."

Line 7 will remind readers of Sheridan's lines in *The Critic*,

The Spanish Fleet thou *can'st* not see,—because
It is not yet in sight!

But H. H. B. gives a good reason for the Royalists possessing keenness of vision:

So much their joyes see further than their eie.

This H. H. B. is most probably the same author (believed to be H. H. Burnell) who translated one of the Aristophanic Comedies, and published his version in a quarto of 50 pages, entitled "Plutus: A Comedy, written in Greek by Aristophanes, Translated by H. H. B. Together with his Notes, and a Short Discourse upon it. 1659." The "Short Discourse" occupies 13 pp. Henry Burnell also wrote "Landgartha: a Tragi-comedy, as it was presented in the new Theatre in Dublin, with good applause, being an Ancient Story." Dublin, 1641, 4to., with encomiastic verses by the author's daughter, Eleonora. Of this work a copy is extant, in the British Museum.—J.W.E.

[British Museum Collection, 1876, f. 1, art. 6.]

A Poem to His Maiestie [Charles III.], on his Landing.

By H. H. B.

THE Spirit that inform'd this Soul-lesse Frame,
 We read, first on the face o' th' Waters came ;
 And *You*, our Quickning Spirit, Heaven sent
 This sad Nation by the same Element. 4
 With eyes upheld, Knees bow'd, glad hearts, clasp'd hands,
 Upon the shore, as numerous as its sands,
 People stand, and your unseen Fleet descrie,
 So much their joyes see further than their Eie. 8
 The City's empti'd, all towards *Dover* strive,
 And like starv'd Bees for sun-shine leave their hive.
 Some panting up to the proud Cliff ascend,
 And, being too low still there, on tip-toes stand : 12
 Nor will that serve, upon the Castle lie
 Perspectives planted, stilts too for the eie.
 The *Arke*, when in the Deluge toss'd, design'd
 The swift-wing'd Dove, the long-lost Land to find. 16
 Had we the Bird, This Land, without all doubt,
 Would send her forth, your Ark for to find out.
 The *Olive Branch*, that should this Nation shade
 With Peace, growes now at Sea about *Your* head. 20
 The floting World once of each kind held two,
 Yet now grown bigger can not follow *You*.
 See your long-captiv'd People ready stand
 To loose their Fetters by your Sacred hand. 24

The fair *Andromeda* thus hopelesse stood,
 Allotted for the cruell Monster's food :
 When she espi'd her God-like *Persius* come,
 And by that Monster's death reverse her Doom. 28
 Your Harbingers, your Acts of Grace, were here
 Long since, And told the Guilty *You* were near.
 'Twas to our Saviour's comming then not long,
 Men knew, when once good will and peace were sung. 32
 One year of Grace Heav'n did to all allow,
 But this unhappy Land stood need of two.
 Think (*Injur'd Prince*) your wrongs were all well ment ;
 You were to Travail, not to Exile sent. 36
 With sev'ral Countries' wisdoms fraught you'r come,
 Like the glad Bee from flours with honey home.
 For common good the Subject Bees perhaps thus drive
 Rudely sometimes their Master from the Hive. 40
 Alasse ! your Enemies did but for *You*
 What fondest Parents for their Children doe ;
 'Tis true, your woods they Sold, your Lands, your Lead,
 But yet they'l leave you all when they are dead. 44

finis.

[In a volume of "Single-sheet Ballads and Broad-sides," British Museum.
 White-Letter. Date, May, 1660.]



XII.

The Glory of these Nations.

WE saw in the preceding ballad the feeling with which Charles the Second's arrival was awaited at Dover, and in the following we trace his progress to Whitehall. A vivid description of the circumstances attending his journey is given in *England's Joy, or a Relation of the most remarkable Passages, from His Majesty's Arrival at Dover, to His entrance at Whitehall*, [1660], reprinted in Mr. Arber's *An English Garner* (vol. i. pp. 25-30), from which we borrow the modernized account of his reception on Kentish soil, from Dover to Deptford :

From thence [Dover], taking coach immediately, with his royal brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, he passed to Barham Down—a great plain lying betwixt Dover and Canterbury—where were drawn up divers gallant troops of horse, consisting of the nobility, knights and gentlemen of note, clad in very rich apparel ; commanded by the Duke of Buckingham, Earls of Oxford, Derby, Northampton, Winchelsea, Lichfield, and the Lord Viscount Mordaunt : As also the several foot regiments of the Kentish men. Being entered the Down on horseback, where multitudes of the county people stood making loud shouts, he rode to the head of each troop—they being placed on his left hand, three deep—who, bowing to him, kissed the hilts of their swords, and then flourished them above their heads, with no less acclamations ; the trumpets in the meantime also echoing the like to them. In the suburb at Canterbury stood the Mayor and Aldermen of that ancient city, who received him with loud music, and presented him with a cup of gold of two hundred and fifty pounds value. Whence, after a speech made to him by the Recorder, he passed to the Lord Campden's house, the Mayor carrying the sword before him. During his stay at Canterbury (which was till Monday morning) he knighted the Lord General Monk, and gave him the ensigns of the most honourable Order of the Garter : And by Garter Principal King of Arms sent the like unto Lord Admiral Montague, then aboard the navy, riding in the Downs. There, likewise, did he knight Sir William Maurice, a member of the House of Commons, whom he constituted one of his principal Secretaries of State. From Canterbury he came on Monday to Rochester, where the people had hung up, over the midst of the streets, as he rode, many beautiful

garlands, curiously made up with costly scarves and ribbons, decked with spoons and bodkins of silver, and small plate of several sorts; and some with gold chains, in like sort as at Canterbury: each striving to outdo the other in all expressions of joy. On Tuesday, May the 29th (which happily fell out to be the anniversary of his Majesty's birthday), he set forth from Rochester in his coach; but afterwards took horse on the farther side of Blackheath: on which spacious plain he found divers great and eminent troops of horse, in a most splendid and glorious equipage; and a kind of rural triumph, expressed by the country swains, in a morrice dance with the old music of tabor and pipe; which was performed with all agility and cheerfulness imaginable. And from this Heath these troops marched off before him, viz. Major General Brown, the Merchant Adventurers, Alderman Robinson, the Lord Maynard, the Earls of Norwich, Peterborough, Cleveland, Derby, Duke of Richmond, and His Majesty's own Life Guards. In this order, proceeding towards London, there were placed in Deptford, on his right hand—as he passed through the town—above an hundred proper maids, clad all alike in white garments, with scarves about them: who having prepared many flaskets covered with fine linen, and adorned with rich scarves and ribbons; which flaskets were full of flowers and sweet herbs; strewed the way before him as he rode.

The original of this Ballad is one of the six curious broadsides found, before 1841, in the lining of an old trunk, and now in the British Museum, to which they were presented by Sir W. C. Trevelyan. It has been reprinted in *The Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684*: Edited by Charles Mackay. 1863 (pp. 217-22). It had previously appeared in Wright's *Political Ballads published in England during the Commonwealth*, pp. 223-8 of the Percy Society's books, vol. iii. 1841. More accurately, we transcribe direct from the original unique broadside, which is adorned with two woodcuts; the first, being part of a royal procession, represents King Charles I. on horseback, crowned, and preceded by mace-bearer and sword-bearer, also on horseback. The other cut, above the second part, is the Royal Coat of Arms, with the Stuart lion and unicorn supporters.

[British Museum Collection, 835, m. 10, art. 5.]

The Glory of these Nations;

Or, King and people's happiness, being a brief Relation
of King Charles's Royall progresse from Dover
to London, how the Lord Generall and the Lord
Mayor, with all the nobility and Centry of the
Land, brought him thorow the famous City of
London to his Pallace at Westminster the 20 of
May last, being his Majestie's birth-day, to the
great comfort of his Loyall Subjects.

THE TUNE IS, *When the King enjoys his own again.*

WHer's those that did Prognosticate,
And did envy fair *England's* State;
And said King *Charles* no more should Raigñ ?
Their Predictions were but in vain, 4
For the King is now return'd,
For whom fair *England* mourn'd.
His Nobles Royally him entertain,
Now blessed be the day, 8
Thus do his Subjects say,
That God hath brought him home again.

The twenty second of lovely *May*
At *Dover* arrived, *Fame* doth say; 12
Where our most Noble Generall
Did on his knees before him fall,
Craving to kiss his hand,
So soon as he did land. 16

Royally they did him entertain,
 With all their power and might,
 To bring him to his Right,
And place him in his own again. 20

Then the King, I understand,
 Did kindly take him by the hand,
 And lovingly did him embrace,
 Rejoycing for to see his face ; 24
 Hee lift him from the ground,
 With joy that did abound,
 And graciously did him entertain,
 Rejoycing that once more 28
 He was o' th' *English* shore,
To enjoy his own in peace again.

From *Dover* to *Canterbury* they past,
 And so to *Cobham-Hall* at last ; 32
 From thence to *London* march amain,
 With a Triumphant and glorious Train,
 Where he was receiv'd with joy,
 His sorrow to destroy : 36
 In *England* once more for to reign.
 Now all men do sing
 God save *Charles* our King,
That now enjoys his own again ! 40

At *Deptford* the Maidens they
 Stood all in White by the high-way,
 Their Loyalty to *Charl[e]*s to show,
 They with sweet flowers his way to strew ; 44
 Each wore a Ribbin blew,
 They were of comely hue ;
 With joy they did him entertain
 With aclamations to the skye, 48
 As the King passed by,
For joy that he receives his own again.

The Glory of these Nations. 83

In *Wallworth-Fields* a gallant band
 Of *London-Prentices* did stand, 52
 All in *White Dublets* very gay,
 To entertain King *Charles* that day ;
 With *Muskets, Swords and Pike*,
 I never saw the like, 56
 Nor a more youthfull gallant train :
 They up their *Hats* did fling,
 And cry *God save the King*,
Now he enjoys his own again. 60

AT *Newington-Buts* the Lord Mayor willed
 a famous Booth for to be builded,
 Where King *Charles* did make a stand,
 And received the sword into his hand, 64
 Which his Majesty did take,
 And then returned back
 Unto the Mayor with love again ;
 A Banquet they him make, 68
 He doth thereof partake,
Then marcht his Triumphant Train.

The King with all his Noblemen
 Through *Southwark* they marched then. 72
 First marched Major Generall *Brown*,
 Then *Norwich*, Earle of great renown,
 With many a valiant knight,
 And gallant men of might, 76
 Richly attired, marching amain,
 These lords *Mordin, Gerard*, and
 The good Earle of *Cleavland*,
To bring the King to his own again. 80

Near sixty flags and streamers then
 Was born before a thousand men,
 In *Plush Coats and Chaines* of gold,
 These were most rich for to behold ; 84

With every man his Page,
 The glory of his age,
 With courage bold they marcht amain.
 Then with gladnesse they 88
 Brought th' King on his way,
For to enjoy, &c.

Then *Liechfield's* and *Darbye's*¹ Earles,
 Two of fair *England's* Royall Pearls; 92
 Major Generall *Massey* then
 Commanded the Life-guard of men,
 The King for to defend,
 If any should contend, 96
 Or seem his comming to restrain;
 But al[l] so joyfull were,
 That no such durst appear,
Now the King, &c. 100

Four rich Maces before them went,
 And many Heralds well content.
 The Lord Mayor and the Generall
 Did march before the King, with all. 104
 His brothers, on each side,
 Along by him did ride;
 The *Southwark*-Waits did play amain,
 Which made them all to smile, 108
 And to stand still awhile,
And then they marched on again.

Then with drawn swords all men did ride,
 And flourishing the same then cryed, 112
Charles the second now *God* save,
 That he his lawful right may have,
 And we all on him attend,
 From dangers him to defend : 116

¹ sc. *Darby's*.

And all that with him doth remain.
Blessed be God that we
Did live these days to see,
That the King, &c. 120

The Bells likewise did loudly ring,
Bonefires did burn, and people sing ;
London Conduits did run with Wine ;
And all men do to *Charles* incline, 124
Hoping now that all
Unto their Trades may fall,
Their Familyes for to maintain,
And from wrong be free, 128
'Cause we have liv'd to see
The King enjoy his own again. 130

Finis.

London, Printed for Charles Tyus on London Bridge. [May, 1660.]

Many other loyal ballads were sung and printed on the same joyful occasion. Of these several remain extant in unique exemplars, but doubtless far more numerous were those which have utterly perished. Of all that still survive, in the Pepysian and other collections, we may look for a reproduction in the Ballad-Society's forthcoming "Political Songs and Ballads of the Civil-War." One entitled "The Loyal Subject's hearty wishes to King CHARLES the Second;" to the tune of, "When Cannons are roaring;" is by L. P., eleven verses. It begins :

True Subjects all rejoyce, after long sadness,
And now with heart and voice, shew forth your gladness,
That to King *Charles* were true, and Rebels hated,
This Song onely to you is Dedicated.
For *Charles*, our Sovereign dear, is safe returned,
True Subjects' hearts to chear, that long have mourned :
Then let us give God praise, that doth defend him,
And pray, with heart and voice, Angels attend him.

XIII.

The Loyall Scot.

IT is gratifying to reflect that even the most disgraceful page in English history—the almost unresisted raid of the Dutch in the Medway and Thames—has some portion of its national shame wiped away by the heroic immolation of ‘the Loyal Scot.’ On Thursday, June 13th, 1667, some fireships, and seven frigates and sloops of the Dutch squadron (the *De Harderwyk*, 36 guns; *Gornichem*, 36; *Utrecht*, 26; *Star*, 32; *Brak*, 20; *Postleyon*, 20; and *Windhout*, 18), at 2 P.M., opened fire on Upnor Castle, which was briskly returned by its guns and those of a battery thrown up in the night on the opposite shore, while three ships had been sunk to impede the enemy’s passage. They then proceeded to attack the *Loyal London*, 90 guns; *Old James*, 70; *Royal Oak*, 76 or 80; and *Marmaduke*, 42. The last-named escaped by retiring up the river, but after an ineffectual attempt on the part of two fireships, the three other vessels were fired. The Dutch writer, Leven van de Ruiter, boasts these were the three largest and most powerful ships in England, each carrying 80 guns, and that they were burned to the water’s edge and utterly destroyed; but this is incorrect, for they were afterwards found to be worth repairing. A paper in the Bodleian Library gives their fate as “Burnt by the enemy, not a man lost nor hurt but one man on a hill.” “If we had had but five or six boats,” said the Duke of Albemarle, “to have cut off the boats of the fireships, we had prevented the burning of those three ships; but these being burned, as soon as the tide turned, they went back and made no attempt after.” Capt. Douglas of the *Royal Oak* perished in his ship, saying: “A Douglas was never known to quit his post without orders,” or, according to another account, “An English Captain should never desert his ship.” “Whether it be wise,” observes Sir William Temple, “for men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in states to honour them.” As long as Courage and Self-Devotion have charms for Englishmen, deeds like this will be held in honour, and the ‘Loyal Scot’ hold a goodly place in the pantheon

where such immortals are found as the Sentry of Herculeaneum, Casabianca, and the Russian soldier who lost his life during the burning of the Winter Palace, refusing to quit his post at the Emperor's commands, unless ordered by his corporal. The conduct shown by Capt. Douglas and those country people who repulsed the enemy from 'Candy' (Canvey) Marsh and 'Lee' (Leigh), forms a brilliant contrast to that of the "many Englishmen" whom Mr. Wilson heard speaking to each other in their native tongue on board the Dutch ships, and crying out, "We did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!" (*Pepys's Diary*, vol. iv. p. 371, edition 1877) and is a relief to the melancholy, too-truthful, picture drawn by Sir John Denham in his *Directions to a Painter*:

Here, Painter, let thine art describe a story,
Shaming our warlike island's ancient glory.
A scene which never on our seas appeared,
Since first our ships were on the ocean steered;
Make the *Dutch* fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without opposers, masters of the deep;
Make them securely the *Thames'* mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and trade;
Draw thunder from their floating castles, sent
Against our Forts—weak as our Government!
Draw *Woolwich*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the Tower,
Meanly abandoned to a foreign power;
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their cannon upon *Sheerness* play,
Which soon destroyed, their lofty vessels ride,
Big with the hope of the approaching tide;
Make them more help from our remissness find,
Than from the tide, or from the eastern wind;
Their canvas swelling with a prosperous gale,
Swift as our fears, make them to *Chatham* sail;
Through our weak chain, their fireships break their way,
And our great ships, unmanned, become their prey.
Then draw the fruit of an ill-managed coast,
At once our honour and our safety lost;
Bury those bulwarks of our isle in smoke,
While their thick flames the neighbouring country choke.

A long account of the proceedings of the Dutch fleet, and vindication of Mr. Peter Pett, the Commissioner at Chatham during the Invasion, is given in Cruden's interesting and valuable *History of Gravesend*. But with this compare Pepys.

[Brit. Mus. Sloane MS. 655, f. 18.]

The Loyall Scot.

Upon occasion of the death of Capt. Douglas, Burnt
in one of his *Patles*. shippes at Chatham.

BY CLEAVELAND'S GHOST.

[Date 1667, or soon after.]

WHEN the old heroes of the warlike shades
Saw *Douglas* walkeing on the *Elizian* glades,
They streight consulted, gathering in a Ring,
Which of their Poets should his wellcome sing. 4
And, as a fauourable pennance, chose
Cleaueland, on whome they would the task impose.
Hee understood, and willingly addrest
His ready muse to court the Warlike Guest. 8
Much had hee cured the humour of his vein,
Hee Judgd more clearly now, and saw more plaine;
For those soft Aires had temper'd euery thought,
And of wise *Lethe* hee had tooke a draught. 12
Abruptly hee began (disguising Art),
As of his Satyr this had been a part:—

“Not soe, deare *Douglas*, on whose louely Chin
The early downe but newly did begin, 16
And modest beauty still his Sex did veil,
While Envious Virgins hope hee is a male;
His shady locks curle back them selues to seeke,
No other Courtship knew but to his cheeke. 20
Oft as hee in Chill *Eske* or *Seine*¹ by night
Hardend and coold those limbs, so soft as white,

¹ Probably a mistake, for “or *Tyne*.”

Amongst the Reeds, to be espyd by him,
 The Nymphs would rush, and he would forward swim. 24
 They sighed, and said, "Fond boy, why soe untame,
 That flies loue's fires, reserued for other flame?"
 Fixt on his Shipp he fought the horrid day,
 And wondred much at those whoe ran away ; 28
 Noe other feare him selfe could comprehend,
 Then least *Heauen* fall ere thither he assend.
 With Birding att the *Dutch*, as if in sport,
 He enterteins the while, his time too short ; 32
 And waues his sword, and, could he them coniure
 Within his circle, knowes himselfe secure.
 The fatall Barke him boards, with grapling fire,
 And softly¹ through its Ports the *Dutch* retire. 36
 That pretious life he still disdaines to saue,
 Or with known Art to try the gentle waue.
 Much him the Glories of his Antient Race
 Inspire, nor could he his own deedes deface ; 40
 And secrett Joy in his calme brest doth rise,
 That *Monck* looks on to see how *Doughlas* dyes.
 Like a glad louer the fierce flames he meets,
 And tryes his first embraces in their sheets ; 44
 His Shape exact, w[h]ich the bright flames infold,
 Like the Sunn's Statue stands of burnisht Gold.
 Round the transparent fire about him glowes,
 As the cleere Amber on the Bee doth close ; 48
 And, as on Angells' heads their glories shine,
 His burning locks adorne his face diuine :
 But when in his immortall mind he felt
 His altring forme and so[l]ddred limbs to melt, 52
 Downe on the deck he layd himselfe, and dyed,
 With his deare Sword reposing by his side ;
 And on the flameing plancks he rests his head,
 As one whoe huggs himselfe in a warme bed. 56

¹ Qu. safely.

The Shipp burns downe, and with his relicks sinks,
 And the sadd streams beneath his ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy ! if ere my verse may claime
 That matchless grace to propagate thy fame, 60
 When *Ocla*¹ and *Alcides* are forgott,
 Our *English* youths shall sing the valiant *Scott*.
 Ship²-saddle, *Pegasus*, thou needest not bragg ;
 Sometimes the *Galloway* proues the better nagg. 64
 Shall not a death soe generous now, when told,
 Vnite the distance, fill the breaches old ?
 Such, in the *Roman* Forum, *Curtius* braue,
 Galloping downe, closed up the gapeing caue. 68
 No more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race,
 Nor chaunt the fabulous hunt of *Chevy Chace*.
 Mixt in *Corinthian* mettall, att thy flame,
 Two Nations melting, thy *Colossus* frame, 72
 Shall fix a foot on either neighbouring shore,
 And Joyne those Lands that seemd to part before ;
 Prick downe that poynt (whoeuer has the Art)
 Where nature *Scotland* does from *England* part. 76
 Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells
 Where life resides, or understanding dwells ;
 But this wee know, though that exceed their skill,
 That whoe soeuer Separates [them] does kill. 80
 What *Ethnick* River is this wondrous *Tweed*,
 Whose one bank Virtue, t'other Vice doth breed ?
 Or what new perpendicular doth rise
 Vp from Her Streams, continued to the skies, 84
 That between us the common Aire should barr,
 And split the influence of euery starr ?
 But who considers well will find indeed
 'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*. 88
 Nothing but Clergy could us two seclude,
 No *Scotts* was euer like a Bishoppes' feud.
 All Letanies in this haue wanted faith,
 There's no 'deliuer us' from a Bishopp's wrath. 92

¹ = *Æta*.² = shift-saddle : *al. lect. skip.*

Neuer shall *Caluin* pardon'd be for sales,
 Neuer for *Burnett's*¹ sake the *Lautherdales* :
 For *Beckett's* sake *Kent* alwayes shall haue Tailles. }
 Who sermons ere can pacify and prayers, 96
 Or to the Joynt stooles reconcile the Chaires ?²
 Nothing, not bogs, not sands, not Sea, not Alpes,
 Seperate the World so as the Bishoppes' Scalps.
 Stretch for the line, their Circingle alone 100
 Will make a more inhabitable³ Zone.
 The friendly Loadstone has not more combin'd,
 Then Bishopp cramp't, the Commerce of Mankind.
 A Bishopp will like *Mahomett* seize the Moon, 104
 And slipp one halfe into his sleeue as soone ;
 The jugling Prelate on his *Hocus* calls,
 Shewes you first one, then makes that one two Balls.
 Instead of all the Plagues, had Bishopps come, 108
Pharoah att first would haue sent *Isreal* home.
 From Church they need not censure men away,
 The Bishoppe's Selfe is an Anathema.
 Where Foxes dung the earth, the Badgers yeild ; 112
 Att Bishopps' dung euen Foxes quitt the feild.
 Their ranke ambition all this hate hath stir'd :
 A Bishop's Rennett makes the strongest Curd.
 How Reuerend things are Land, Lawne sleeues, and ease, 116
 How a cleane Lawndress and no sermon please !
 They wanted zeale and learning, soe mistooke
 Bible and Grammar for the Seruice-Booke.
 Religion has the world too long depraued ; 120
 A shorter way's to be by Clergy saued :
 Beleiue, but only as the Church beleuiues,
 And learn to pin your faith upon their sleeues.
 As, like *Lott's* wife, they shall look back and halt, 124
 And Surpliced shew like Pillars too of salt.
 Who that is wise would Pulpitt toyle endure ?
 A Bishopricks is a great *sine Cure*.

¹ Archbishop of Glasgow.

² See Note, on p. 96.

³ = *unhabitable*.

Enough for them (God knows) to count their wealth, 128
 To excommunicate, and study health.
 An higher worke is to their Court annex,
 Their Nations they diuide: their Curates, Text.
 No Bishop, rather then it should be soe; 132
 No Church, no Trade, no King, no People, no.
 All mischeife's moulded by those State's diuines:
Aaron cast Calues, but *Moses* them calcines.
 The Legion Deuill did but one man possesse, 136
 One Bishop Fiend Spiritts a Diocesse.
 That power att once can loose this spell that tyes,
 And only Kings can Bishops exercise.¹
 Will you be healed? [Ye] Princes heere fall too! 140
 Fish and flesh Bishops are your *Ambigue*.
 How ere insipid, yet the sawce will mend um,
 Bishops are very good when *in Commendam*.
 If wealth or ² can tempt your appetites, 144
 These Templar Lords exceed the Templar Knights,
 And in a Baron Bishop you haue both
Leuyathan serued upp and *Behemoth*.
 How can you beare such miscreants should liue, 148
 And Holy ordders ³ Holy orders giue?
 None knows what God our *Flamin* Priest adores:
 One mitre fills the heads of full fower *Moores*.
 Noe wonder if the Orthodox doe bleed, 152
 Whilst ⁴ stands att *Athanasius* Creed.
 What soe obdurate Pagan, Heretick,
 But will transforme for an Arch-bishoprick?
 In faith Erronious, and in life prophane, 156
 These Hipocrites their Silke and Satten staine.
Seth's Pillars are no antick brick and stone,
 But of the choycest moderne flesh and bone.
 Who viewes but *Gilbert's* smiles, will reason find, 160
 Neither before to trust him, nor behind.

¹ = exorcize. ² Blank in MS. ³ *Qu.* And Holy ordures. ⁴ Blank in MS.

How oft hath age his Hallowed hands mislead,
 Confirming Breasts and Armepitts for the Head !
*Abbott*¹ one Buck, but he shott many a doe ; 164
 Nor is our *Shelden*² whiter then his snowe.
 Their Compaine's³ the worst that euer plaid,
 And their Religion all butt masquerade.
 The Conscious Bishopp therefore did not Erre, 168
 When for a Church he built a Theatre ;⁴
 A congruous dress they to themselues adapt,
 Like smutty Stories in cleane Lynnen wrapt.
 Doe but their pybald Lordships once uncase 172
 Of Rocketts, Tippetts, Copes, and where's the Grace ?
 An hungry Chaplaine, like a starued Ratt
 Eating his Neighbour, Bishop growes or Catt ;
 But an Apocriphall Arch-bishop's Belly, 176
 Like Snake that Toades do eat, to Dragons swell yee.
 Strange was the sight, that *Scotch* twin-headed man,
 With single body, like the two necked Swan ;
 And wild disputes betwixt those heads must grow, 180
 Where's but two hands to act, two feet to goe.
 Nature in liueing emblem this exprest,
 When *Britaine* was betweene two Kings distrest.
 But now, when one head doth both Realmes Controul, 184
 The Bishop's Noddle creeps up Cheeke by Joule.
 They, though no Poetts, on *Parnassus* dream,
 And in their Causes think themselues Supreame.
 King's head saith this, but Bishop's head saith 'that do': 188
 Does *Charles* the Second Reigne, or *Charles* the two ?
 Well, that *Scotch* Monster and [the] Bishops sort,
 He was Musician too, and dwelt att Court.
 Hark ! though att such a distance, what a noyse, 192
 Shattering the silent Aire, disturbs our Joyes ?
 The Miterd Huburb against *Pluto* moote,
 The Clouen head must gouerne Clouen foott.

¹ George, Archbp. of Canterbury ; alluding to his Bramshill homicide, 1621.

² Gilbert Sheldon.

³ = company's.

⁴ Sheldonian Theatre, Oxon.

Strange boldness ! Bishops euen there rebell, 196
 And plead their *Jus diuinum*, though in *Hell*.
 Those whome you heare, more clamorous yet and Loud,
 Of Cerimonies wrangle in the crowd,
 And would, like Chymists fixing Mercury, 200
 Transfuse indifference to necessity.
 To sitt is necessary in Parliament,
 To conforme is necessary, or be shent;¹ }
 But to Reform is all indifferent : 204
 'Tis necessary Bishops haue their Rent ;
 To steale the poore's money, indifferent :
 'Tis necessary to build *St. Pauls* ;
 Indifferent to rob Churches of their Coales : 208
 'Tis necessary *Lambeth* neuer wedd ;
 Indifferent to haue a wench in bed.
 Such Bishops are (without a complement)
 Not necessary, nor indifferent. 212
 Incorrigible among all their pains,
 Some sue for tithes of the *Elisian* plaines ;
 Others attempt, to cook² their feruent chine,
 A second time to Rauish *Proserpine*. 216
 Even father did, soe much with age defaced,
 With much a doe preserues his postern chast.
 The innocent mind their [own] thirst alone,
 And ouerforced quaffe health in *Phlegeton*. 220
 Luxury, malice, superstition, pride,
 Opression, Auarice, Ambition, Id-
 -Leness, and all the vice that did abound,
 When first they liued, still haunts them underground. 224
 Had it not been for such a Byass strong,
 Two Nations nere had mis'd the mark soe long.
 The world in all doth but two Nations beare,
 The good, the bad : and those mixt every where. 228
 Vnder each Pole place either of the two,
 The good will brauely, bad will basely do ;

¹ = be shamed.² *qu.* coole.

And few indeed can parralel our Climes,
For worth Heroick, or Heroick crimes. 232
The tryall would, howeuer, be to[o] nice,
Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English* Vice ;
Or whether the same Virtue would reflect
From *Scotch* or *English* heart the some Effect. 236
Nation is all : but name, a *Shiboleth*,
Where a mistaken accent causeth death.
In *Paradice*, names only nature showd ;
At *Babell*, names from pride and discord flowd ; 240
And euer since men, with a female spight,
First call each other names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England*, cause of Just uproare :
Do man and wife signifie rogue and w . . . ? 244
Say but a *Scot*, and straight wee fall to sides ;
That sillable, like a *Picts* wall, diuides.
Rationall man's words pledges are of Peace ;
Peruerted, serue dissentions to increase. 248
For Shame ! Extirpate from each Loyall Breast
That senceless Rancor, against Interest.
One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle,
English and *Scotch*, 'tis all but crosse and pile. 252
Charles, our Great Soul, this only understands,
Hee our affection both, and will, commands ;
And, where Twin Sympathies cannot attone,
Knowes the last secrett how to make us one. 256
Just soe, the Prudent husbandman, whoe sees
The Idle Tumult of his factious Bees,
The morning dewes and flowers neglected grown,
The Hiue a Combatt, euery Bee a drone, 260
Powders them ore till none discerne their foes,
And all themselues in meale and friendship [lose ;]¹
The insect Kingdome straight begin to [thrive,]
And each workes Honey for the commo[n] hive.] 264
“ Pardon, young Hero, this so long transport,
Thy death more noble did the same Extort.

¹ Corner of the MS. torn off.

My former Satyr¹ for this uerse forgett,
 The Hare's Head 'gainst the Goose[s] Giblett sett.² 268
 I, single, did against a Nation write ;
 Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
 My differing crime doth more thy vertue raise,
 And, such my Rashness, best thy valour Praise." 272

Then *Douglas*, smiling, said he did intend,
 After such frankness shown, to be his friend ;
 Forewarnd him, therefore, least in time he were
 Metamorphized to some *Scotch* Presbiter. 276

¹ "Rebell Scott, by Cleaueland."

² Printed version reads, "My Fault against my Recantation set."

Note.—Under pretence of belauding Douglas, the Satirist has indulged his vein by spiriting venom against Episcopacy. There seems to have been only one hand that could have written this "Loyal Scot" in answer to Cleveland's far more powerful "Rebel Scot," and that hand was Andrew Marvell's. To him it is attributed in *Poems on Affairs of State*, i. 84, where an imperfect copy is printed. Our MS. is more nearly complete than other versions: *Ex. grat.*, it alone gives lines 73, 74, and 104 to 224. In this long digression we probably possess the original rough-draught, afterwards struck out, because it too far interrupted the Scottish interest connected with Douglas. The theme is resumed in line 225, from the point reached in line 103; all between these being a parenthesis, of bilious rancour against Prelates, in false taste and scurrilous language, be the writer Marvel or an interpolator. To our mind it bears clear token of being as genuine as any other portion; it is in exact agreement of spirit and style. It may have been intentionally cancelled, but it was in the original construction. When the retrenchment was made, a few lines were inserted elsewhere (following our line 97; unless, improbably, these lines were previously written, and were accidentally omitted from the Sloane MS.):—

Tho' Kingdoms join, yet Church will Kirk oppose ;
 The Mitre still divides, the Crown does close :
 As in *Rogation-Week* they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* bound.
 What th' Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,
 Then Seas make Islands in our Continent.
 Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
 If the Cathedral still shall have its Isles [*i.e.* Aisles],
 Nothing, not Bogs, etc.

There can be little doubt that the two hundred and twenty or more lines which we here restore to the reader formed a genuine part of the poem, and that Marvell was the author. This Sloane Version also clears up many obscurities.—J.W.E.

XIV.

The Royall Rendezvous.

THE naval war of 1672-1674 (for which the fleet described in *The Royall Rendezvous* assembled) was equally marked by the wonted gallantry of our seamen, and the treachery of our French allies, which was so apparent that after the action of August 11th, 1673, it was a joke amongst the Dutch sailors, "that the French had hired the English to fight for them, and that their only business there was to see that they earned their wages." On the 3rd of May, 1672, the English fleet of nearly 100 sail, under command of the Duke of York, with the Earl of Sandwich as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, was joined at Portsmouth by forty French ships under Comte d'Estrees, and putting to sea in search of the Dutch, they discovered them on May 19th, about eight leagues E.S.E. of the Gunfleet, but thick weather coming on, the combined fleet remained anchored in the Solebay, when the enemy's fleet, consisting of seventy-five large ships and forty frigates, under the command of Admirals De Ruyter, Bancquert, and Van Ghent, appearing unexpectedly in the offing, an action commenced at eight A.M. The French in a short time left the fight, and the Duke of York's flagship, the *St. Michael*, was so injured, he shifted his flag to the *Loyal London*. The Earl of Sandwich maintained the naval honour of his country in a manner worthy of Sir Richard Grenville himself. His flagship, the *Royal James* (100 guns), was the mark for which every ship aimed, and was attacked by the *Great Holland* (80 guns), and Van Ghent, and a squadron of fire-ships. The Dutch admiral was killed, the *Great Holland* beaten off, losing her captain, most of her officers, and two-thirds of her crew; three of the fire-ships were sunk, and for nearly five hours the *Royal James* maintained the unequal contest, till a Dutch fire-ship succeeded in boarding and firing her, by which time,

out of her crew of 1000 men, 600 were lying dead on the deck, and (excepting a few who escaped) the remainder, and the gallant Earl of Sandwich, perished with their ship. The battle continued with varying fortune till about nine at night, when the fleets separated, having sustained nearly equal loss. Including the *Royal James*, the English had four ships burnt, sunk, or disabled; besides the Earl of Sandwich, nine captains, many volunteers, 2500 officers and seamen were killed, and as many wounded. The Dutch lost three of their largest ships, one sunk, a second burnt, a third captured, and the *Great Holland* reduced to a sinking state. They published no list of their loss, but De Ruyter described the battle as the hardest-fought he had ever witnessed. No other naval engagement is chronicled during the year in Allen's *Battles of the British Navy*, from which the preceding account is drawn (vol. i. pp. 67-9, ed. 1852).

The allusion to Bacon (line 49) refers to the well-known old story of the learned Friar, who intended to wall England with brass; his first labour was to make a speaking-head of the same material; it was left in charge of his servant, with strict injunctions to summon him when it spoke. The head ejaculated, "Time is," and "Time was," receiving from the servant jeering replies; but finally crying, "Time is past," it fell to the ground and was shattered in pieces: thence the Friar on his return abandoned his plan of fortification. To this legend Lord Byron alluded when he wrote:

Now, like Friar Bacon's Head, I've spoken,
 'Time is'; 'Time was'; 'Time's past'! a chymic treasure
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes,
 My heart in fancies, and my head in rhymes.

W. M. Praed also made use of the legend, when he gave us, in 1826, his "Chaunt of the Brazen Head."

[From a Collection of Poetical Broad-sides in British Museum, C. 20. f., fol. 69.]

The Royall Rendezvous ;

Or,

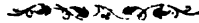
The Magnificence of His Majesties Fleet.

BLESS me ! where am I ? To what Ruine bent ?
 I shou'd be by this Moving Wood, in *Kent* !
 Methought I saw a *City* on the Seas,
 And by the Steeples, told the Parishes ; 4
 There might be (as I guess) twice Seventy Seven,
 Whose *Babel-Towers* were climbing up to Heaven ;
 Their Language was Confusion ; And their Breath
 Darken'd the Aire with Sentences of *Death*. 8
 They seem'd to me a Stand of Pikes, or Trees
 That over-top the humble Copices.
 With these high Towering Mastes, our Muse begins ;
 And where such Sign-posts are, What are the Innes ?
 Those *Trojan* Horses, form'd by *Pallas'* Charms,
 Not stuff with Garbidge, but with Men and Armes.
 Those *Wooden* Mountains on the Wavie Maine,
 As if the Gyants wou'd Fight *Jove* again. 16
 If *Philip* King of *Spain* did once call His
 Invincible : What wou'd he think of This ?
 Away with *Xerxes* Chaines, fond Foolery ;
 'Tis such a Fleet as this Fetters the Sea : 20
 You wou'd have thought that the Tumultuous Flood
 Was not so much an Ocean, as a Wood :
 And that vast Womb of Ships, Forest of *Dean*,
 Stub'd by the Rebels, was grown up agen. 24
 A Floating-Island, a Realm did surpass
Denmark and *Dantzick* for your Choice of Masts.
 I'm confident next Moneth we shall Advance
 May-Poles enough to make the *Dutchmen* Dance ; 28
 Did you but see our Frigats, you wou'd swear,
Norway had left scarce either Pitch or Tarr.

For Lead, you would suppose here *Darby* was ;
 For Iron, *Bilboa* ; and *Corinth* for Brass. 32
 And for Provision, you would think you were
 In *Egypt*, to behold the Corne that's here.
 Brandy, although sufficient, we Decline ;
 Spirits of Men are here, give Cowards Wine. 36
 And say, Seven Provinces United be ;
 Each Ship of ours is a Whole Colonie.
 And Lofty Waves, that as Spectators, crowd ;
 Honour'd with such a Fleet, may well be proud. 40
 Whilst both the Waters and the Winds agree
 To swell our Sailes into a Tympanie,
 What shall we not be able then to do,
 That have Great *Cesar*, and His Fortunes too ? 44
 And, superadd to this, a Cause so Just ;
 We might to Providence and Cockbotes trust :
 But, Blest be Heaven, we have a Royall Fleet,
 Will make those ~~Picture-Hangers~~ Crouch to feet. 48
 Talk not of Tempus est, *Bacon's* an Ass—
 Our Wooden Walls are stronger than his Brass.

With Allowance.

LONDON : Printed for T. W. 1672.



XV.

News from the Camp.

HITHERTO we have dealt with the naval events of Charles
 II.'s reign, but we now come to a spirited military ballad.
 We have no doubt the bold Yorkshireman was perfectly ready,
 if time and opportunity served, to back his words with deeds.
 He declares himself and his comrades ready "to outshine the
 reports of Tilbury Camp," and in the second verse echoes Sir
 Walter Raleigh's patriotic opinion, "If therefore it be demanded,
 whether the Macedonian or the Roman were the best warrior ?
 I will answer, 'The Englishman !'"

[Luttrell Collection, ii. 144, in British Museum, C. 20. f.]

News from the Camp, On Black heath;

Or,

**The Noble Souldier's Resolution: expressing His
Heroick Courage to serve his King, and Country,
to his utmost Abillity, Through all Dangers and
Exigences.**

COME all you brave Gallants! away to the Field,
Where Honour her Crowns and her Laurels doth yield:
Leave Drinking, and Fooling, and dandling of Wenches,
To take up your Lodging in Tents and in Trenches; 4
Our Country's *Foes* we will strike with a Dampe,
And outshine the Reports of *Tilbury-Campe*.

Should *Cæsar's* bold Army Revive once again,
Rome's Eagles must stoope to the Cross of *Britain*; 8
Nor should that proud Bully, the Grand *Alexander*,
Henceforth stile himself Universal Commander,
Nor Cry for more Worlds, for, lo! here he might find
Another more stout, yet Unconquer'd behind. 12

Great *Britain*, That World by it self, which gives Law
To its Neighbours, and keeps Usurpers in Awe,
Which Fetters the Ocean in Chains, as of old
King *Zerxes* Attempted, in vain, we are told; 16
But now 'tis her Captive, where each Man of Warr
Rules as he lists, and all others can Barr.

Yet the Bounds to Increase of her spreading Command,
 She endeavours to grow no less potent by Land ; 20
 For Forces all places do Club, and the Shires
 Vye which shall send fastest their brave Volunteers ;
 For he is a Cockscomb, a Coward, or worse,
 That Comes not his Country to serve but on force. 24

From *York-Shire* I'se lately Marcht up to the Town,
 And the Dee'l split my Crag if again I'le gang down,
 Without doing something shall make it appear
 A *Northern Lad* scorns to be Hector'd by feare ; 28
 Our Armes they are good, our bodies are strong,
 Let Old Men Advise, we will Fight that are Young.

Then hasten away to the noble Campaign,
 And when the Drum Beats, Let us over the Main ; 32
 The Winds shall assist with a bountiful Gale,
 And waft our Fleet or'e with a full spreading Sail.
 Whilst the Skies being rent with our Cannons' Loud
 Rore,
 Waves Dance to that Musick, And set us on Shore. 36

No danger shall daunt us, no Toile, nor no Pain,
 Wee are Sons of the Blade, and not born to Complain ;
 To our Foes wee'l appear as furious and Rough
 As Seas, when Winds meet on their Brow with a Huff ; 40
 But streight to our Friends, no less gentle are made,
 Then Lovers' kind Notes in a Sycamore shade.

Where e're our Prince pleases our Arms to imploy,
 Wee'l follow our Leaders with Courage and Joy ; 44
 By Land, or by Sea, whether Battel or Seige,
 Wee'l Accomplish all things that our duties oblige :
 This Generous Soul each true Souldier should have,
 If he cannot Triumph, he's content with a Grave. 48

Farewell to our Friends, it shall never be sed,¹
We dishonour the parts wherein we were bred ;
Farewel to our wives, poor hearts, though we Roam,
'Tis like we're as honest as they are at Home : 52
But a thousand Farewells to those Lasses so kind,
For whose sakes I am vext we must Leave them behind.

Now let the Drums rattle, the Trumpets resound,
And Brazen-mouth'd Cannons, with breath tear the 56
ground ;
We scorn for all this, the Least fears to betray,
More danger, more Honour, the Proverb doth say :
When Bullets about us Like Atoms do fly,
The Base may Retreat, the Brave rather will dy. 60

Finis.

With Allowance.

London : Printed for *Thomas Vere*, at the Angel,
without *Newgate*, 1673.

XVI.

We append to this another bold bragging camp song, of later date (about 1693), the production of "a Native of Kent," who was not in everything a credit to his County—Sir Charles Sedley. As a song-writer, however, he takes high rank : his "*Phillis* is my only joy," and "Ah! *Cloris*, that I now could sit," are perfect. Some would not part with his "*Mulberry-Garden*," 1668. We employ Capt. W. Ayloffe's edition, "from the original MS," 1702.

¹ *i.e.* said.

[From *The Miscellaneous Works of the Hon. Sir Charles Sedley, Bart.*, 1702,
p. 66.]

The Soldier's Catch.

ROOM, Boys, room ; room, Boys, room ;
 For from *Ireland* we come ;
 We have mawl'd the original *Tories* ;
 We have baffled the League 4
 Between Monsieur and *Teague*,
 And eclips'd the Grand *Lewis* his glories.

They all fly in the Field,
 Their best Garrisons yield, 8
 They stand trembling while we take their Passes :
 Our brave King at our head,
 We fear no steel nor lead,
 But laugh at their Beads and their Masses. 12

If some blood we have spilt,
 To compound for the guilt,
 In Love's Camp we will do double duty ;
 Mankind we'll repair, 16
 With the leave of the fair,
 And pay our arrears to true Beauty.

Our worst Noise in the Pit
 Shall pass for good Wit, 20
 While the Cits and the Bumkins adore us :
 We will pay the Rogues well,
 The[n like Bantams we'll] swell,
 And the [Pantlers] at random shall score us. 24

The Soldier's Catch.

105

The next summer for *France*
We will boldly advance,
Our noble redeemer shall lead us ;
We will break the slaves' chains, 28
And drink off their *Champains*,
To the health of that Heroe that freed us.

He hates *Lewis le Grand*,
Like a true *English Man*, 32
And ne'er will consent to a Treaty,
Till each neighbouring Crown
Have what's justly their own,
And the *French* strike sail when they meet yc. 36

Since *Elizabeth's* reign,
No protestant Queen
We have had, but the present, God bless her ;
Since our *Edward* the Fourth, 40
No brave Prince of such worth,
But *William* his valiant successor.

With a Queen so devout,
And a People so stout, 44
A Parliament that will supply 'em,
A Cause that is right,
And a King that will fight,
Our Enemies all, we defie 'em ; 48



XVII.

Richard of Rochester.

THE City of Rochester was a frequent sufferer from Danish invasion, and the rude lines by "Richard of Rochester, a monk of Feversham," refer to the events of 885, when the inhabitants bravely withstood the Danes, till they were relieved by Alfred, who drove the invaders to their ships. We have failed to obtain any information touching our author's history, but Mr. J. R. Scott suggests that

He was probably named 'de Rochester' from the place of his birth, or, as an ecclesiastic, from the place at which he was first ordained to the priesthood: a custom almost universal in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when those intended for holy orders dropped their patronymics on being ordained and *renatus*, or born again, to Christ; substituting the name of their place of ordination. Thus, one of the last in the fourteenth century to adopt this custom was Thos. Scott, alias Rotherham, Archbishop of York, whose entry at King's College, Cambridge, is thus described: Thos. Rotherham, *alias* Scot. Rotherham was the place of his birth, and where he was first educated for his ultimate profession, the priesthood.

Mr. J. W. Ebsworth has most kindly laid before us, from the well-stored Muniment Room at "Nirgends College," a metrical history of the worthy monk, which we here present to our readers, with the proud and happy consciousness that this hagiological legend is now for the first time printed, and may be sought for in vain in the laborious compilations of the Bollandists, and of Mr. Baring-Gould. About the year 1405 a monk named Morden, of Richard of Rochester's abbey,

. . . . raised a stir and sharp demur
'Mong folks ecclesiastical,

by teaching the non-necessity of Confession in a sermon at Canterbury, "at the crosse within Christ-church abbey;" and Richard's teaching must have been equally distasteful to the ruling powers, clearing the way for the courage and constancy chronicled in Thomas Brice's *Register*.

[*Rotul. Colleg. Nirgensiensis, XVIII. c. 18; cum Nota 5.*]

Richard of Rochester.

(*Circa 1470?*)

IF I could sing, or touch the string,
 Make quavers and big crotchets stir,
 I'd strive to tell, with music's swell,
 Of *Richard*, Monk at *Rochester*: 4
 Unyielding, brave, of manner grave,
 Though somewhat *Theophrastical*,
 He rais'd a stir and sharp demur
 'Mong folks ecclesiastical. 8

His "Life and Times" my ballad-rhymes
 Can scarcely hope to celebrate:
 In doing good he lonely stood,
 (Of course, he was strict celibate:) 12
 He had no spouse, but kept his vows
 Immaculate, with ne'er a niece—
 (As priests had then,) whom other men
 Called daughter—*Maud*, or *Bérenice*. 16

He preach'd, we're told, in language bold,
 Dealt right and left some "staggerers,"
 Rebuking those, religion's foes,
 Oppressors, curs, and swaggerers. 20
 Like one inspired he spoke, as fired
 By truth, not jerks professional;
 And ne'er betray'd, of man or maid,
 The secrets of Confessional. 24

By words well-timed, he might have climb'd
 To high-seats apostolical ;
 Or crack'd his jest, among the rest,
 To whom Life was a frolic all : 28
 But he disdain'd low arts, and gain'd
 A higher throne than Prelates give :
 His prayers all meant, " May we repent !"
 While others hiccough'd, " Well, let's live !" 32

He trod the floor with rich or poor,
 Clasp'd hands of Serf or Lady fair ;
 As one who knew their value true,
 Above false shows of May-day glare. 36
 And when grim Death would stop their breath,
 In lowliest cot or battle-field,
 He sought the shriven to fit for heaven :
 While smug Divines vain prattle yield. 40

No pamperer, he, of luxury,
 In self or others : " Body down !"
 His exhortation through the nation,
 " Conquer thy-Self ! No Cross, no Crown !" 44
 Clearly he spoke, and echoes woke
 In living hearts, the best applause :
 He helped to raise, for better days,
 A race to honour, love, and laws. 48

Search till you're blind, you will not find
 His tomb at *Rochester* adorn'd :
 'Neath *MOLASH* yews, kept moist by dews,
 And loving tears, they laid him, mourn'd. 52
 His writings few, but each word true,
 Imprinted were on souls of men :
 Not mouldy book. Shall we ne'er look
 On Churchmen such as he ? Ah ! when ? 56

"There, scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
 The Redbreast loves to build and warble near,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Well known to most Canterbury pilgrims of old days, as a halting-place on their way to the shrine of Becket, was that quiet nook of Kent, the churchyard of Molash. Six ancient yew-trees, of magnificent foliage and girth, encircle the church. Sombre and beautiful, they tell even now (as it is computed) the growth of a thousand years. They guard the mouldering dust of a simple honest race, the Kentish yeomen, who dwelt here contentedly, within sight of the cathedral city, less than ten miles distant. Formerly, there was a seventh yew-tree, standing on the South side, in front of the vaulted church-porch, and near a Lych-gate ; but some bygone Vicars of Chilham enriched themselves by carting away the timber, and plundering Molash belfry of its fine peal of bells, mentioned in early chronicles. The last but one of these bells was sold during the present century, on pretence of paying for a slight repair of the square tower. But an excuse was easily found for robbery. Even the rich vestments, "the chasuble of blue velvet," the Dalmatics and albs belonging to Molash vestry, as enumerated in the reign of Edward VI. (see the *Archæologia*), were afterwards stolen and removed to Chilham.

Tradition is silent regarding the motives that induced Richard of Rochester to select this humble parish for his final residence. After his busy and adventurous life, his intercourse with bravest men and fairest damosels, he may have learnt to prize the sweet seclusion of such a Kentish home, with wooded valleys near, tempting to solitude, while the sea-breeze comes across the meadows from the German Ocean. Yet was the church not always lonely. The stained glass of the windows still preserves escutcheons, borne by angels, with armorial blazon of nobility and gentry ; serving to prove that earlier days saw many a goodly company gather to worship within these walls. Some of the stone tracery is unsurpassed elsewhere in beauty. A belief survives that the monk Richard, when little past middle-age, was found dead inside the still uninjured "Priest's Chamber" (the only residence of the ecclesiastic who came to hear Confession and bestow spiritual Absolution on the penitents of old) ; whence he used to gaze through the arched casement towards the north. He lies buried beneath the very tree to which his weary eyes were turned in death. No stone marks the spot, but it is not difficult to recognize. On those who doubt, or who deny the legend, choosing a different resting place for him, there must remain the *onus probandi*. It was a crowd of crazy fanatics from Bosenden Wood and Chartham-Hatch who defaced the brass memorial tablet in the chancel floor, leaving little decipherable beyond the words,

Hic jacet Ricard. Roffen.

[Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 24,270, f. 33 verso, and f. 34.¹]

Lines by Richard of Rochester, a monk of Febersham.

THEN weren the *Danes* so furis & bold,
 That everich *Englishman* weren in moche Fere :
 They seken for Plunder of silver & gold,
 And al els y^{at} gode is, y^{at} they can come nere. 4
 They eaten vre metes, & dronken vre wines,
 And all y-dronke usid vre Maydins perforce ;
 Vre Wives also, O woe the sad Tymes,
 When Man colde not save ne his House ne his Horse ! 8
 Vre Houses they brened, the Cattle weren slain
 In the Contre, then cam they to *Rochestre*,
 And fighten against her Castil wals, but in vain,
 For the gode Kyng *Alfrede* he sone dyd apere ; 12
 Then the barbrous *Danes* were in Fright ful sore,
 "Fly, *Alfrede*, y^{at} Devil, is coming," they sayd ;
 And renn to ther shippes ful quickly therefor,
 And leven ther Booty & eke al there Dede. 16
 Then weren moche meriment in *Rochestre* made,
 That we bin so sone deliveryd from Evil
 Of these furis *Danes* ; our Harts weren glad,
 That they feren vre gode *Kyng* more then *God* or the
 Devil. 20

¹ It ought to be mentioned that this quotation is made from the large and interesting collection, two folio volumes, purchased for the British Museum, at Puttick's sale, 12th July, 1861 (Lot 688). It is entitled, "*Collectanea Cantiana; or, Hints and Helps by way of Memorandum [sic] and references to various and mostly obscure authors, with occasional observations of my own towards a Natural History of the County of Kent: after the Model, etc.* By me Thomas Austen, M.A., Vicar of Allhallows in the Hundred of Hoo." Begun before March, 1759, and ended about Nov. 1767. He was one of the Ecclesiastical Brethren of Sir John Hawkins's Hospital, at Chatham, under the Dean's jurisdiction. Also a Minor Canon of Rochester, but resigned at Midsummer, 1760. He does not mention where he found the lines.—J.W.E.

XVIII.

Kentish Extracts from Brice's Register.

THE Parker Society in 1845 included in Part I. of *Select Poetry, Chiefly Devotional, of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, (pp. 161-174), the metrical martyrology of Thomas Brice, which, despite its "symple style, and metre base," possesses considerable value as the testimony of a contemporary witness to the sufferings of the Marian martyrs and confessors. We originally intended only reproducing (in addition to the introductory and concluding portions) the passages relating to the Kentish contingent of the noble army of martyrs, but now include the verses omitted in the 1845 reprint, on which see Mr. Ebsworth's valuable note. If we followed our own inclination, we should preface our edition with short notices of the Kentish Martyrs whose names are herein handed down to us; but space forbids, and we are aware it may already be said we are quitting our editorial duty for the land of controversy. We plead that in this, as in all other subjects of vital interest, it is impossible to avoid treading debatable ground; and though we omit notes from Foxe's immortal work, for fear of wearying our readers, we think nothing can make a Kentishman prouder of his native county than an attentive study of the life and letters of John Bland, the parson of Adisham, the manly sense and piety of his companions, the aggravated sufferings of Denley and Newman, the tales of the wholesale holocausts at Canterbury, and the still sadder fate of those starved in its Castle, the Cranbrook martyr's indifference to family ties and worldly prosperity, the history of the Brown family of martyrs and confessors at Ashford, the executions and burnings at Maidstone, the fate of Eagles and his sister, and the sad story of Justice Hales,—all embalmed in the pages of Foxe, "whose plaintive and authentic story of the martyrs will be read, while time shall last, with indignation or with tears" (The Rev. J. B. Marsden's *History of the Early Puritans*, 2nd edition, 1853, p. 17).

Their pains are past, their trials here, their bliss hath all forgot.
Yet fettered be the faith they freed, when we tell of them not.

[W. C. Bennett's *Our Glory Roll*.]

Brice's Register is the thirteenth piece in the *Select Poetry*, where it occupies pp. 161-174, and in the *Brief Notices of the Writers in this Selection* (p. xix), the following account of its author is given:—"Thomas Bryce appears to have been a clergyman; according to Ritson, an epitaph of 'Mr. Bryce, preacher,' was licensed to John Allde. He, however, escaped the rage of Queen Mary, and in 1559 he published *A compendious Register in Metre, containing the names, and patient suffryngs of the membres of Jesus Christ; and the tormented and cruelly burned within Englande, since the death of our famous kyng, of immortall memory EDWARDE the sixte: to the entrance and beginnyng of the raign of our soueraigne and derèst Lady Elizabeth of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande, quene, etc.*" We include the names of Ridley and Cranmer in our extracts, in consequence of the close connexion they both (particularly the former) had with this county, and when Kentish and non-Kentish names occur in the same verse, the former are distinguished by italics.

Note.—The British Museum contains a copy of Brice's *editio princeps*, 1559 (Press-mark, C. 37. b. 15). Unfortunately it is mutilated: parts of the title-page being worn away, and three leaves (A. ii. C. and C. viii.) wholly lost. The latter two are partially supplied by the Museum Library possessing a copy of the later edition, dated 1599 (Press-mark, 1076. a. 5). But the title of this is different, and it is without the prose *Epistle Dedicatorie*, "To the right honourable Lord Par, Marquess of Northampton, Thomas Brice, your lordshippes dayly Oratour, wisheth continuall encrease of grace, concorde, & consolation in hym that is, was, and is to come, euen the laste. AMEN." This Epistle fills six pages and a half; signed at the end by "Your Lordships dayly Oratour, Thomas Brice:" not Bryce. The prose Address "To the Gentle Reader" (two leaves, and another blank), and the explanation of "The maner how to vnderstand the letters and fygures" (five and a half leaves) are also cancelled. The days of the month whereon the Martyrs had suffered are marked by numerals in the left-hand margin. A few of these are shorn away by the binders. It will be convenient to add each, *in loco*, instead of omitting them, as Mr. E. Farr did in his 1845 edition. Also, he (without the slightest notification of the fact) omitted the six earliest verses of the Register, two entire leaves, for Feb., March, April, and June, 1555; and six other verses (lines 273 to 308, and yet claimed to give strictly "literal reprints," saying, "the old spelling has been retained." Alas! as usual, "these be brave words!" which are not accurate. Whom are we to trust? We go to the original edition, and restore the lost verses. It should also be here mentioned that the same Thomas Brice, or Bryce, was the author of *The Court of Venus moralized*, which was licensed to Hugh Singleton, a ballad-publisher, in 1566-67 (see Arber's *Transcripts*, vol. i. p. 343). To Henry Bynnenman was licensed, in 1567-68, a *booke intituled Songes and Sonnettes of Thomas Bryce* (*Ibid.* i. 359); and, in 1578, to John Allde, an *Epitaph of master Bryce, preacher* (*Ibid.* i. 442).—J. W. E.

The Compendious Regester of the Partys, in Metre.

The Booke to the Reader.

PERUSE with pacience, I thee praye,
My symple style, and metre base ;
The works of GOD with wisdomes waye,
The force of loue, the strength of grace. 4

Loue caused GOD his grace to giue
To such as shoulde for hym be slayne :
Grace wrought in theym, while thei did liue,
For loue to loue their Christ agayne. 8

Now grace is of such strength and might
That nothing may the same withstande :
Grace putteth death and hell to flight,
And guydes vs to the lyuyng lande. 12

The force of loue also is suche,
That feare and payne it doeth expell :
Loue thynketh nothing ouer muche ;
Loue doth all earthly thynges excell. 16

Thus loue and grace of GOD began
To worke in them, to dooe hys wyll :
These vertues' force wrought loue in man,
That feare was past, theyr bloude to spill. 20

FINIS.

The Regester of the Martyrs.

[1554—]1555.

February.

	WHEN raging raigne of tyrants stout, Causelesse did cruelly conspire To rend and roote the simple out, With furious force of sword and fire,	24
	When man and wife were put to death, We wisht for our <i>Queene Elizabeth.</i>	
[Day.]		
4	When Rogers rufully was brent,	
8	When Sanders did the like sustayne, When faithfull Farrar forth was sent His life to lose with grievous payne,	28
22	When constant Hooper dyed the death, We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth.</i>	32
9	When Rowland Taylour, that divine, At Hadley left this lothsome light,	
24	When simple Laurence they did pine,	
22	With Hunter, Higby, Pigot, and Knight,	36
23	When Causun constantly dyed the death, We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth.</i>	

March.

15	When Tomkins tyrannie did abide, Hauing his hand with torch light brent,	40
7	When Lawrence White and Diggell died, With earnest zeale and good intent,	
4	When William Flower was put to death, We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth.</i>	44

1555.

Aprill.

- | | | |
|---|---|----|
| 2 | When Awcoke in Newgate prisoner, | |
| | His latter end with joy did make, | |
| 1 | When Iohn Warren and Cardmaker | |
| | Kissed each other at the stake, | 48 |
| 4 | When March the Minister was put to death, | |
| | We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth</i> . | |

June.

- | | | |
|----|--|----|
| 4 | When William Cowly for offence, | |
| | Was forthwith hanged at Charing crosse, | 52 |
| | Buried, then burned of fond pretence, | |
| | Thus carraine carkasse they did tosse, | |
| | When such insipients put men to death, | |
| | We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth</i> . | 56 |
| 12 | When blessed Butter and Osmande | |
| | With force of fyre to death were brent ; | 64 |
| 12 | When <i>Shitterdun</i> , Sir <i>Franke</i> , and <i>Blande</i> , | |
| 12 | And <i>Humfrey Middeton</i> of <i>Kent</i> ; | |
| 1 | When <i>Minge</i> in <i>Maistone</i> toke his death, | |
| | We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth</i> . | 68 |

Julg.

- | | | |
|----|---|----|
| 12 | When Dirick Harman lost his lyfe ; | |
| 12 | When Launder in their fume they fried ; | 76 |
| 12 | When they sent Euerson from stryfe, | |
| | With moody mindes and puffed pride ; | |
| 12 | When <i>Wade</i> at <i>Dartford</i> died the death, | |
| | We wisht for our <i>Elizabeth</i> . | 80 |
| 21 | When Richard Hooke, limlesse and lame, | |
| | At Chichester did beare the crosse ; | |
| 12 | When humble <i>Hall</i> for Christe's name | |
| | Ensued the same with worldly losse ; | 84 |
| 3 | When <i>Jone Polley</i> was brent to death, | |
| | We wysht for our <i>Elizabeth</i> . | |

August.

- 23 When *Denly* died, at Uxbridge towne,
 With constant care to Christe's cause ;
- 23 When Warren's widow ye[e]lded downe
 Her flesh and bloud for holy lawes ; 96
 When she at Stratforde died the death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*.
- 23 When *Laurence, Collier, Coker, and Stere,*
 At *Cantorbury* were causeles slayne, 100
- 23 With *Hopper* and *Wright*, vi. in one fier,
 Conuerted flesh to earth agayne ;
- 24 When Roger Cozriar was done to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*. 104
- 31 When *Jhon Newman* and Thomas Fusse
 30 At Ware and Walden made their ende ; 112
 When William Hailes for Christ Jesus
 With breath and bloude did still contende ;
- 31 When he at Barnet was put to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*. 116

September.

- 6 When *Bradbridge, Streter, and Burwarde,*
 6 *Tuttie, and George Painter of Hyde,*
 Vnto their duty had good regarde,
 Wherefore in one fier they were fried ; 132
 When these at *Cantorbury* toke their deth,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*.

October.

- When learned *Ridley* and Latymer
 16 Without regarde were swiftly slayne ;
 When furious foes could not confer
 But with reuenge, and mortall paine ; 156
 When these two fathers were put to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*.

Brice's Register of the Martyrs. 117

- When worthy *Web* and *George Roper*
13 In Elyes' chayr to heauen were sent ; 160
Also, when *Gregory Paynter*
The same streight path and voiage went ;
13 When they at *Cantorbury* toke their deth,
We wishte for our *Elizabeth.* 164

1556.

January.

- 31 When *Jhon Lowmas* and *An Albright*,
31 *Jone Soale*, *Jone Painter*, and *Annis Snod*,
In fier with flesh and bloud did fight ;
When tong[u]les of tyrantes layed on lode ; 180
When these at ones were put to death,
We wishte for our *Elizabeth.*

Marche.

- When constant *Cranmer* lost his life,
12 And helde his hande vnto the fier ;
When streames of teares for him wer rife,
And yet did misse their iust desier ; 192
When popysh power put him to death,
We wishte for our *Elizabeth.*

Apryll.

- 2 When *Hulliarde*, a pastour pure,
At Cambridge did this life despire ;
2 When *Hartpoole's* death thei did procure,
To make his flesh a sacrifice ; 204
2 When *Jone Beche*, widow, was done to deth,
We wishte for our *Elizabeth.*

August.

- 20 When the weaver at Bristow dide,
 And at Derby a wedded wife,
 When these with fire flames were fried,
 For Christe's cause losing their life, 276
 When many others were put to death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*.

September.

- 24 When Rauensdale, and two brethren more,
 To earthly ashes were consumed, 280
 A godly glouer would not adore
 25 Their filthie Idoll, whereat they fumed,
 When he at Bristow was put to death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*. 284
- 26 When John Horne with a woman wise,
 At Newton vnder hedge were kilde,
 Stretching their hands with lifted eyes,
 And so their yeares in earth fulfide, 288
 When these with violence were put to death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*.
- When *Dunston, Clarke, and Potkin's* wife,
William Foster, and Archer also, 292
 In *Cantorbury* did lose their life,
 By banishment as the talke doth do,
 When these (alas) thus tooke their death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*. 296

October.

- When three within one Castle died,
 And in the fields were laid to rest,
 When at Northampton a man was tried,
 Whether God or Mammon he loued best, 300
 When these by tyrannie were put to death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*.

1557.

January.

- 2 When *Thomas Finall* and his man,
Foster, and three good members more, 304
 Were purged with their fire fan,
 At *Cantorbury* with torments sore,
 When they with cheerefulnes tooke their death,
 We wisht for our *Elizabeth*.¹ 308
- When two at *Ashforde* with crueltie
 For Christe's cause to death were brent ;
- 2 When not long after, two at *Wye*
 2 Suffered for Christ his testament ; 312
 When wyly wolues put these to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*.

June.

- 16 When *Jone Bradbridge*, and a blind maide,
 16 *Appelby, Allen*, and bothe their wiues ; 330
 16 When *Manning's* wife was not afayde ;
 But al these seuen did lose their liues :
 When these at *Maistone* were put to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*. 334
- 19 When *Jhon Fiscoke, Perdue*, and *White*,
 19 *Barbara*, widow, and *Bendens'* wife
 19 With these *Wilson's* wife, did firmly fight,
 And for their faith al lost their life ; 338
 When these at *Cantorbury* died the death,
 We wysht for our *Elizabeth*.

¹ To avoid misunderstanding, let it be here repeated that the whole of the twelve verses originally contained on sheet sign. C., *C verso* ; C. viii and C viii verso (= lines 21 to 56, and 273 to 308, inclusive), are now first given back to readers : they having been wholly omitted, without a hint of defectiveness, by the editor of the Parker Society reprint. As will be observed, two verses (lines 291 to 308) are devoted to Canterbury martyrs. It was better to here restore the whole of the lost verses, and secure them from final extinction.—J.W.E.

July.

- When *Ambrose* died in *Maistone* gaile,
 And so set free from tyrauntes' handes ;
 2 When *Simon Milner* they did assayle ;
 2 Hauing him and a woman in bandes ; 350
 When these at *Norwich* were don to death,
 We wishte for our *Elizabeth*.
- 2 When *George Egles* at *Chelmsford* towne
 Was hanged, drawen, and quartered ;
 His quarters caried, vp and doune, *
 And on a pole thei set his head ; 362
 When wrested law put him to death,
 We wyshte for our *Elizabeth*.
- 5 When *Thurston's* wife at *Chichester*,
 5 And *Bowmer's* wife with her also ; 366
 20 When two women at *Rochester*,
 20 With father *Fruier*, were sent from wo ;
 23 When one at *Norwich* did die the death,
 We wyshte for our *Elizabeth*. 370

1558.

November.

- When, laste of all, to take theyr leaue,
 10 At *Cantorbury* they did consume, 456
 Who constantly to Christ did cleaue,
 Therefore were fried with fierie fume, —
 But sixe daies after these wer put to death
 God sent vs our *Elizabeth*. 460
- Our wished welth hath brought vs peace :
 Our ioy is full, our hope obtayned ;
 The blasing brandes of fier doe cease,
 The sleaying sworde also restrayned ; 464
 The simple shepe preserued from death,
 By our good queene *Elizabeth*.

As hope hath here obtained her pray,
By Godde's good will, and prouidence ; 468
So trust doth truely looke for staye
Through his heauenly influence,
That great Golia shalbe put to death
By our good queene *Elisabeth* : 472

That Godde's trew word shall placed be,
The hungrie soules for to sustaine ;
That perfite loue and vnitie
Shall be set in their seate agayne ; 476
That no more good men shall be put to deth,
Se[e]jing God hath sent *Elisabeth*.

Pray we therfore, both night and day,
For her highnes, as we bee bounde : 480
Oh Lorde, preserue this braunche of bay,
And all her foes with force confounde ;
Here long to lyue, and after death
Receyue our queene, *Elisabeth*. 484

AMEN.

Apoc. 6.

How long tariest thou (O Lord), holy and trewe, to iudge and aduenge oure
blood, on them that dwell on the earth ?



XIX.

The Poore Man and the Kinge.

THIS is a Kentish version of Martin Parker's ballad, *The King and the Northern Man* ("To drive away the weary day"), or is at least drawn from a common original. Martin Parker's was reprinted in 1841 by the Percy Society, and is likewise given in the Ballad Society's edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads* (vol. i. p. 521), and in Mr. C. Hindley's (vol. ii. pp. 152-162); while a different version, entitled *The King and a Poore Northerne Man* ("Come hearken to me all around"), appeared in W. C. Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry of England* (vol. iv. pp. 294-308, ed. 1866), and a West-Country form of the same story, *The King and the Countryman* ("There was an old Chap in the West-country"), is given in Bell's *Early Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (pp. 431-2). The popularity of the incidents in these and similar stories is thus accounted for by Mr. Wright in his Introduction to *The Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman*: "The people, with the characteristic attachment of the Anglo-Saxons to the family of their princes, wished to believe that their king was always their friend, when not actuated by the counsels of his evil advisers," and this sentiment (to again use Mr. Wright's words)

Was perpetuated in a numerous class of ballads in which the monarch is represented as thrown incognito among the lower classes, as listening to their expressions of loyalty, and to the tale of their sufferings. See the tale of *King Edward and the Shepherd* in Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*; *The King and the Barker* in Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*; *The King and the Miller*, and *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth* in Percy's *Reliques*, etc. The earliest known form of this tale is the story of *Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot*, printed from Giraldus Cambrensis in the *Reliquæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 147.

Professor Child, however, considers the earliest to be *King Alfred and the Neatherd*, "in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part, and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester." (See the Introduction to the *King & Miller* in

the *Percy Folio*, vol. ii. p. 147.) The trouble which occurred to the poor Man of Kent in consequence of his "felling of 5 ashe trees," may prove an excuse for the length of the following remarks on the subject of the ancient customs with regard to felling timber. In Robinson's *Common Law of Kent, or the Customs of Gavelkind* (1741), Book II. c. viii., Cases are quoted arising from the felling of Oaks, Ashes, and Beeches, which were tried *Trin. 1 Edw. III., Coram Rege, Rot. 55 Kane; Pasc. 44 Edw. III., Coram Rege, Rot. 36 Kane*; while the right of the Lord to the trees in the Drovedennes together with the Pannage was acknowledged in a Roll of Pleas 3 Edw. II., before William Inge and his companions, Justices of Oyer and Terminer. This Custom of Gavelkind (unwittingly broken by the 'Pore Man' of the ballad) was peculiar to the Weald of Kent, and Robinson states he found no mention of it in any book, though he met it on Record. The Lords from whom the Drovedennes in the Weald were holden in Gavelkind, had all the great Oaks, Ashes, and Beeches therein growing, together with the pannage thereof, while the owners of the soil had only the underwood, or (at most) such of the before-mentioned trees as were under forty years growth. Somner considers this Custom arose from the Weald of Kent being for a great while nothing but a desert and unpeopled wilderness, called '*Silva Regalis*,' as appertaining to the King, and acknowledging no private Lord or Proprietor. It was usual in ancient Royal donations of Manors lying *out* of the Weald, to grant the privilege of Pannage (the liberty of keeping and fattening hogs with the Mast of the trees) in one or more Dens *in* it. These Dens were woody valleys, or places yielding both covert and feeding for swine and cattle, and such as were set apart specially for these purposes were termed *Drovedennes*, while the Hogs-herd or Neat-herd was styled *Drosmannus*. Somner mentions there is scarcely an ancient Grant in the Registers of the Church of Canterbury, St. Austin, or Rochester, of any considerable portion of land without the addition and attendance of such a Liberty (*Roman Ports and Forts in Kent*, p. 112), and it is probable these Grants conveyed not only the Pannage, but also the property of the trees themselves, as, by the Records before referred to, it appears the Lord was equally entitled to both. In the times of Edward III. and Richard II. the Archbishop of Canterbury and Prior and Convent of Christ Church,

amongst other like lords and owners of the Wealdish Dens, were so aggrieved by their tenants there, and others, cutting down and wasting the woods they had expressly reserved to themselves on former Feoffments (though Somner in giving this account in *Roman Ports*, p. 112, considers it more probable they derived their right from the Kentish Custom), that they entered into a composition with their tenants to free themselves from further trouble, and for a new annual Rent of Assize, over and above the former Service, made the Wood over to them in perpetuity, to be cut down or left standing at the Tenant's choice. Ever since which time the Lord has lost his interest as to the Wood, and has nothing left but the Rent of Assize and former Services, and to this cause Robinson attributes the fact there remained in his day "no Footstep of this Right" [Drovedenne], while a contrary Custom, under the name of *Landpeerage* (*i.e.* Landownership), was set up in most if not all of the Wealdish Manors, "whereby the Owners of the Lands on each side the Highways claim to exclude the Lord from the Property of the Soil of the Way, and of the Trees growing thereon." The Cases referred to in this note will be found in Robinson, *On Gavelkind*, Book ii. c. viii., *Of Customs relating to Gavelkind now obsolete*, pp. 264-73, from which the foregoing information is taken.

In the notes to the following ballad "P." stands for Bishop Percy; "F." for Mr. Furnivall's readings and remarks; and the italicised letters are the Folio Editors' amplification of the contractions in the MS. The names "Kent," etc., we have ourselves placed in italics: following the usual custom in old ballads, where proper names are always distinguished by a variety of type: such as Roman in the midst of the Black-letter broadside.

Note.—Many of the interpolated quotational double-commas being wrong, we clear the meaning by retrenching them. Others had been erroneously omitted, as in line 38. The ballad occupies pp. 424 to 427 of the *Percy Folio MS.*; which is now safe in the British Museum: Addit. MS. No. 27,879. It is indisputably the most valuable manuscript collection of Old Ballads that we possess, being of many the only record. But their unknown transcriber left his text grossly inaccurate; as may be seen on comparing authentic printed versions, where any such remain.—J.W.E.

[Furnivall and Hales's *Percy Folio Manuscript*, vol. iii. pp. 195-204.]

The Pore Man and the Kinge.

I TT: was a pore man, he dwelled in *Kent*,
he payd our King 5^d of rent;

& there is a lawyer dwelt him by,
a ffault in his [lease,¹] god wott! he hath ffound, 4
" & all was for ffalling of 5 ashe trees
to build me a house of my owne good ground.

" I bidd him lett me & my ground alone ;²
to cease his selfe, if he was willinge, 8
& pike no vantages out of his³ lease ;
& hee seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40^s." ⁴

[" 40^s nor 40^d
wold not agree this lawer and mee, 12
without I wold giue him of my farme ground,
& stand to his good curtesye.⁵]

he⁶ said, " nay, by his fay, *that* hee wold not doe,
ffor wiffe and children wold make madd warke, 16
but & he wold lett him and his ground alone,
he seemed a good ffellow, he wold giue him 5 marke.⁷

¹ lease, P. See line 9, F. ² MS. alome. *him* is *hem* with the *e* dotted, F.
³ my, F. ⁴ Read 40 shillings [, not shillings], Skeat.

⁵ These are lines 147-150 below, F. [*i.e.* here anticipated from our p. 130.]

⁶ The poor man speaks of himself in the third person, or else *he* and *hee* are miscopied for the I of line 154, F. [Certainly *not* mis-copied, unless we also admit both "him" and "his" of line 17, with the second "he" of line 18, to be similarly mistaken, which is far too much to believe. It is, evidently, not even the dramatic disintegration of the Ego by the man himself; but a resumption of the narrative form which continues.—J. W. E.]

⁷ MS. narke, F.

he said, "nay by his ffay, *that* wold he not doe,
 ffor 5 good ash trees *that* he ffell." 20
 "then Ile doe as neighbors haue put me in head,
 Ile make a submission¹ to the *King* my-selfe."
 by [that] he had gone a dayes iourney,
 one of his neighbors he did spye, 24
 "Neibor! how ffar haue I to our King?¹
 I am going towards him as ffast as I can hye."
 "alas! to-day," said his neighbour,
 itt's ffor you I make all this mone. 28
 you may talke of *that* time enoughe
 by *that* tenn daies Iourney you haue gone."
 but when he came to *London* street,
 for an host house he did call. 32
 he Lay soe longe othe tother morninge a-sleepe,
that the court was remoued to *winsor* hall.
 "arrise, my guest, you haue great neede;
 you haue Lyen too long euen by a great while; 36
 the court is Remoued to *winsor* this morning;
 hee is ffurthre to seeke by 20 mile."
 "alacke to-day!" quoth the poore man,
 "I thinke *your King* att me gott witt: 40
 had he knowen of my cominge,
 I thinke he wold haue tarried yett."
 "he ffoled not for you," then said his host,
 "but hye you to *windsor* as fast as you may; 44
 & all *your* costs & *your* charges,
 haue you no doubt but the *King* will pay."
 he hath gotten a gray russett gowne on his backe,
 & a hood well buckeled vnder his chin, 48

¹ [Page 425 of *MS.*]

& a longe staffe vpon his necke,
& he is to *windsor* to our Kinge.

soe when hee came to *windsor* hall,
the gates were shutt as he there stood ; 52
he knocket and poled with a great Long staffe :
the porter had thought hee had beene woode.¹

he knocket againe with might & maine,
sais, "hey hoe ! is our *King* within ?" 56
with *that* he proffered a great reward,
a single penny, to lett him come in.

"I thanke you, Sir," quoth the porter then,
"the reward is soe great I cannott say nay ; 60
there is a noble-man standing by,
ffirst Ile goe heare what hee will say."

the nobleman then came to the gates,
& asked him what his busines might bee : 64
"nay, soft," quoth the ffellow, "I tell thee not yett,
before I doe the *King* himselfe see ;

"itt was told me ere I came ffrom home,
that gentlemens hounds eaten arrands by the way, 68
& pore curr dogs may eate mine ;²
therefore I meane my owne arrands³ to say."
"but & thou come in," saies the Porter then,
"thy bumble staffe behind wee must stay." 72

"beshrow the, Lyar," then said the pore man,
"then may thou terme me a foole, or a worsse ;
I know not what bankrouts bee about our *King*,
for lacke of mony wold take my pursse." 76

¹ [Wood or wode=mad ; from *wod*, Saxon. *Ex. grat.* "And here am I, and *wodde* within this wood."—*Mids. Night's Dream*, Act ii. *Editio princeps*, C verso, l. 190. The later editions spoil this pun.]

² MS. reads nine, F.

³ MS. has "arrand," with a tag to the *d*, F.

"hold him backe," then said the noble-man,
 "& more of his speech wee will haue soone ;
 Ile see how hee can answer the matter
 as soone as the match att bowles is done." 80

the porter tooke the pore man by the hand,
 & ledd him before the noble-man :
 he kneeled downe vpon his knees,
 & these words to him sayd then : 84

"& you be *Sir King*," then said the pore man,
 "you are the goodlyest fellow *that* euer I see ;
 you haue soe many I[i]ngles Iangles about yee,
 I neuer see man weare but yee." 88

"I am not the *King*," the Nobleman said,
 "although I weare now a proud cote."
 "& you be not *King*, & youle bring me to him,
 ffor your reward Ile giue you a groat." 92

"I thanke you, *Sir*," saith the Noble-man,
 "your reward is soe great, I cannott say nay ;
 Ile ffirst goe know our *Kings* pleasure ;
 till I come againe, be sure *that* you stay." 96

"here is such a staring," said the pore man,
 "I thinke the *King* is better heere then in our countrye ;
 I cold haue gone to ffarmost nooke in the house,
 Neither Ladd nor man to haue troubled mee." ¹ 100

the noble-man went before our Kinge,
 soe well hee knew his curtesye,
 "there is one of the rankest clownes att your gates
that euer *Englishman* did see." 104

"he calles them knaues your hignes keepe,
 with-all hee calls them somewhatt worsse,

¹ [Page 426 of *MS.*]

he dare not come in without a longe staffe,
hees ffeard lest some bankrout shold pike his pursse." 108

"lett him come in," then said our King,
"lett him come in, and his staffe too ;
weele see how he can answer euery matter
now the match att bowles is done." ¹ 112

the Noble-man tooke the pore man by the hand,
& led him through chambers and galleryes hye :
"what does our *King* with soe many empty houses,
& garres them not ffilled with corne and hay ?" 116

& as they went through one alley,
the nobleman soone the *King* did spye ;
"yond is the *King*," the noble-man sayd,
"looke thee, good ffellow, yond hee goes by !" 120

"belike hee is some vnthrifft," said the pore man,
"& he hath made some of his clothes away."
"now hold thy tounge," said the Nobleman,
"& take good heed what thou dost say." 124
the weather itt was exceeding hott,
& our *King* hath Laid some of his clothes away ;

& when the noble-man came before our *King*,
soe well hee knew his curtesie, 128
the pore man ffollowed after him,
gaue a nodd with his head, & a becke with his knee :

"& if you be the king," then said the pore man,
"as I can hardly thinke you bee, 132
this goodly ffellow *that* brought me hither,
seemes liker to be a *King* then yee."

"I am the *King*, & the *King* indeede ;
lett me thy matter vnderstand." 136

¹ doo. Dyce's suggestion.

then the pore man ffell downe on his knees :

" I am your tennant on your owne good Land,

" & there is a Lawyer dwells me by,
a ffault in my lease, god wott, hee hath found, 140
& all is for ffelling of 5 ashe trees
to build me a house in my owne good ground.

" I bade him lett me & my ground alone,
& cease himselfe, if *that* hee was willing, 144
& pike no vantage out of my Lease ;
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40^s;

" 40^s nor 40^l;
wold not agree this lawer and mee,¹ 148
without I wold giue him of my farme ground,
& stand to his good curtesye.

" I said, ' nay, by fay, *that* wold I not doe ;
ffor wiffe & children wold make madd warke ; 152
& hee wold lett me & my ground alone,
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 5 marke.' "

" but hast thou thy Lease eene thee vppon,
or canst thou shew to mee thy deede ? " 156
he pulled itt fforth of his bosome,
& saies, " heere my Leege, if you cann reeade."

" what if I cannott ? " then sayes our *King*,
" good ffellow, to mee what hast thou to say ? " 160
" I haue a boy att home, but 13 yeere old,
will reede itt as ffale gast as young by the way."

" I can neuer gett these knotts Loose," then said our *King*;
hee gaue itt a gentleman stood him hard by. 164
" *thats* a proud horsse," then said the pore man,
" *that* will not carry his owne prouentye ;

¹ Lines 147 and 148 are written as one in the MS., F.

The Poor Man and the King. 131

" & yee paid me 5¹ rent as I doe yee,
 I wold not be to proud to loose a knott ; 168
 but giuet me againe, & Ile loose itt for ye,
 soe *that* in my rent youle bate mee a groate."

an¹ old man tooke this Lease in his hande,
 & the *Kings* maiesty stode soe, 172
 " Ile warrant thee, pore man, & thy ground,
 if² thou had ffallen 5 ashes more.³"

" Alas to-day !" then said the pore man,
 " now hold *your* tonge,⁴ & trouble not mee ; 176
 hee *that* troubles me this day with this matter,
 Cares neither for *your* warrantts, you, nor mee."

" Ile make thee attachment, ffoole," hee sayes,
 " *that* all *that* sees itt shall take thy part. 180
 vntill hee haue paid thee a 100¹
 thoust tye him to a tree *that* hee cannott start."

" I thanke you, Sir," said the poreman then :
 " about this Matter, sith you haue beene willinge, 184
 & seemed to doe the best you cann,
 with all my heart Ile giue you a shillinge."

" a plague on thy knaues hart !" then said our *King*,
 " this mony on my skin⁵ Lyes soe cold." 188
 he fflang itt into the *Kings* Bossome,
 because in his hand he wold itt not hold.

the *King* called his tresurer,
 saies " count me down a 100¹— 192
 since he hath spent mony by the way,—
 to bring him home to his owne good ground."

¹ the, F.

² *i.e.* even if, Skeat.

³ moe, Dyce.

⁴ Another letter blotched with *e* follows in the MS., F.

⁵ MS. skim, F.

when the 100^l was counted,
 to receiue itt the pore man was willing : 196
 "if I had thought you had had soe much siluer & gold,
 you shold not haue had my good shilling."

the Lawyer came to welcome him
 when hee came home vppon a sunday : 200
 "where haue you beene, Nei[g]hbor?" hee sayes,
 "methinkes you haue beene long away."

"I haue beene att the *King*," the poore man said.
 "& what the deuill didest thou doe there? 204
 cold not our nei[g]hbors haue agreede vs,
 but thou must goe soe ffar ffrom heere?"

"there cold no neighbors haue agreed thee & me,
 nor halfe soe well haue pleased my hart ; 208
 vntill thou haue payd mee a 100^l,
 Ile tye thee to a tree, thou cannott start."

when the 100^l was counted,
 to receiue itt the poreman was most willing ; 212
 & for the paines in the Law hee had taken,
 hee wold not giue him againe one shilling.

god send all Lawyers thus well serued !
 then ¹ may pore ffarmers liue in ease.² 216
 god blesse & saue our noble Kinge,
 & send vs all to liue in peace ! ffinis.

¹ MS. them, F.

² case was suggested by Dyce : the MS. has "rest."



XX.

The Brave Men of Kent.

PROBABLY no Kentish song has ever attained such popularity throughout the length and breadth of the County as Tom D'Urfey's *Brave Men of Kent*, which, in some rural districts, being handed down from father to son by tradition, has acquired such a flavour of age in its transit, that local Dryasdusts, who are the proud possessors of a printed or written copy, treasure it as carefully and handle it as tenderly as if it were an undoubted contemporary ballad on their valiant ancestors who successfully opposed the Conqueror at Swanscombe. Nor is the popular affection for the County Song without its perils, for when sung in a strange land it occasionally incurs the same penalties that would await the chanting of *The Boyne Water* or *Croppies lie down* in a mixed company in the Emerald Isle. Thus we have heard, when it was once sung at a Yorkshire dinner (on which occasion all was not going as harmoniously as

When *Harwich* Camp was form'd
And *Kent* and *York* did meet),

the singer was promptly thrown from the window. D'Urfey's song has been reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads* (ed. 1810, vol. ii. p. 38) and Milner and Sowerby's *English Popular Ballads* (1860, p. 202), which include a stanza added on the death of General Wolfe, who was a true "Native of Kent," and both born and buried in the County. Yet another verse (no doubt highly popular at the time) "to the renowned song of the *Man of*

Kent" was inserted by "A Constant Reader" in the *Kentish Gazette*, February 19th, 1793 :

To guard the Constitution,	
Let Men of <i>Kent</i> unite,	
With manly resolution	
Maintain their country's right.	4
Base faction ne'er its head shall rear,	
Whilst loyalty's our boast, Sir ;	
Or <i>Frenchman</i> vile invade this Isle,	
At least the <i>Kentish</i> coast, Sir.	8
Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,	
So loyal, brave and free ;	
'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,	
A Man of Kent is he.	12

The Catholic Relief Bill caused considerable agitation in the County, which has ever been renowned for strong Protestant feeling, and, according to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, the term "Kentish fire" was "given to the continuous cheering common at the Protestant meetings held in Kent in 1828 and 1829, with the view of preventing the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill," but we ourselves believe the expression is of much earlier date. Of course, O'Connell's movement figured in numerous Election songs, two of which we give in our *Election Group* ; but we consider the following parody on *The Brave Men of Kent* should more properly precede its original, and therefore place *The Man of Kent* in its present position.

[*Times*, Oct. 24, 1828.]

The Man of Kent.

WHEN <i>Harold</i> was invaded,	
And falling lost his crown,	
And <i>Norman William</i> waded	
Through gore to pull him down,	4
And counties round, with fear profound,	
To mend their sad condition—	
Their lands to save, they homage gave,	
But <i>Kent</i> made no submission.	8
Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,	
All loyal, brave, and free ;	
Of Britain's race, if one surpass,	
A Man of Kent is he.	12

The Brave Men of Kent.

135

And now when popish faction
Uplifts its impious head,
And rebels into action
O'Connell dares to lead, 16
Bold *Kent* began, and formed van,
In *Brunswick's* name united,
And countries round, with echoing sound,
Their general efforts plighted. 20
 Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
 So loyal, brave, and free ;
 'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A Man of Kent is he. 24

Then fill a glass o'erflowing,
The *Brunswick* club to toast,
With patriot ardour glowing
We'll meet the treacherous host ; 28
Throughout the land may heart and hand
Assert with resolution,
The Church and King, and let us sing—
 Kent and the Constitution ! 32
 Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
 So loyal, brave, and free ;
 'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A Man of Kent is he. 36

Dr. Charles Mackay incorrectly states D'Urfey's song was "Sung to an Old English Melody ; author unknown," and the following particulars regarding its air were kindly given us by Mr. Ebsworth : "The melody is printed in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. ii. p. 4, edition 1719 ; also, of modernized notation, in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 567. The music was composed, certainly in or before 1690, by Richard Leveridge, and probably was also sung by him. It is mentioned in '*The Essex Champion*' of that year." Since then, we are informed by Mr. Sparvel-Bayly, there was a pianoforte setting by L. Jansen.

A New Song.

Inscribed to the brave Men of Kent: made in Honour
of the Nobility and Gentry of that Renowned
and Ancient County.

WHEN *Harrold* was Invaded,
And falling lost his Crown ;
And *Norman William* waded
Through Gore to pull him down : 4
When Countys round with fear profound,
To mend their sad Condition ;
And Lands to save, base Homage gave,
Bold *Kent* made no submission. 8

CHORUS.

*Sing, sing in praise of Men of Kent ;
So Loyal, brave and free ;
'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.* 12

The hardy stout Free-holders,
That knew the Tyrant near :
In Girdles and on Shoulders,
A Grove of *Oaks* did bear, 16
Whom when he saw, in Battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em ;
He turn'd his Arms, allow'd their Terms,
Compleat with noble Freedom. 20
Then sing in Praise of Men of Kent, etc.

The Brave Men of Kent.

137

And when by Barons wrangling,
Hot Faction did Increase,
And vile Intestine Jangling, 24
Had banish'd *England's* Peace,
The Men of *Kent* to Battle went,
They fear'd no Wild Confusion ;
But joyn'd with *York*, soon did the work, 28
And made a blest conclusion ;
Then sing in Praise, etc.

At Hunting, or the Race too,
They sprightly Vigour shew, 32
And at a Female Chase too,
None like a *Kentish* Beau :
All blest with Health, and as for Wealth,
By Fortune's kind embraces ; 36
A Yeoman grey shall oft out-weigh
A Knight in other places.
Then sing in Praise, etc.

The Generous, Brave, and Hearty, 40
All o'er the *Shire* we find ;
And for the *Low-Church* Party,
They're of the Brightest kind :¹
For King and Laws they prop the Cause, 44
Which *High-Church* has confounded ;
They love with height the Moderate right,
But hate the Crop-ear'd *Round-head* :
Then sing in Praise, etc. 48

The promis'd Land of Blessing,
For our Forefathers meant,
Is now in right Possessing,
For *Canaan* sure was *Kent* : 52

¹ A prophetic pun, reflecting on the Brummagem Wet-Quaker ; whom some of the "Low-Church party" actually encourage, by giving him so-called "Liberal" votes, in a policy of Disestablishment and destruction.—J. W. E.

The Dome at *Knoll*,¹ by Fame enroll'd,
 The Church at *Canterbury* ;
 The Hops, the Beer, the Cherrys here,
 May fill a famous Story. 56
Then sing in Praise of Kentish Men,
So Loyal, Brave, and Free ;
'Mongst Britain's Race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is He. 60

[By Thomas D'Urfey. 1689-90.]

[Additional verses in "The Humming Bird : " Printed at Canterbury, 1786.]

Augmented still in story,
 Our ² ancient fame shall rise,
 And *Wolfe*, in ³ matchless glory,
 Shall ⁴ soaring reach the skies ; 64
Quebec shall own, with ⁵ great renown,
 And *France*, with awful wonder,
 His deeds can tell, how great he fell,
 Amidst his god-like Thunder. 68
Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
All loyal, brave and free ;
Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he. 72

And though despotic power
 With iron reins may check,
 Our *British* sons of freedom
 Their parent's cause will back : 76
 With voice and pen they forthwith stand,
 Brave *Sawbridge* soon will tell them,
 That virtue's cause and *British* laws,
 Bold Men of *Kent* won't fail them. 80

¹ Knowle Park, near Sevenoaks, West Kent.

² Their, *English Popular Ballads*.

⁴ High, *ibid*.

³ with, *ibid*.

⁵ his, *ibid*.

The Brave Men of Kent.

139

*Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
All loyal, brave and free;
Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.*

84

When Royal *George* commanded
Militia to be raised,
The *French* would sure have landed,
But for such youths as these :
Their oxen-stall and cricket-ball,
They left for martial glory ;
The *Kentish* lads shall win the odds
Your fathers did before ye.

88

92

*Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
All loyal, brave, and free;
Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.*

96

D'Urfey's song belauds the Men of Kent (especially note the fourth verse), almost as much as the old county saying :

A Knight of *Cales*,¹
A Gentleman of *Wales*,
And a Laird of the North Countree ;
A Yeoman of *Kent*
With his yearly Rent
Will buy them out all three.

on which the Duet between the Black Knight and Wamba in *Ivanhoe* (chap. xli.) forms a sort of running commentary :

KNIGHT and WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay ;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay ?

4

¹ *Cales* was the old name for Cadiz.

The Brave Men of Kent.

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
 Ever more sing the roundelay ;
 And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
 And where was the widow might say him nay ? 8

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
 He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay ;
 She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
 For she was the widow would say him nay. 12

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
 Merrily sing the roundelay ;
 Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
 And where was the widow might say him nay ? 16

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
 Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay ;
 She said that one widow for so many was too few,
 And she bade the Welshman wend his way. 20

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
 Jollily singing his roundelay ;
 He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
 And where was a widow could say him nay ? 24

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
 There for to sing their roundelay ;
 For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
 There ne'er was a widow could say him nay. 28



XXI.

A Wooing Song of a Peoman of Kent's Son.

THIS song in the Kentish dialect is No. 22 in *Melismata. Musical Phansies fitting the Court, Citie, and Country Humours*, London, printed by William Stansby, 1611. Its tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music* (vol. i. p. 90), and the words have been reprinted in J. H. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry*, 1846 (p. 173), and Rimbauld's *Little Book of Songs and Ballads* (pp. 62-4). Robert Bell¹ considered *The Wooing Song* belonged probably to the same period as *The Clown's Courtship, sung to the King at Windsor* (also known as *I cannot come every day to woo*), the first verse of which is elaborately set to music in a manuscript as old as the reign of Henry VIII.:

Quoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
 I prythee now wilt? and I'se marry with thee,
 My cow, my calf, my house, my rents,
 And all my land and tenements;
 Oh say my *Joan* will not that do?
 I cannot come every day to woo.²

¹ Doubtful as to Bell's authorship. Robert Bell, in re-issuing Dixon's Percy Society volume in the *Annotated Edition of English Poets*, gave little editorial work except adding his own name on the title-page, and incorporating J. H. Dixon's later additions, collected after 1846, or then left unused. Everything of value is from the original editor. "The Clown's Courtship, Sung to the King at Windsor," is the title given in *Wit's Cabinet*, 1731, alluding to the version popularized by D'Urfey. See next note, and another on p. 151.

² This manuscript was possessed and edited by John Stafford Smith, who printed the six lines with the music in his *Musica Antiqua*, vol. i. p. 32. After

We have met with no other songs in the Kentish Dialect, except Jan Ploughshare's (see later pages). *Dame Hobday* (in Nairne's *Kentish Tales*, 1824) contains a few words said to be Kentish, but which might equally be claimed by any English county, and in 1830 there was published a doggerel dialect poem entitled *Dick and Sal; or, Jack and Joan's Fair*. An account of the Kentish dialect is given in Pegge's Introductory Letter to his *Alphabet of Kenticisms* (which omits, however, about sixteen words given in Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, and is partly taken from Lewis's *History of Thanet*), reproduced in the *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. ix. pp. 55-116.

his death, the MS. passed by purchase into the hands of Dr. Edward Rimbault. His musical library ought to have been secured intact for the nation in 1878, but the paltry economy of the Commons is always curtailing the expenditure of the British Museum, and probably this manuscript, like many others of equal value, has been lost to England by transmission across the Atlantic. An entry on January 18, 1594, to Henry Kyrkham, "for his Copie vnder Master Watkins hande a newe Ballad of *John Wooinge of Jone, &c.*," is in the Stationers' Registers, B. 283 *verso* (see Edward Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii. p. 602). Rimbault (who was by no means faultless, even when he most laid claim to accuracy) declares the song to have been printed "very imperfectly," by J. Stafford Smith, in *Musica Antiqua*, 1812, and gives instead a different version from "a loose sheet (perhaps torn from a book)" in his own possession, 1851. So curious a fragment ought to be accessible with all possible exactitude:

JOAN, quoth *John*, when wyll this be?
 Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
 My corne and eke my calfe and rents,
 My lands and all my tenements?
Saie, Joan, quoth *John*, what wilt thou doe?
 I cannot come every daie to woo.

Compare the four-verse song, as adapted by Tom D'Urfey and sung by him before Charles II. at Windsor, beginning, "Quoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?" It is printed in D'Urfey's *New Collection of Songs and Poems*, 1683, p. 48; and, with the music, in vol. iii. p. 114, of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. Next, two broadside street-ballads were formed on it; one (not yet reprinted) is in the Pepysian Collection, vol. iv. p. 24, entitled, "The North-Country Lovers; or, The Plain downright wooing between Joan and John." The other, called "The Countryman's Delight," etc., is in the Roxburghe Coll. vol. ii. p. 74, and vol. iv. p. 37; reprinted in Chappell's *Roxb. Ballads*, vol. iii. p. 593. Both begin the same as D'Urfey's version.—J.W.E.

For a note explanatory of "taudry lace" (line 20), from St. Audrey's Fair, see Introduction to *The Bagford Ballads*, p. xviii.

[*Madismata : Musical Phansies, etc.*, 1611, No. XXII.]

A Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son.

I HAUE house and land in *Kent*,
And if you'l loue me, loue me now ;
Two-pence halfe-peny is my rent,—
I cannot come euery day to woo. 4

CHORUS.—*Two-pence halfe-peny is his rent,*
And he cannot come euery day to woo.

Ich am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mother eke doth loue me well, 8
For ich can brauely clout my shoone,
And ich full well can ring a bell.

CH.—*For he can brauely clout his shoone,*
And he full wel can ring a bell. 12

My vather he gaue me a hogge,
My mouter she gaue me a zow ;
I have a God-vather dwels there by,
And he on me bestowed a plow. 16

CH.—*He has a God-vather dwels there by,*
And he on him bestowed a plow.

One time I gaue thee a paper of pins,
Anoder time a taudry lace : 20
And if thou wilt not grant me loue,
In truth ich die beuore thy vace.

CH.—*And if thou wilt not grant his loue,*
In truth hee'le die beuore thy vace. 24

Ich haue beene twice our *Whitson* Lord,
 Ich haue had Ladies many vare ;
 And eke thou hast my heart in hold,
 And in my minde zeemes passing rare. 28

CH.—*And eke thou hast his hart in hold,
 And in his mind seemes passing rare.*

Ich will put on my best white sloppe,
 And ich will wear my yellow hose, 32
 And on my head a good gray hat,
 And in't ich sticke a louely rose.

CH.—*And on his head a good gray hat,
 And in't hee'le sticke a louely rose.* 36

Wherefore cease off, make no delay,
 And if you'le loue me, loue me now ;
 Or els ich zeeke zome oder where—
 For I cannot come euery day to woo. 40

CH.—*Or else hee'le seek zome oder where,
 For he cannot come euery day to woo.*



XXII.

The Yeoman of Kent.

OUR copy of this amusing tale, by William Somerville (the author of *The Chase*), is given more correctly than the one in Anderson's *Poets of Great Britain* (vol. viii. pp. 543-4, ed. 1794).¹ "The Yeoman of Kent" appeared in the *Collection of English Poems*, 1727; also in the *English Poets*, 1779 and 1790. A manuscript copy is in the British Museum, Add. MS. 26,877, f. 13. It is part of a large manuscript "*Collection of English Poems, XVIII. Century*," made by an industrious collector, but not, of course, Somerville's autograph original.

¹ Dr. Robert Anderson, editor of this useful compilation, was, unfortunately, not a sufficiently accurate transcriber. It is always necessary, after detecting his inexactitude in texts, to go from him to the earlier editions of the originals, when these are accessible. He misprints "legions" for "legends" in line 19; and "For" instead of "Her" in line 98. In the volume of *Fables, Tales*, etc., this poem was first printed in 1727. It was in 1805 reprinted at the Stanhope Press, by Charles Whittingham (with that typographical care and elegance which seem hereditary accomplishments, having descended to his namesake of the Chiswick Press), for John Sharpe's almost-unequalled edition of *The British Poets*. Somerville's Poetical Works occupy Parts XIX. and XX. "The Yeoman of Kent" is in the latter, beginning on p. 135. William Somerville seems to have secured the warm affection of all who knew him. Among his friends were Gay, Shenstone, and Addison. Even from Edinburgh came an Encomium, "To William Somerville, Esq., of Warwickshire: on reading several of his excellent Poems. By Allan Ramsay." He describes himself,

A poor abandon'd English rake:
A 'Squire well-born, and six foot high.

He died on July 19, 1742. His *Chase* appeared in 1735. We have been unable to compare the first edition of the Tale.—J.W.E.

[*"Occasional Poems, Translations, Fables, Tales,"* etc., London, Lintot, 8vo. 1727.]

The Yeoman of Kent.

A Tale.

A YEOMAN bold (suppose of *Kent*)
 Liv'd on his own, and paid no rent ;
 Manur'd his own paternal land,
 Had always money at command, 4
 To purchase bargains, or to lend,
 T'improve his stock, or help a friend.
 At *Cressy* and *Poictiers*, of old,
 His ancestors were bowmen bold ; 8
 Whose good yew bows and sinews strong
 Drew arrows of a cloth-yard long ;
 For *England's* glory, strew'd the plain
 With barons, counts, and princes slain. 12
 Belov'd by all the neighbourhood,
 For his delight was doing good :
 At every mart his word a law,
 Kept all the shuffling knaves in awe. 16
 How just is Heaven, and how true,
 To give to such desert its due !
 'Tis in authentic legends said
 Two twins at once had bless'd his bed ; 20
Frank was the eldest, but the other
 Was honest *Numps*, his younger brother ;

That, with a face effeminate,	}	
And shape too fine and delicate,		
Took after his fond mother <i>Kate</i> ,		25
A Franklin's daughter. <i>Numps</i> was rough,		
No heart of oak was half so tough,		
And true as steel to cuff or kick,		
Or play a bout at double stick,		29
Who but friend <i>Numps</i> ?—while <i>Frank's</i> delight		
Was more (they say) to dance than fight ;		
At <i>Whitsun</i> ales, King of the <i>May</i> ,	}	
Among the maids, brisk, frolic, gay,		
He tript it on each holiday.		34
Their genius different, <i>Frank</i> would roam		
To town ; but <i>Numps</i> he staid at home.		
The youth was forward, apt to learn,		
Could soon an honest living earn ;		38
Good company would always keep,		
Was known to <i>Falstaff</i> in <i>East-cheap</i> ;		
Threw many a merry main, could bully,		
And put the doctor on his cully ;		42
Ply'd hard his work, had learnt the way		
To watch all night, and sleep all day.		
Flush'd with success, new rigg'd, and clean,		
Polite his air, genteel his mien :		46
Accomplish'd thus in every part,		
He won a buxom Widow's heart.		
Her fortune narrow ; and too wide,		
Alas ! lay her concerns, her pride :		50
Great as a duchess, she would scorn		
Mean fare, a gentlewoman born ;		
Poor and expensive ! on my life		
'Twas but the devil of a wife.		54
Yet <i>Frank</i> , with what he won by night,		
A while liv'd tolerably tight ;		
And spouse, who sometimes sate till morn		
At cribbidge, made a good return.		58

While thus they liv'd from hand to mouth,
 She laid a bantling to the youth ;
 But whether 'twas his own or no,
 My authors don't pretend to know. 62
 His charge enhanc'd, 'tis also true
 A lying-in's expensive too,
 In cradles, whittles, spice-bowls, sack,
 Whate'er the wanton gossips lack ; 66
 While scandal thick as hail-shot flies,
 Till peaceful bumpers seal their eyes :
Frank deem'd it prudent to retire,
 And visit the good man his sire. 70
 In the stage-coach he seats himself,
 Loaded with Madam and her elf ;
 In her right hand the coral plac'd,
 Her lap a *China* orange grac'd : 74
 Pap for the babe was not forgot ;
 And lullaby's melodious note,
 That warbled in his ears all day,
 Shorten'd the rugged, tedious way. 78
Frank, to the mansion house now come,
 Rejoic'd to find himself at home ;
 Neighbours around, and cousins, went
 By scores to pay their compliment. 82
 The good old man was kind, 'tis true,
 But yet a little shock'd to view
 A 'squire so fine, a sight so new. }
 But, above all, the Lady fair,
 Was pink'd,¹ and deck'd beyond compare ; 87
 Scarce a Shrieve's wife at an assize
 Was dress'd so fine, so roll'd her eyes :

¹ *Id est*, "rouged :" we have here the plain English, used before it was felt to be necessary to euphemize by a French equivalent. Vulgar folks called it "raddled," and gave a warning, "Mind the paint !" Of course, there had earlier been a use of the word "pinked" in reference to dress, as "a pink petticoat ;" but that is not the meaning here.

And Master too, in all his pride,
His silver rattle by his side, 91
Would shake it oft, then shrilly scream ;—
More noisy than the yeoman's team,
With tassels and with plumes made proud,
While jingling bells ring out aloud. 95
The good old dame, ravish'd outright,
Ev'n doated on so gay a sight ;
Her *Frank* as glorious as the morn,
Poor *Numps* was look'd upon with scorn. 99
With other eyes the Yeoman sage
Beheld each youth : nought could engage
His wary and discerning heart,
But sterling worth and true desert. 103
At last he could no longer bear
Such strange sophisticated ware ;
He cries (enrag'd at this odd scene)
"What can this foolish coxcomb mean, 107
Who, like a pedlar with his pack,
Carries his riches on his back ?
Soon shall this blockhead sink my rents,
And alienate my tenements, 111
Which long have stood in good repair ;
Nor sunk, nor rose, from heir to heir,
Still the same rent without advance,
Since the Black Prince first conquer'd *France*. 115
But now, alas ! all must be lost,
And all my prudent projects crost.
Brave honest race ! Is it thus then
We dwindle into gentlemen ? 119
But I'll prevent this foul disgrace,
This butterfly from hence I'll chase."
He saddles *Ball* without delay,
To *London* town directs his way ; 123
There at the Herald's office he
Took out his coat, and paid his fee,
And had it cheap, as wits agree: } 126

A lion *rampant*, stout and able,
Argent the field, the border *sable* ;
The gay escutcheon look'd as fine,
As any new daub'd country sign.

130

Thus having done what he decreed,
Home he returns with all his speed :
" Here, son," said he, " since you will be
A gentleman, in spight of me :
Here, Sir, this gorgeous bauble take,
How well it will become a rake !
Be what you seem : this is your share ;
But honest *Numps* shall be my heir ;
To him I'll leave my whole estate,
Lest my brave race degenerate."

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XXIII.

The Beautiful Lady of Kent.

THE following is the editor's introductory note in Bell's *Early Ballads and Songs* (p. 304):¹ "We have met with two copies of this genuine English ballad; the older one is without printer's name, but from the appearance of the type and paper it must have been published about the middle of the last century. It is certainly not one of the original impressions, for the other copy, though of recent date, has evidently been taken from some still older and better edition. In the modern broadside the ballad is in four parts, whereas, in our older one, there is no such expressed division, but a word at the commencement of each part is printed in capital letters."² The ballad which treats of the adventures of another "Seaman of Dover, Sweet William by name," will be given in the *Dover Group* of our second volume.

¹ Bell's *Early Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, pp. 304-10, edition 1877.

² This note, however, is not by Robert Bell, who disported in borrowed peacock's-plumes, and quietly appropriates it, *more suo*, without specification; but by James Henry Dixon. It is found *verbatim* in the Percy Society's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1846, p. 130. Another copy of the same broadside Garland is preserved in the collection of Henry A. Bright, Esq., of Ashfield, Knotty Ash, Liverpool. On p. 116 has been already expressed an estimate of the relative value of Robert Bell's workmanship (if any ever came unassisted from him) and J. H. Dixon's. But with the latter toil was a labour of love; with Bell it was for what old Trapbois called "a consideration."—J.W.E.

[From the *Percy Society's Publications*, vol. xvii. p. 130, 1848.]

The Beautiful Lady of Kent ;

Or,

The Seaman of Dover.

Part I.

- A SEAMAN of *Dover*, whose excellent parts,
 For wisdom and learning, had conquer'd the hearts
 Of many young damsels, of beauty so bright,
 Of him this new ditty in brief I shall write ; 4
- And shew of his turnings, and windings of fate,
 His passions and sorrows, so many and great :
 And how he was blessed with true love at last,
 When all the rough storms of his troubles were past. 8
- Now, to be brief, I shall tell you the truth :
 A beautiful lady, whose name it was *Ruth*,
 A 'squire's young daughter, near *Sandwich*, in *Kent*,
 Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy and content. 12
- Unknown to their parents in private they meet,
 Where many love lessons they'd often repeat,
 With kisses, and many embraces likewise,
 She granted him love, and [he] thus gained the prize. 16
- She said, "I consent to be thy sweet bride,
 Whatever becomes of my fortune," she cried.
 "The frowns of my father I never will fear,
 But freely will go through the world with my dear." 20

A jewel he gave her, in token of love,
And vowed, by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning ; but they were betrayed,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid. 24

She told her [*Ruth's*] parents that they were agreed :
With that they fell into a passion with speed,
And said, ere a Seaman their daughter should have,
They rather would follow her corpse to the grave. 28

The Lady was straight to her chamber confined,
Here long she continued in sorrow of mind,
And so did her love, for the loss of his dear,—
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe. 32

When long he had mourned for his love and delight,
Close under the window he came in the night,
And sung forth this ditty :—" My dearest, farewell !
Behold, in this nation no longer I dwell. 36

" I am going from hence to the kingdom of *Spain*,
Because I am willing that you should obtain
Your freedom once more ; for my heart it will break
If longer thou liest confined for my sake !" 40

The words which he uttered, they caused her to weep ;
Yet, nevertheless, she was forced to keep
Deep silence that minute, that minute for fear
Her honoured father and mother should hear. 44

Part II.

Soon after, bold *Henry* he entered on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And brought him with speed to the kingdom of *Spain*,
There he with a merchant some time did remain. 48

Who, finding that he was both faithful and just,
 Preferred him to places of honour and trust ;
 He made him as great as his heart could request,
 Yet, wanting his *Ruth*, he with grief was oppressed. 52

So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd,
 Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield ;
 In private he often would weep and lament
 For *Ruth*, the fair, beautiful Lady of *Kent*. 56

Now, while he lamented the loss of his dear,
 A Lady of *Spain* did before him appear,
 Bedecked with rich jewels, both costly and gay,
 Who earnestly sought for his favour that day. 60

Said she, "Gentle swain, I am wounded with love,
 And you are the person I honour above
 The greatest of nobles that ever was born ;—
 Then pity my tears, and my sorrowful moan !" ¹ 64

"I pity thy sorrowful tears," he replied,
 "And wish I were worthy to make thee my bride ;
 But, lady, thy grandeur is greater than mine,
 Therefore, I am fearful my heart to resign." 68

"O! never be doubtful of what will ensue,
 No manner of danger will happen to you ;
 At my own disposal I am, I declare,
 Receive me with love, or destroy me with care." 72

"Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
 You are fit for some Lord of a noble degree,
 That is able to keep up your honour and fame ;
 I am but a poor Sailor, from *England* who came. 76

¹ Misprinted "mourn." Ballad-writers stick not at trifles in the matter of rhyme. Although differing from the constancy of the Englishman in the popular old ballad of "The Spanish Lady's Love," there is here evidently some remembrance of that earlier ditty.—J.W.E.

"A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
I have not wherewith to maintain you withal.
Sweet lady, according to honour and state ;
Now this is the truth which I freely relate." 80

The Lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
And said with a smile, "Ever blest be the land
That bred such a noble, brave Seaman as thee ;
I value no honours : thou'rt welcome to me ; 84

"My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Besides in possession a million of gold ;
And thou shalt be lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love, which I earnestly crave." 88

Then, turning aside, to himself he replied,
"I am courted with riches and beauty beside ;
This love I may have, but my *Ruth* is denied."
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride. 92

The Lady she cloathed him costily and great ;
His noble deportment, both proper and straight,
So charmed the innocent eye of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love. 96

Then married they were without longer delay ;
Now here we will leave them both glorious and gay,
To speak of fair *Ruth*, who in sorrow was left
At home with her parents, of comfort bereft. 100

Part III.

When under the window, with an aching heart,
He told his fair *Ruth* he so soon must depart,
Her parents they heard, and well pleased they were,
But *Ruth* was afflicted with sorrow and care. 104

Now, after her lover had quitted the shore,
They kept her confin'd a full twelvemonth or more,

And then they were pleased to set her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge : 108

To fly from a Seaman as she would from death ;
She promis'd she would, with a faltering breath :
Yet, nevertheless, the truth you shall hear,
She found out a way for to follow her dear. 112

Then, taking her gold and her silver also,
In Seaman's apparel away she did go,
And found out a Master, with whom she agreed,
To carry her over the ocean with speed. 116

Now, when she arriv'd at the kingdom of *Spain*,
From city to city she travell'd amain,
Enquiring about everywhere for her love,
Who now had been gone seven years and above. 120

In *Cadiz*, as she walk'd along.in the street,
Her love and his lady she happened to meet,
But in such a garb as she never had seen,—
She looked like an angel, or beautiful queen. 124

With sorrowful tears she turned her aside :
“ My jewel is gone, I shall ne'er be his bride ;
But, nevertheless, though my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return to old *England* again. 128

“ But here, in this place, I will now be confined ;
It will be a comfort and joy to my mind,
To see him sometimes, though he thinks not of me,
Since he has a lady of noble degree.” 132

Now, while in the city fair *Ruth* did reside,
Of a sudden this beautiful Lady she died,
And, though he was in the possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall. 136

As he was expressing his piteous moan,
Fair *Ruth* came unto him, and made herself known ;

The Beautiful Lady of Kent. 157

He started to see her, but [she] seemed not coy,
Said he, "Now my sorrows are mingled with joy!" 140

The time of the mourning he kept it in *Spain*,
And then he came back to old *England* again,
With thousands, and thousands, which he did possess;
Then glorious and gay was sweet *Ruth* in her dress. 144

Part IV.

When over the seas to fair *Sandwich* he came,
With *Ruth* and a number of persons of fame,
Then all did appear most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a great festival day. 148

Now, when that they took up their lodgings, behold!
He stripped off his coat of embroidered gold,
And presently borrows a mariner's suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute, 152

Before they were sensible he was so great;
And when he came in, and knocked at the gate,
He soon saw her father, and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in their eyes. 156

To them, with obeisance, he modestly said,
"Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid,
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excel?—
I fear, by your weeping, that all is not well!" 160

"No, no! she is gone, she is utterly lost;
We have not heard of her a twelvemonth at most!
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of despair." 164

"I'm grieved to hear these sad tidings," he cried,
"Alas! honest young man!" her father replied,
"I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
For then we this sorrow had never gone through." 168

Sweet *Henry* he made them this answer again :

"I am newly come home from the kingdom of *Spain*,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
And am to be married to-morrow," he cried ; 172

"And if you will go to my wedding," said he,
"Both you and your lady right welcome shall be."
They promised they would, and accordingly came,
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame. 176

All decked with their jewels of rubies and pearls,
As equal companions of lords and of earls,
Fair *Ruth*, with her love, was as gay as the rest,
So they in their marriage were happily blessed. 180

Now, as they returned from the church to an inn,
The father and mother of *Ruth* did begin
Their daughter to know, by a mole they behold,
Although she was cloathed in a garment of gold. 184

With transports of joy they flew to the bride,
"O ! where hast thou been, sweetest daughter ?" they cried,
"Thy tedious absence has grieved us sore,
As fearing, alas ! we should see thee no more." 188

"Dear parents," said she, "many hazards I run,
To fetch home my love, and your dutiful son ;
Receive him with joy, for, 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth, he's enough of his own." 182

Her father replied, and he merrily smiled,
"He's brought home enough, as he's brought home my child,
A thousand times welcome you are, I declare,
Whose presence disperses both sorrow and care." 196

Full seven long days in feasting they spent ;
The bells in the steeple they merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestowed on the poor,—
The like of this wedding was never before ! 200

XXIV.

The Men of Kent and Kentish Men.

THE men of *Kent*, and *Kentish* men,
 And men from *Sussex*, too, sir,
 Ne'er yet were beat, because they're bold,
 And brave, and stout, and true, sir. 4
 They hate deceit, their hearts are true,
 And liberty they love, sir ;¹
 And what they once set off to do,
 You may consider done, sir. 8

THE above fragment occurred in an address delivered by Mr. Alfred Simmons to the Kent and Sussex Agricultural Labourers' Union, and was reported in the *Kent and Sussex Times* of June 29th, 1878. Mr. Simmons informed the Editor he "got the lines in boyhood from somewhere or the other, but from where he could not say," and he was not sure if they were quite correct, as they had been resting in his memory so long. We much regret we have been unable to obtain any further information regarding these lines, or the source from which they were taken. The song in praise of "The Men of Kent, and Kentish Men," should naturally be accompanied by a lyrical celebration of the charms of "The Maids of Kent;" and the enthusiasm of the writer of the following modern piece may be pardoned, when it is remembered that he hails from Greenwich, the birth-place of that redoubtable Kentish Maiden "Good Queen Bess."

¹ One line, at least, is incorrectly given, *viz.* the sixth, which ought to run thus :
 And Liberty they've won, Sir.

On a later page we shall arrive at a Faversham Carolingian Song, which tells of both Kentish men and Men of Kent.

XXV.

The Maids of Kent.

[*The Greenwich Gazette*, 20 April, 1839.]

THE maids of *Kent*, the maids of *Kent*—
 The pencil hath no art
 To shadow forth in all their grace
 These idols of the heart. 4
 With eyes lit up at beauty's shrine,
 Like *Venus* from the sea ;
 They rise, the *Nereides* of the land,
 O, the maids of *Kent* for me ! 8

I watch them where the *Medway* rolls
 On to the northern sea ;
 Where *Darent* sings, in cadence wild,
 His gurgling minstrelsy. 12
 On hill, on vale, on lowland soft,
 By woodland, and by lea,
 The fairest flowers that earth can yield—
 O, the maids of *Kent* for me ! 16

They say *Circassian* brows are fair,
 They praise the starry eye,
 To which the firefly's fitful light
 Must pale its radiancy : 20
 They talk of tresses like the morn,
 All waving bright and free ;
 But other forms are fairer still—
 O, the maids of *Kent* for me ! 24

- I know where *Arno's* torrent winds
 Along *Florentine* vales ;
For thither come *Italian* maids,
 To seek the sylvan dales. 28
There swells the trump in cadence loud,
 The harp in softer strain,
And heaven flings back the tones to earth,
 And earth to heaven again. 32
- Place me in some lone isle afar,
 Where changeless verdure gleams ;
Nor clouds nor tempests ever cast
 Their shadows on the streams— 36
Surrounded by a thousand forms
 Of Syren witchery ;
My changeless fancy still would sing,
 O, the maids of *Kent* for me ! 40
- The maids of *Kent* ! the maids of *Kent* !
 O, language hath no art
To picture to the poet's mind
 These idols of the heart ! 44
On hill or vale, by stream, by fount,
 By woodland, and by lea—
Who will of summer's forms may sing—
 O, the maids of *Kent* for me ! 48

RICHARD RUEGG, GREENWICH.



XXVI.

There was a mayde come out of Kent.

THERE was a mayde come out of *Kent*,
 Deintie love, deintie love,
 There was a mayde cam out of *Kent*,
 Daungerous be : 4
 There was a mayde cam out of *Kent*,
 Fayre, propre, small and gent,
 As ever upon the grounde went,
 For so should it be. 8

THIS very early fragment is given in the *Dissertation on Ancient Songs and Music* in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads* (Hazlitt's edition, pp. lxxii-lxxiii), as forming one of the scraps of songs occurring in 'a very mery and pythie commodie,' entitled "*The longer thou livest the more foole thou art ; a myrrour very necessarie for youth, and specially for such as are likely to come to dignitie and promotion, . . . newly compiled by W. Wager, printed in London, in 4to. in black letter, about 1575.*" Mr. Ebsworth¹ considers its date to be "very probably (almost certainly) before 1568," and Ritson believed most or perhaps all of the fragments (amongst which is the above) given by *Moros* in the piece, "counterfaiting a vain gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songes AS FOOLES WERE WONT," to have been at that time old.

¹ There is, indeed, some likelihood of his collecting into one volume for the Ballad Society, at no very distant date, the whole of the extant fragments, from early MSS. and printed plays. Already, considerable progress has been made in such an undertaking ; but Art is long, Life is short, and many a student in both hemispheres waits to welcome the completion of other Ballad Collections by the Society before this one can be brought into circulation. Is it to slip into the *limbo* of unaccomplished intentions? We hope not. The promise is given of all the now-scattered allusions to early ditties being thus chronologically arranged, and the ballads identified, where any fragments or complete transcripts remain. As Matthew Arnold's Scholar-Gipsy says: "But it needs happy moments for such skill." For Kent, we try our share: "The Garden of England" having too long been left without its own "Garland."

XXVII.

An Ode.

THE patriotism of the following Ode¹ should commend it to every Kentish reader. The natural charms of the county, and the native worth of its inhabitants, are proudly rehearsed; the verse especially devoted to describing the unyielding and dauntless character of the Kentish race, introduces a not inapt illustration of these qualities in the person of Queen Elizabeth:

That mighty She, who did her Sex adorn,

exclaims the writer, whose homage is perfectly cool and measured when compared with that entertained by Fuller, who considered her "whilst living, the first maid on earth; and, when dead, the second in heaven."—[*Life of Queen Elizabeth*, in his *Holy State*, Book iv. chap. xv.]

¹ John Barret, the composer of the following "Ode, performed at Merchant-Taylors' Hall," November 21st, 1700, was in high repute as an organist in London, and a favourite musician among convivial and theatrical societies, for many years. He had been a pupil of Dr. John Blow, and many of his compositions are extant, some in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, others in Walsh's *Musical Miscellany*, etc. Among his songs may be mentioned the air of "When he holds up his hand," to Gay's words in "The Beggars' Opera," 1727: an exception to the general rule that only old and popular ballad tunes were to be used—a daring experiment, crowned with supreme success, and imitated for several years by a score of play-wrights and managers.

The probability is great that it was *this* Ode, and not the later one (evidently suggested by it), on a following page, 169, which had been written by Pierre Antoine Motteux. We have not at hand the means of deciding the question; but the date seems to favour our supposition, and the similarity of the two Odes may have caused the mistake. Of course, it is possible that he may have written both, and the 1784 reprint represents a much earlier edition.—J.W.E.

An Ode.

Performed at the Anniversary Feast of the Gentlemen
 Patrons of the County of Kent, at Merchant-
 Taylors-Hall, Nov. 21, 1700.

SET TO MUSICK BY MR. BARRET.

HARK, Musick, hark! Melodious Sounds are made :
 A Noble Theme, in moving Numbers laid,
 Is to our Sence by moving Notes convey'd.
Apollo takes his Harp and plays : 4
 The God of Music sings the Praise
 Of *Kent*, the Darling of his Rays.

“ Fair Land, that glads my wondring Eye,
 While round the Spacious Orb I fly, 8
 Proud of my Lustre here I view
 The Sprightly products of my Rays in you.

Upon thy fertile sides
 The *Thames* with Plenty loaded glides, 12
 Inriching thee with tributary Tydes.
Britain's Glory, Safety, Trade,
 Within thy *Medway's* Arms are laid,
 And *Kent* is *England's* Bulwark made. 16

By thee her Fleets protected are,
 By thee are furnish'd out for War :
 In Peace, secur'd within thy Land,
 In War, by thee are bravely mann'd. 20

The Goddess of the *British* Isle,
 Fair Liberty, on Thee does smile.
 Thy Lands Exempt from all Despotick sway,
 Their ancient Patrons ne'r betray : 24
 By long Succession sure,
 Riches and Titles here endure ;
 But Vertues with Estates come down,
 And from the Father bless the Son. 28

[This next part, down to the Grand Chorus, was not set ; lest the Entertainment
 should be too long.]

No wonder Vertues there abound,
 Since *Britain* first was bless'd,
 And with the Noblest Worship grac'd
 On this Religious Ground. 32
 Blest Land, Propt by thy ruling Pow'rs,
 The Saving Cross was fixt on thy exalted Tow'rs.

There Justice, Freedom, Plenty, Ease,
 The Pride of War, and Joys of Peace, 36
 And ev'ry Good are found :
Kent with its ancient Honours great,
 Itself a Kingdom and a State,
 With ev'ry Bliss is crown'd. 40

Ye Gen'rous Offspring of a Noble Land,
 Still ev'ry heart command ;
 Still ev'ry Year your Minutes thus employ,
 And let your Goodness be diffusive as your joy. 44

There Nature plac'd you to oppose
 And awe *Brittania's* Neighbouring Foes ;
 Of Freedom fond, untaught to yield,
 The first to take, and last to quit the Field. 48
 That Mighty She, who did her Sex adorn,
 The Great *Elisa* here was Born.

The very Swain here like a Noble lives,	
Blest in the Sweets that Freedom gives ;	52
Blest in the best of Representatives.	
Thus may ye yearly hither throng,	
Like Them your Joys improve ;	
Still help each other, rear the young,	56
And still promote Society and Love.	

Grand Chorus.

Rejoyce, Brave Sons of <i>Kent</i> ,	
Hail ! Crown'd with loud Applause,	
Guard what your Fathers fixt of old,	60
Our Altars and our Laws.	
Guard what your Fathers fixt of old,	
When early pious, wisely bold,	
The Conqu'ror they Controul'd.	64

Finis.



XXVIII.

Ode in Praise of Kent.

THE "Sweet Melody" of this Ode echoes the "Melodious Sounds" of its predecessor in sounding forth the praises of Kent. There are two topics which appear to be nearly as impossible for any county song-writer to avoid, as it is for Gad's-hill to be mentioned without Shakespeare and Dickens simultaneously entering one's mind—William the Conqueror in his relation with the Kentishmen, and the praises of Queen Elizabeth. The composer, avoiding the latter, recites the deeds of the former with becoming energy, and at considerable length. The author of this Ode is stated by Mr. A. J. Dunkin to have been Motteux.

Our two Odes would most decidedly have received the censure of Grose, who considered (we believe erroneously) the proverb of "Neither in Kent nor Christendom" was intended "as an ironical reproof to the good people of Kent, for over-rating the importance of their county" (*Provincial Glossary and Local Proverbs*, ed. 1811, p. 72). As some defence in the eyes of non-Kentish readers for the warmth of our Odes on "Kent with its ancient Honours great," we reproduce from Dunkin's *Topographical Survey, or History of the several Lathes and Hundreds in the County of Kent* (p. 17), a somewhat lengthy note on the County's proud prerogative of always forming the van in battle:—"Againe for this honour of the Kentish in hauing the foremost place in euery battell, he deliueus thus much out of an old Author, who writ in Latine about the time of *Henry* the second. Which by him is likewise thus taught to speake English (*Jo. Sarisbur. de Nugis Curial.*, lib. vi. cap. 18). What performance King *Cnut* did among the Danes and Norwegians by English valour, is apparant in that vntill this day, the Kentish men for their singular vertue then showne, haue prerogatiue alwayes to bee in the Vantgard : as Wiltshire, Deuonshire, and Cornwall in the Rere. And further for the prowess of the Kentish men, will it please you reade a peece out of *Camden*, the like in effect, as before. The same commendation of ciuillitie and curtesie

(saith he) which *Cesar* in old time gaue the Inhabitants of *Kent*, is yet of right due vnto them: that I may not speake of their warlike prowesse, whereas a certaine Monke hath written; How the *Kentishmen* so farre excelled, that when our armies are ready to ioyne battell, they of all *Englishmen* are worthily placed in the front, as being reputed the most valiant and resolute souldiers. Which *Iohn* of *Salisbury* verifieth also in his *Polycraticon*. For good desert (saith he) of that notable valour which *Kent* shewed so puissantly, and patiently against the *Danes*, it retaineth still vnto these dayes, in all battells, the honour of the first and fore-ward, yea, and of the first conflict with the enemy. In praise of whom *William* of *Malmesbury* hath likewise written thus. The countrey people and the Towne-dwellers of *Kent*, aboue all *Englishmen* retaine still the resent of their ancient worthinesse. And as they are most forward, and readier to giue honour and entertainment to others, so they are more slow to take reuenge vpon others.—*Ap. Weever*, pp. 346-347." As to the latter part of Kent's claim to have been "early pious, early great," the following opinion regarding its civilization at the period preceding the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, is expressed by the eminent antiquary Thomas Wright, in his essay *On Anglo-Saxon Antiquities; Faussett Collection*:—"The Kentish graves, abounding in ornaments of gold and silver and other jewellery, and containing many articles indicating social refinement, show a people who were rich and powerful, far more so than the other Anglo-Saxon states, where the precious metals are rarely found, and the gold ornaments are replaced by gilt bronze; and this explains to us the high position held by Kent towards the other states at the dawn of our Anglo-Saxon history. Cowrie shells, brought from the Indian Ocean, money from Constantinople and from France, glass from the interior of Germany, all these prove an extensive commerce, the origin and accompaniment of national prosperity." (*Essays on Archaeological Subjects*, vol. i. p. 162.)

Note.—A few words on Pierre Antoine Motteux may well be added here, to introduce the Ode which he wrote so fluently in his adopted language. To modern readers he is chiefly known through his translation of *Don Quixote*, which displaced Thomas Shelton's, of 1652, and held popularity until it was in turn supplanted by the less accurate version of Tobias Smollett, 1755. Several of Motteux's dramatic trifles won public favour. Among them are "Love's a Jest," 1696; "The Loves of Mars and Venus;" and "Novelty," an odd jumble, each act being a distinct play; and "Europe's Revels," 1697; "Beauty in Distress;" "The Island Princess" (adapted from John Fletcher's), with a Masque of "The Four Seasons," 1699; "Acis and Galatea," 1701; "Britain's Happiness," 1704; "Arsinoe," and "The Amorous Miser," 1705; "The Temple of Love," 1706; "Thomyris," 1707; and "Love's Triumph," 1708. Born in 1660, and arriving in England in early manhood, about 1685, he seems to have secured a circle of friends and admirers, until his death in 1714. His memoirs deserved to have been written more fully than existing records will now permit a later generation to accomplish.—J. W. E.

[From *The Kentish Songster*, 3rd edition, Canterbury, 1784.]

Ode in Praise of Kent.

SWEET Melody ! the charm repeat !
 We watch the birth of sound ;
 To please the mind's a feast complete ;
 Kent's sons must ev'ry way with harmony be crown'd. 4
 Again inform the willing lyre
 With notes that might *Apollo* charm,
 Sweet and prevailing, like his fire,
 That please and melt us as they warm. 8

 Along thy fertile sides,
 The swelling *Thames*, with plenty loaded, glides,
 Enriching thee with tributary tides,
 Safe there, and in thy *Medway's* wat'ry bed, 12
 The floating guard of *Britain's* wealth and trade,
 In state triumphant rides.
 Her fleets their being owe to thee ;
 Thou her sure bulwark ; *Europe's* she. 16

Nor dost thou raise those giant frames alone,
 (Whose pow'r e'en *Neptune's* self must own :)
 To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls ;
 Thou fill'st those bodies with heroic souls ; 20
 They journey with the sun, they join each hemisphere,
 And spread alike thy pow'r and blessings everywhere.
 So well set out for peace or war,
 What may not *Albion* dare ? 24

Sweet Liberty, thy *Briton's* boast,
 To thy sons indulgent most,
 Bids here succession be secure,
 And titles still endure : 28

For virtues with estates come down,
 And from the father bless the son.

Great souls, with plenty rais'd, aspire :
 A gen'rous spirit, e'en in swains, 32
 Enlarg'd with ease and freedom, reigns,

That heav'nly double gift, the food of manly fire.
 The blessing flows, as pleasure glides with health,
 From thy reviving springs ; 36

And shar'd by all the happy subjects' wealth,
 Here magnifies the kings.

Kent early pious, early great,
 Fair *Albion's* front, her awful head, 40
 Her neighbour's envy, wish and dread :

Thyself a royal state !
 All rock, all fortress, to their sight ;
 To thy blest sons, all *Eden*, all delight ! 44

While fond of thee, untaught to yield,
 They're first to take, and last to quit, the field :
 Secure the eastern world you face,
 Nor can the greater mate the less. 48

The first great *William*, fortunate and brave,
 Who came to conquer, as the last to save,
 When on to *Kent* with victor troops he rode,
 Late of a thousand ships the load, 52
Britain, which he who half the world could awe,
 Great *Cæsar*, little more than saw,

Bow'd to the *Norman* law.
 The sons of *Kent* alone the tide withstood ; 56
 Of right tenacious, singular in good ;
 Unshaken, tho' the only unsubdu'd.

In arms collected, all agree
To live and die, like their great fathers, free. 60
Grasp'd with one hand, the threat'ning steel they sway'd ;
The other, verdant boughs display'd.
In dire array, thus dreadful from afar,
Invasion's living bar, 64
On the brow of the threaten'd land,
The moving forest made a dreadful stand.
The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful sight,
So equal both for friendship, or for fight, 68
A parley sounds : pleas'd even in foes to see
Spirits so worthy to be free.
They come, they answer'd, negligent of life,
By friendly peace, and generous strife, 72
To claim their dearer liberty and right.
" Undaunted race," the hero cry'd,
" Such virtue cannot be deny'd ;
Take more from me than foes can claim, 76
My friendship ; nay, my conqu'ror's name ;
Thus to your rights, and valour true,
'Tis more like you to dare than kingdoms to subdue."



XXIX.

The Pleasant Fields of Kent.

“**THE Pleasant Fields of Kent**”—in these degenerate days when patriotism is looked upon as a species of narrow-mindedness—are lucky in finding such a sympathetic laureate as W. C. Bennett. As a lover and bard of his native county he is no unworthy descendant of the Fletchers and Christopher Smart, and the town of Greenwich may proudly add his name to the numerous others she has contributed to the long roll of Kentish Worthies, and must gratefully acknowledge the affection he shows her.

O *Kent* has many a town, and many
 A pleasant village, by stream and sea ;
 But O, more pleasant, more dear than any,
 Is my native town where I dwell to me,
 And leafy *Greenwich*, green pleasant *Greenwich*,
 Dear to my heart will it ever be.
 (*My Native Town.*)

The Pleasant Fields of Kent reminds us in rhythmical plaintiveness and patriotism of *The Wearing of the Green*, to whose air it fits admirably. The Kentish Emigrant, coming from one of the loveliest parts of Kent, laments his severance from his native county with an affection which almost seems peculiar to West Kent; for one of that division is almost inconsolable when parted from his birthplace, and his dearest wish is to return, even in extreme old age, to the scenes of his youth.

We see this home-sickness exhibited by the Kentish soldier, writing *From the Front* to his sweetheart :

Oh, how to-day, in marching through scrub and burnt-up plain,
My heart was filled with yearning for *Maidstone's* fields again ;
And here, as tired I'm dreaming in my distant sultry tent,
How I'm longing for you, darling, and the blossoms of our *Kent*.
(W. C. Bennett's *Songs for Soldiers*.)

And the mingled voices of patriotism and ambition are for a moment almost drowned in the breast of the chivalrous Sir Thomas Wyatt, by the reflection :

Ah, gray old castle of *Alington*, green field
Beside the brimming *Medway*, it may chance
That I shall never look upon you more.
(Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, Act ii. scene 1.)

Let us hope the parting of the Kentish Emigrant from his native shores was not life-long, and that he returned a prosperous man to the pleasant fields of Kent.

[W. C. Bennett's *Poems*, London, 1862, p. 322.]

The Pleasant Fields of Kent.

An Emigrant Song.

O *KENT'S* a pleasant country, and how heavy is his heart
 Who from her breezy hills and downs and meadows
 must depart ;
 Who across the heaving ocean, to seek a home, is sent
 Far, Far, from dear old *England*, and the pleasant fields of
Kent. 4

Fair *Surrey*, it has grassy hills, and *Berkshire's* lanes are
 green ;
 But of all the counties *England* holds, our *Kent* it is the
 queen ;
 And never one of all her sons far from her ever went
 Without a heavy heart to leave the pleasant fields of *Kent*. 8

Green *Maidstone*, it has orchards sweet, and *Farleigh* it has
 hops,
 And grassy fields by *Medway's* banks full many a white
 sheep crops ;
 But from *Maidstone's* blooming orchards, and from *Far-*
leigh's hop-fields sent,
 I shall see no more the *Medway* flow through the green
 fields of *Kent*. 12

O *Lenham*, it has pleasant woods ! dear to my heart are
they,
For there I've natted, when a boy, full many an autumn day ;
But never more a day by me will in *Lenham's* woods be
spent,
For I am sailing o'er the sea, far from the woods of *Kent* ! 16

How pleasant are the *Medway's* banks—its waters flowing
clear,
And the cottage by its grassy side, where I dwelt for many
a year ;
But on far *Australia's* streamless plains my last years must
be spent,
Far from the *Medway's* pleasant side, and the winding
streams of *Kent*. 20

O *Kent* ! the sigh is on my lip, the tear is in my eye,
To think no more my longing eyes will see you ere I die ;
Yet, with brave heart in my new land, I'll strive to win con-
tent,
But often will my thoughts be yours, O my own pleasant
Kent. 24



XXX.

The Goodhurst Garland.

THE following ballad must have been very popular at rustic merry-makings, the 'lilt' of the words making it admirably adapted for singing (in despite of its extreme length), while it treats of two of the most popular classes in Kentish country songs — sailors and farmers. The avowal of the farmer's daughter in the third verse,

A Sailor I don't admire,
because they travel to foreign parts,

differs from the opinions of the damsels in any other Kentish song with which we are acquainted, as (excepting the lady who afterwards repented, and had the tables so signally turned on her, by her former lover, *The Young Sailor from Dover*), they unanimously reply to the question, *Would you be a Sailor's Wife?* with W. C. Bennett's heroine,

Whate'er betide,
A sailor's wife I'll be ;
For whether the land or deck be trod,
All lie at last beneath wave or sod,
And all are in the hand of God—
A sailor's wife I'll be.

(*Songs for Sailors*, p. 42.)

[Douce Collection, III. 35 verso.]

The Goodhurst Garland

(The Fortunate Sailor and the Farmer's Daughter in the County
of Kent).

In Three Parts.¹

Part I.

A SAILOR courted a Farmer's Daughter,
 Whose living was in the *Wild*² of *Kent* ;
 But mark, I pray, what followed after,
 He waited long ere she gave Consent : 4
 By constant Courting, and great Reporting
 Strange Things concerning the Ocean wide ;
 Said he, " My sweeting, at this bles'd meeting,
 O ! give Consent to be my Bride.³ 8

¹ The only other printed copy accessible at present is a British Museum Chap-book (collated), entitled "*The Fortunate Sailor, and the Farmer's Daughter, in the County of Kent. A Love-Song. In Three Parts.* Falkirk, printed in the year 1821." There is also a manuscript copy of earlier date than the Falkirk Chap-book ; all the more valuable as being in the handwriting of the late George R. Kinloch, the Scottish antiquary and collector of traditional ballads, whose extensive collection of MSS. ought to be, if possible, preserved intact for his native land, and not scattered on both sides of the Atlantic. His version is from the second volume of *A Collection of Curious Old Songs, from Tradition : and which have probably never been in Print.* Edinburgh, 1820. (As to a very large number of them, J.B.'s belief in their being unprinted was an erroneous assumption.) He gives only one hundred and sixty lines out of the two hundred and eight.—J.W.E.

² The old country term for the *Weald of Kent*. Goodhurst is near Cranbrook.

³ The next verse is omitted from the Kinloch MS.

" I must acknowledge I do adore thee,
 With all the tender respects of Love ;
 None ever conquer'd my Heart before thee,
 Whom I admire and prize above. 12
 Then, richest Jewel, then be not cruel,
 But lay that angry frown aside ;
 And my dear sweeting, at this bless'd meeting, &c. 16

Said she, " A Sailor I don't admire,
 Because they travel to foreign Parts ;
 The more their Company we desire,
 The more they leave us with aching Hearts, 20
 And we lament with sad Vexation ;¹
 Therefore I pray now be satisfy'd :
 But my dear sweeting, &c. 24

" Be not disturb'd at that vain notion,
 For I'll not often afflict thee so ;
 Once more I reckon to sail the Ocean,²
 Because, my Love, I'm oblig'd to go, 28
 To serve the Nation, in this my Station,
 But which, ere long, I will lay aside :
 But, my dear Sweeting, &c. 32

" After the Death of my loving Mother,³
 I shall be blest with a fair Estate,
 And thee, my Jewel, above all others,
 I have made Choice of, to be my Mate : 36
 Let me but gain thee, and I'll maintain thee,
 With Joy and Pleasure on every side :
 Therefore, my sweeting, &c. 40

¹ We regain the true line in the Kinloch MS.,
 " With lamentation and sad vexation ;
 Therefore I pray you be satisfied."

² The Kinloch MS. reads, " Once more I intend for to cross the ocean."

³ Lines 33 to 40 are not in the Scottish MS.

" Although I seem like a private Sailor,
Yet ne'ertheless, I declare my Dear,¹
My Father he was a Merchant-Taylor,
And left me seven-score Pounds a year : 44
A fair beginning, silk, lace, and Linnen,
For thee, my Jewel, I will provide ;
Therefore, my Sweeting, at this bless'd meeting, &c.² 48

" When once I come to the Possession
Of my inheritance, never fear,
But I'll account it the best Discretion
To stay at Home, and enjoy my Dear, 52
With Peace and Pleasure, in midst of Treasure,
Taking my leave of the Ocean wide :
Therefore, my Sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,
O ! give consent for to be my Bride." 56

When he had told this pleasant story,
Then she had no Power to say him nay ;
Thinking herself in the height of Glory,
Unto the Sailor she thus did say : 60
" Thou'st gain'd my Favour and love for ever,
Therefore, my dearest, be satisfy'd ;³
But dear sweeting, at this bless'd, &c. 64

Quoth he, " My promise shall not be broken,
As long as I have a Day to live ;
And take this ring as a faithful token,
Which as a Pledge⁴ of love I give. 68

¹ The Scottish MS. also rightly gives this : " Yet ne'ertheless I declare, my Dear." The Falkirk copy reads, " declare to thee."

² Lines 49 to 56 are not in the MS.

³ Scottish MS., spolling the rhyme, reads, " Though I am not fourteen years old." Juliet, of the Veronese Capuletti, was equally young.

⁴ The Falkirk copy has " token " for " pledge " here.

I'll wed thee fairly, and love thee dearly,
 When I return from the Ocean wide :
 To thee ¹ dear Sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,
 For thou shalt be my lawful Bride." 72

Part II.

UNTO his Mother it was reported,
 Before he e'er could get on Board,
 That he the Farmer's Daughter courted,
 Whose Friends and Parents could not afford 76
 To give a portion. At this strange Notion
 His Mother to him in a Passion run,
 And cry'd, " Forsake her, if for wife you take her,
 I'll never own you to be my son. 80

" What ! will you take one ² with ne'er a Penny,
 A Farmer's Daughter, as I am told,
 Though you have got the Choice of many,
 Both of Birth and Breeding and store of Gold, 84
 In *London City* ? Methinks 'tis pity
 That thus my Riches should to ruin run :
 I pray forsake her ; if for wife you take [her]
 I'll never own you to be my son. 88

" There's Mistress *Susan*, of charming Beauty,
 That has five hundred Pounds I know ;
 I charge you therefore, upon your Duty,
 That you a-wooing to her go ; 92
 Pray please your Mother, and quit the other :
 Why should your treasure to ruin run ? ³
 Be sure forsake her, [if your wife you make her
 I'll never own you to be my Son]. 96

¹ The Scottish MS. reads, " Since, my dear Sweeting," instead of the involved Chap-book form, " To thee, dear Sweeting, at this bless'd meeting, Thou'st giv'n consent for to be my Bride."

² MS. reads " wed one."

³ Scottish MS. has " Why are you willing to be undone ? I pray, forsake her," etc. ; instead of, as here, leaving these words to the following verse.

" You may have *Nancy, William's* Cousin,
 A wealthy Damsel, of Beauty Bright ;
 Nay, I could mention at least a Dozen,
 That in your Company take delight : 100
 Cannot those please you ? Does madness seize you ?
 How ! are you willing to be undone ?
 I pray forsake her ; if, &c. 104

" What makes you in a Passion, Mother ?
 I must needs tell you, are come too late :
 I love my Jewel above all other
 That you may bring, though never so great. 108
 For she is my Honey, a Fig for your Money,
 She has my [love and] Affection won :¹
 I'll ne'er forsake [her] but my [wife I'll make her,
 Though you disown me to be your Son].² 112

" I ever honour'd my tender parents,
 And this I hope I can fairly prove :
 Then why should you threaten to be at Variance,
 Because I'd marry the Girl I love ? 116
 Although you flout me, abhor, and hate me,
 I will finish what is so well begun ;
 I will ne'er forsake her, &c. 120

" Fair youthful Beauties are often winning,
 And Men's fond Hearts are soon betray'd ;
 Dear Mother, think of your own Beginning,
 My Father took you³ a servant Maid : 124
 Then don't dispraise her, I mean to raise her,
 As my [dear] Father by you has done ;
 I will ne'er forsake her, &c.⁴ 128

¹ In MS., "I joy to think that her love I've won."

² The next verse is omitted from MS., viz. lines 113 to 120.

³ MS. reads, "When my Father took you, his Servant-maid."

⁴ MS. reads, "but my wife," *passim*. But it wholly omits the next verse, which is given.

" These eight long years I have sail'd the Ocean,
 And then for love to her I did go ;
 I never enquired about her Portion,
 She may have money for ought I know : 132
 But have or have not, she is my Lot,
 I joy to think that her love I have won ;
 I will ne'er forsake her, &c. 136

" The Farmer's Daughter I have been courting ;
 Though ¹ I should marry her out of hand,
 You cannot hinder me of my Fortune,
 As being Heir to my Father's Land : 140
 When I that Blessing shall have in possessing,
 I will never travel as I have done ;
 With her ² I'll tarry, and soon will marry,
 Though you disown me to be your son." 144

The sailor's Mother, like one distracted,
 Then smote her Breast, and tore her Hair,
 Crying, " Since he had such Love contracted,
 She'd never come in his Presence more." ³ 148
 He cry'd, " Dear Mother, your Passion smother,
 For I cannot from my Promise run :
 I will never forsake her, but my Wife make her,
 Though you disown me to be your son." 152

Part III.

The Farmer hearing of this Conclusion,
 And that his Daughter was slighted so
 By [t]his harsh Mother, then, in Conclusion,
 He let the jovial Sailor know, 156

¹ MS. reads, " And though I marry her," etc.

² MS. has, " But with her I'll tarry, when I do marry."

³ The MS. *Scottifies* this by reading " She tore her hair " and " presence mair."

That if he would tarry at home and marry,
 A spacious Farm he would give him free,¹
 For Plowing, Mowing, Reaping and Sowing :
 he had no Child in the World but she. 160

The noble sailor² soon consented
 To quit the troubled Ocean wide ;
 Her friends and he they were well contented,
 They would in Pomp to his Mother's ride. 164
 Their gay Attires, like Knights and Squires,
 They made a tearing³ and splendid shew,⁴
 He told his Mother he had brought another :
 The Farmer's Daughter she did not know. 168

Amongst a Million of charming Faces,
 The like of her's you ne'er behold ;
 Her Garb was Sattin, with rich Laces,
 And round her Neck⁵ a Chain of Gold ! 172
 "Transparent Beauty ! my Son, thy Duty
 Thou hast observ'd, I needs must say."
 Still as she view'd her, she did conclude her
 To be no less than a Lady gay. 176

¹ The Scottish MS. reads, mistakenly, "Of spacious farms he would give him *three*."

² MS. continues to call him "The jolly Sailor ;" and reads, "to leave the toil of the ocean wide."

³ 'Tearing' is to this day a common provincialism in Kent, signifying *tremendous, excessive*. I have often heard it used in the Isle of Thanet, thus : "He got into a *tearing* rage." It is evidently used in this sense in the ballad. Though it is mentioned in neither Grose's *Glossary* nor Pegge's *Alphabet of Kenticisms*, it is a common county expression.—J.H.L. DeV.

⁴ The MS. (losing the Anglicism or Kentism, "tearing") reads :

"In gay attires, like Knights and Squires,
 they made a joyous gaudy show.

He told his Mother he had wed another : " etc.

⁵ MS. agrees with this. The Garland reads, "And round her neck a fine chain of gold."

Next Day as soon as they were marry'd,¹
 His Mother said to him with a cheerful Voice,
 "I'm glad all Things are so fairly carry'd,
 I never liked your Farmer's Choice ; 180
 'Twould have been your ruin, and sad Undoing,
 If you had took her,² I make bold to say :
 Come Love and Treasure, bring Joy and Pleasure,
 I am glad you have married a Lady gay." 184

With that the jolly brave Farmer told her,
 This Lady sprung from the painful Plow,
 "Although," said he, "in Silks you behold her,
 Yet what can you say against her now ? 188
 Pray cause no Fraction, nor make Distraction,
 But love them both as they may agree ;
 And do not harm her, for I am a Farmer,
 And have no Child in the World but she." 192

That very Minute, upon the Table,
 Out of his Bag he immediately pours
 Two Hundred Guineas,³ and said, "I am able
 To give my Daughter as many more." ⁴ 196

¹ MS. reads, certainly in error, "When dinner was served and all was over ;" thus losing the rhyme, while preserving "carried." Altogether, the Falkirk chap-book version shows clear signs of having been a reprint, with only tolerable correctness, from a much earlier Kentish version, of the previous century, probably before 1790.

² MS. has, "She would have been your ruin . . . If you had wed her, I'm bold to say, And golden treasure brings joy and pleasure, I'm glad you've wed," etc.

³ MS. is much more liberal with dowry : it has "Five thousand pounds."

⁴ Instead of the twelve lines, 197 to 208, the MS. gives only these four :

"The farmer's treasure brought joy and pleasure,
 the music played with a cheerful sound ;
 You would have laugh'd had you but seen
 the old wife trotting a Curtsey round."

This ends the piece. It is more probable that the manuscript is a traditional condensation, than that the longer version had been extended without warrant.

This pleas'd his Mother above all other,
 Who said, "I am glad the knot is ty'd ;
 When first he sought her, I never thought her
 To be so beautiful a Bride." 200

Then there was nothing but joy between them,
 The musick play'd a most chearful sound !
 You would have laugh'd if you had seen them,
 The old Wife trotting the *Cheshire* round. 204
 The Farmer's treasure brought peace and pleasure,
 All grief and sorrow bid adieu ;
 His Mother kiss'd her, and often blest her,
 You see what Silver and Gold can do ! 208

finis.

The allusion in line 204 has been lost in the Scottish MS., for "the *Cheshire Round*" was a distinct country dance ; to which reference is made in old books. The tune is given in the *Dancing Master*, eleventh edition, in Walsh's, and in the ballad-opera of *Polly*, etc. *Hudibras Redivivus*, vol. ii. part 4, has this :

"The fiddlers with their chaplets crown'd,
 Now gave the mob a *Cheshire-round*,
 To which a sloven pav'd the floor,
 And us'd the same steps o'er and o'er."

Dogget, the actor who founded the Thames Watermen's "coat and badge race of the glorious first of August," is represented dancing the *Cheshire Round*. It was extremely popular as a tune from 1691 to 1715.—J.W.E.



XXXI.

On the dreadful Hurricane in Kent, Aug. 19, 1763.

THE following piece describes one of the most terrible storms ever experienced in Kent, which was duly entered in the Hunton parish register: "1763. On the nineteenth day of August this year, happened a much greater storm of thunder, wind, hail, and rain, than that in the year forty-six; the hailstones being six and seven inches round." The other gale with which comparison is made was thus entered: "1746. On Midsummer Day this year, happened the greatest storm of thunder and lightning, wind and rain, was ever known in the memory of man." The following description of the ravages of the storm in 1763 was given by the Rev. Mark Noble, Rector of Barming,¹ "from notes made by an intelligent person, who was one of the sufferers," and has appeared in the *History of London and its Environs* (Kent, p. 314), and Brayley's *Beauties of England and Wales* (vol. viii. Kent, pp. 1230-1231):

On Friday, August 19, 1763, a storm arose at sea, off the Sussex coast. The morning was still, with scarcely a breeze of air; and so excessively hot, that it was suffocating. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, a black cloud arose towards the west; soon after which the wind blew an hurricane: the clouds came on with amazing velocity, throwing out in their course dreadful flashes of lightning; and the thunder was almost one continued roar. About half-past eleven, the rain poured in torrents, and in a few minutes was intermixed with some detached hailstones, which were very large, as introductory of what were to follow: the hail, wind, lightning and thunder, soon came on so furiously, that all was one dreadful scene of horror. The boughs, branches, and leaves of trees, broken and stript off, flying in the wind, still more darkened the air; the tiles and windows rattling, and dashing to pieces; trees torn up, and falling,

¹ Mark Noble is chiefly remembered now for his quiet and well-intended *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, two vols. 8vo. 1784, which contains his own portrait in vol. i. He had then left Kent, and was Rector of Baddesley-Clinton, and Vicar of Packwood, both in Warwickshire.—J. W. E.

struck all with a terror not easily to be expressed ; some running distractedly about, wringing their hands, while others stood like inanimate beings. The storm lasted about half an hour. What a scene ensued ! An universal desolation everywhere presented itself : some houses filled with water ; others, with their barns, blown down ; roofs and walls shattered ; the windows quite destroyed : the waters roaring in torrents down the streets, plowing up the stones in their course, and leaving deep chasms ; the surface of the earth covered with the prodigious hail-stones and water ; corn, fruit, and hops destroyed ; the fields and hop-gardens everywhere disfigured ; trenches formed by the rushing water ; the roots of the hops bared, and the poles thrown down in all directions ; heaps of stone and sand driven through the hedges ; boughs and branches scattered ; the fruit-trees stripped of their bark. The smaller animals, such as hares, pheasants, and other game, lay dead in the fields ; and a large hog was killed by the hail upon Barming Heath. The larger quadrupeds, endowed with superior instinct, saw their danger ; horses, bullocks, and sheep ran, and sheltered themselves from the coming storm. In Maidstone, on one side of the High Street, not only the glass, but the lead and frames, of the windows, were forced in and destroyed, particularly by the hail. It was like fragments of ice, and of very irregular shapes : at Barming, one piece was taken up formed like an oyster ; Sir Philip Boteler measured, and found it nine inches round at the extremity : and even ten days after, some hailstones were taken up four inches and a half in circumference. One of the largest struck the stile of an horizontal post-dial of brass, and bent it near thirty degrees towards the east. Posts, bars, and gates had deep impressions from them. They were of different shapes ; some flat, irregular, and very much jagged ; others an assemblage of pieces of ice ; whilst a few were globular, with a small cavity in the centre ; and if they were held together, they immediately froze, and were not easily separated. The storm commenced in this county at Tunbridge Wells, whilst the people were at prayers in the chapel, and passed quite across to Sheerness, a distance of forty miles, its breadth not exceeding four miles : the direction of it was from south-west by west, to north-east by east ; and it was severely felt in the parishes of Tunbridge, Speld-Hurst, Penshurst, Tudely, Capel, Pembury, part of Hadlow, Yalding, Hunton, Brenchley, Mereworth, East and West Peckham, Wateringbury, Nettlested, East Malling, Teston, East and West Farleigh, Barming, Loose, Maidstone, Boxley, and Detling ; after which its violence was spent, and only little injury was occasioned. Numbers came from all parts to witness the melancholy scene. The inhabitants of the vicinity humanely raised 3000*l.* in a few months, which in some measure relieved the unhappy sufferers : but the cruel effects long remained : most of the hop-hills died ; the filbert and apple trees swelled in knots where they had been bruised ; and some were so injured, that the branches and shoots long after continued to die : the cherry-trees bore it the best, owing perhaps to the strength of their outward bark.

In our Second Volume we purpose inserting in the *Maidstone Group* another poetical piece on the damage done by the storm in that town and neighbourhood.

[From the *Kentish Post*, Jan. 7, 1764.]

**On the dreadful Hurricane which
happened in Kent, on Friday, the 19th of August,
1763.**

THE Dawn was chas'd, the Morn her Light display'd ;
 The glorious Sun, in radiant Form array'd,
 Rose from the East : glad Nature smiling sung.
 Hail happy Morn ! thro' Hills and Valleys rung 4
 Their Maker's Praise ! their daily Task begun.
 Now o'er the Plains the busy Peasant hies,
 Views the rich Harvest ripening to his Eyes :
 With anxious Hopes recounts his acres o'er, 8
 And in Idea grasps the imagin'd Store.
 How vain, alas ! our Hopes ! the present Joy
 The future Moment hastens to destroy.
 Lo ! from the West what gathering Storm draws nigh ? 12
 What Sounds convulsive rend the lab'ring Sky ?
 Dreadful Portent !—See, with resistless Sway
 Trees it tears up, and bears whole Towns away !
 And here my advent'rous Muse begins to fail, 16
 Half paints the Ruins of the battering Hail :
 Trembling she drops the Quill !—Here makes a Pause,
 And shudders at the horrid Scene she draws.
 How arduous the Task ?—Say, where began, 20
 Thro' what devoted Towns impetuous ran
 The furious Storm ?—Where the loud Tempest broke,
 What fruitful Villas felt the fatal Stroke ?

Tudely and Capel ;—Hadlow and Yalding ;— 24
Hunton and Brenchley ;—Mereworth and Barming ;—
Debting and Otham ;—Nettlestead and Boxley ;—
 The rival Twins of *Packham* and of *Farley*.
 See! *Teston's* Sons rob'd of their promis'd Joy! 28
 And stately *Maidstone* looks like ruin'd *Troy*.
 'Tis Desolation all!—The encircling Vine
 Of Hop (sage Qualifier) no more entwine
 Their tow'ring Poles!—Now prostrate on the Ground, 32
 Nought but a dreary Waste appears around.
 The ruin'd Farmer, with uplifted Eyes,
 Raises his plaintive Voice against the Skies ;
 Boldly arraigns his Maker's just decrees, 36
 And burns with Phrenzy, while with Grief he bleeds.
 Forbear, rash Man! thy impious rage forbear,
 Nor mix a Murmur with the falling Tear.
 Evil and Good alike still Blessings call, 40
 The same impartial Hand distributes all.
 Each adverse Stroke of Providence's Dart
 Cools the hot Passions, and amends the Heart.
 Cease to despair (if Virtue fills thy Breast), 44
 Calmly submit, and leave to Heaven the rest.
 Oft by a Power unseen,—when fall'n, undone!
 Again we're rais'd, again we view the Sun!
 Safely once more thro' Life our Course we slope, 48
 Faith is our Pilot, and our Anchor Hope.
 Inspir'd by God, what Guardians now appear,
 To help the Wretched, and dispel their fear,
 To succour Thousands with their healing Hand, 52
 And spread diffusive Blessings thro' the Land!
 First *Romney's* Peer my just attention draws,
 A leading Champion in a Christian Cause:
Twisden and *Boteler* next, with steady Zeal 56
 Pursue wise Measures for the Public Weal:
 With Virtue warm'd, not fired with Thirst of Fame,
Filmer and *Rider* join the God-like scheme.

Mark its success ! Each charitable Heart 60
Glows with warm Zeal to take the Sufferers' Part ;
Each bounteous Hand extends some kind Bequest,
The Receiver's happy, and the Giver blest.
From Want preserv'd, restor'd to plenteous Days, 64
Ye Sons of *Teston* echo *Boteler's* Praise !
High o'er the suff'ring Croud secure ye stand,
Rais'd by the Bounties of his generous Hand.
'Tis your's on Earth such Actions to record, 68
'Tis Heav'n's high Care hereafter to reward !

THO. WATSON.

WAREHORN, *Jan. 2, 1764.*

XXXII.

The Curate of Kent.

WE have in the following lines a well-drawn picture of a model country clergyman in the much-belied eighteenth century. He strongly resembles Fuller's *Faithful Minister*, gaining his people's good-will by walking uprightly, counting the success of his ministry the greatest preferment, proving that a good minister, and a good father, may well agree together, and also following (unfortunately) Fuller's model, by living "in too bare pasture to die fat."—[*The Holy State*, Book ii. chapter ix.]

Note.—With due deference to editorial opinion and authority, we record our distinct impression (gathered from internal evidence) that this poem of "The Curate of Kent" was written originally by no Churchman, or lover of the Church of England; but by some one who was either a Dissenter at heart, or (judging from his anti-conventicle repugnance to special prayer, or any prayers at all) a secularist "free-thinker": glad of the opportunity to rail against what he calls "the priestly crew." A Churchman would have known that there are no such things as "christening fees" (line sixth). If it be pretended that the author meant "churching fees" instead, such money being sometimes paid at the time of a christening in church, the reply is conclusive, that there are not, and never were, "churching fees." It is only the "accustomed offerings" that are made, not compulsorily like a fee. Thank-offerings are good antique usages, conformable to Scripture. Moreover, none of these "Surplice fees," at weddings and burials, belong to the curate at all, except in the rare cases where they are specially reserved to him by agreement. The Vicar or Rector retains them otherwise as lawful property. This curate is an "assistant curate," for (in line 30) he is distinctly contrasted with "the Vicar." Let it be remembered that in 1765 one might be "passing rich on forty pounds a year," like Goldsmith's clergyman of "The Deserted Village." Forty pounds, with a good house and garden, at that date, were altogether fully equal to a hundred and twenty pounds *per annum* in our more luxurious and expensive days. The "pious rage" and rolling eyes of the Curate when discoursing against the sour grapes of pluralities, whilst devoid of a benefice, scarcely give us the idea of an amiable pastor or a sound Churchman. Perhaps the reader may like to see another picture of the underpaid clergy, from a different hand, in "The Curate of Romney Marsh." If so, it follows on p. 196.—J.W.E.

[From the *Kentish Post*, Sept. 18, 1765.]

The Curate of Kent.

IN *Kent* a Curate liv'd, I knew him,
 And will in proper colours shew him :
 Untainted by the priestly crew,
 No pride he felt, ambition knew ; 4
 Well satisfy'd, wish'd no increase
 Of marriage, christening, burial, fees ;
 But gratis visited the sick,
 Nor thirsted for a Bishoprick. 8
 His little flock was all his care,
 Thanksgiving was his daily pray'r ;
 For while you pray for that, or this,
 'Tis ten to one you pray amiss. 12
 His conscience never could dispense
 With absence or non-residence ;
 In pious rage would roll his eyes
 When talking of pluralities ; 16
 And was (as far as Nature can)
 In all respects, an honest man.
 A fond domestick mate had he,
 His tender offspring, children three. 20
 A Nag, an antient *Briton* bred,
 Not starv'd, tho' better taught than fed.
 His garden yielded choice of fruit,
 That would with every palate suit. 24
 Good poultry, and a breeding sow ;
 And, in the church-yard kept, a cow ;

The Curate of Kent.

193

She for the children was provider ;
His orchard yielded store of cyder, 28
Which at a proper age was liquor,
You ne'er drank better with the Vicar.
In choice of viands ne'er perplex'd,
What one day left help'd out the next ; 32
A pudding added, no great matter
If serv'd up in a wooden platter.
His house, tho' small, was snug and sweet,
Which when the angry tempests beat, 36
His honest conscience scorn'd alarm ;
Virtue alone would keep him warm.
O envy'd state ! the sickly mind
Cries—to its own importance blind : 40
When know from me, his income clear
Produc'd just forty pounds a year.
For pious ends, doth Heav'n conceal
The woes we may hereafter feel. 44
Then let not future fear destroy
The offspring of this hour—Joy ;
And should dame Fortune grow obdurate,
We'll strive to live just like the Curate. 48



XXXIII.

The Curate of Romney Marsh.

IN that district which the Kentish proverb pronounces to contain "Wealth, but no Health;" where the long, level expanse of green-sward wearies rather than relieves the eye; where dykes are so ingeniously constructed that it is difficult to avoid getting *in*, and nigh impossible to get *out* of them, resided our *Curate of Romney Marsh*. Whether he served one of those quaint little churches, which, supported with baulks of ship's timber, seem better fitted to have formed a cabin for some ancient galleon than a place of worship for a scattered village, or a stately fane whose inner walls displayed a copious growth of green moss, tradition tells us not; he was "Lost to View:" we know he worked well, and was ill paid, and his story is best told in his own touching words. He learnt by sad experience the bitter truth contained in Bishop Horne's sermon, when, preaching for the Sons of the Clergy, he assured his audience, "Our Church, indeed, does not in *express* terms, like the Church of Rome, forbid her Clergy to marry, but in *effect* she forbids it to the inferior Clergy, for *their* incomes cannot support a wife and family." So late as the commencement of the present century, many of the beneficed clergy were as hardly circumstanced as our Kentish curate. In 1805, out of 12,000 livings in this kingdom, 7000 of them were under the value of £100 per annum,¹ which partly accounts for the fact that in the same year non-residence was justified by law in seven thousand benefices; also, it is said in the Rev. Samuel Seger's *Observations on the*

¹ See *A Vindication of the Clergy in Regard to Residence; with Observations on the Bill now before Parliament*. By a Resident Clergyman, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1805, page 731.

Causes of Clerical non-Residence, and on the Act of Parliament lately passed for its prevention (p. 12), that "probably more than half the benefices of the Church of England do not exceed £88 per annum; and Sir William Scott observed in the House of Commons, three thousand probably do not exceed £50."¹ The *Curate of Kent* in 1765 had forty pounds a year, and for some years the clerical stipend appears to have been at a stand-still. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1795, asserts that if a clergyman be "lucky enough to become the curate of a real gentleman, he obtains a salary of £50 a year. But alas! how many in England fall short of £40." The writer gives an instance in his own knowledge of an unfortunate curate named Gardiner, whose case was even harder than that of our friend of Romney Marsh with his wife, five children, and sixty pounds a year. Mr. Gardiner had an annual stipend of £30, and his wife presented him with thirty children. To eke out their income she kept a little shop, and used to act as midwife to the wives of the surrounding farmers. Those who sneer at the average eighteenth-century country clergyman should remember the difficulties with which he had to contend: narrow means and unending drudgery are hard task-masters. All honour to those who like our Marsh curate (whether in the last century or our own) stood up for the rights of the Poor with a zeal and courage which nothing could quench! The generous, manly spirit of Canon Kingsley would have hailed our Kentish friend as a brother (indeed, we know it to be a fact that, while he was Professor of History at Cambridge, he showed his friendly feeling towards his undergraduate admirer and student, who remembers him affectionately). Compare his reproach, in *Yeast, a Problem*, to *The Bad Squire* who left the poor

Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep.

with our lines 37—40, in *The Curate of Romney Marsh*.

¹ Reviewed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1805.

[J. W. Ebsworth's *Karl's Legacy: The Old College of Nirgends*, 1868, ii. 195.]

The Curate of Romney Marsh.

("Lost to View."—A.D. 1832.)

YOU knew him—our poor old Curate
 With his wife and children five.
 He said: "We have sixty pounds a year,
 But it barely keeps us alive. 4

"For *Herbert* and *Clive* are sickly;
 And since *Jane* went wrong in the spine
 She can't help us to nurse little *Francis*,—
 A light weight in his swift decline. 8

"*Charley*, poor boy, was willing,
 But the fever left him weak;
 Then he broke his leg in the belfry,
 Helping Sexton, and now cannot speak. 12

"Our house is ill-drained, and narrow,
 Yet many a one is worse,
 Where a dozen are styed in a single room,
 To sleep, to sicken, and curse. 16

"My wife, I remember, was pretty,
 When I brought her here; with a smile,
 Saying, '*Susan*, the home is humble,
 But holds neither pride nor guile. 20

"'You have got my heart, yours only ;
I loved you, firmly and long :
Without you the world was lonely :
Let me guard you from chill and wrong.'¹ 24

"Well, perhaps, I was wrong to bring her
From lovers and friends who prized,
To pen her so close in a village,
Where her patient worth is despised. 28

"The Rector passes her proudly,
His wife looks on her 'like dirt' :
The rakish Squire at the Hall grew wroth
When he found her—not a flirt.² 32

¹ The poem is printed direct from the author's manuscript, and differs in some few details from the earlier printed version of *Karl's Legacy*. For some occult reason, the two verses below were omitted from publication, but they were the seventh and tenth in the original draft. Perhaps, they may be deemed worthy of being rescued from destruction, even without our restoring them to the text. The latent pride, which afterwards turns to sourness and indignation, seems to be hinted, in this which was meant to have been the seventh verse :

You will lose a score of lovers,
Who flatter'd you, night and morn ;
But, perhaps, dear, the heart I give you
Is not one that a girl need scorn.

² Here, in original manuscript, occurs the second suppressed stanza : weak as poetry, but supplying another indication of character, as of one unlikely to reach lofty station, so long as Sir Pertinax McSycophant's recipe of "booing" is found to be the most efficacious for seekers after preferment :

The trades-people like her, but pity ;
And half are dissenters at least :
We are not good friends, save with *Lazarus*,
Through declining each *Dives* feast.

"It is possible that there may be a similar 'Curate of Romney Marsh' located elsewhere even at this present date. Forty years ago there was one such, who did the duties of three parishes in the neighbourhood of Bath, on a

"Then some told that I spoke out fiercely,
 In rebuke of pride and sin;
 That I press'd the Rich with too heavy hand,
 Saying, 'Hardly they'll enter in!' 36

"Well I know that the Poor are starving,
 While hounds and horses are fed;
 Prize-cattle stalled like the cradled heir,
 While Distraint plucks the dying's bed. 40

"When field after field I see men add,
 And wing unto wing at the Hall,
 Yet grudge the Common for widow's cow,¹
 Or a blanket while snow-flakes fall; 44

"When I mark how luxury rots their soul,
 While they rave at the poor with spite,
 Leaving nothing but beer men's hearts to cheer,
 Can I smile, and say 'You do right'? 48

"So they set me down as '*a dangerous man*';
 Every one flings a stone:
 Whether I starve or thrive, my old friends
 Leave me here in the Marsh alone. 52

collective stipend of thirty pounds *per annum*. He received ten pounds of this from each of the three non-resident rectors; he lived with a small farmer, who had the use of the curate's own nag for work during the week, for its keep, letting him ride it on Sundays to give one service at each church. His bedroom was considered his own, and he was allowed to sit by the kitchen fire and take his meals with the farmer's family. Probably there were similar cases elsewhere."
 —J.W.E.

¹ Hartlib held an opinion on the subject of Commons, which appears to have been practically applied by the people at the Hall. "It cometh to passe that there are fewest poore where there are fewest commons, as in Kent, where there is scarce eight commons in the county of a considerable bigness."
 —*Samuel Hartlib, his Legacie, or an enlargement of the Discourse upon Husbandry, &c.*, 1651, analysed in the *Gent. Mag.*, New Series, Volume XI. February, 1839, pp. 140-145.

"Yet I try each day to do my work,
Praying humbly, as well I need ;
While the face of my wife grows thin and wan,
I know that her heart must bleed. 56

"'Wait ! wait !' I hear her constant cry,
'For the brighter day in store.'
Yes ! if any survive till the Good Time come,
We shall suffer want no more." 60

O *England!* thy Church has grown more dear
To many hearts, we know,
Since some who have Power o'er Bishops' thrones
Take thought for the men below. 64

XXXIV.

To Friends in Kent.

WE have here lines in praise of Kent's hop-clothed valleys,
from the Banks of the Tamar, which for warmth of affection equal any we have heard from the side of the Medway. Beyond the surges of the Atlantic the author returns in fancy to the vale of Aylesford, and the society of his Kentish friends : to whom he bids farewell in impassioned language.

[From *The Banks of the Tamar*. A Poem : with other Pieces. By N. T. Carrington. London, 1828. 8vo.]

To Friends in Kent.

FAR, far away, where *Medway* strays,
 Thy hop-clothed valleys, *Kent*, among,
 Where night-wrapt *Philomel* essays
 A charming, an unrivalled song, 4
 I pensive turn, while memory oft
 Recalls the scenes of days that were,
 And many a recollection soft
 Beguiles from Friendship's eye the tear. 8

O! when the lark with blithesome lay
 Sprang lightly from the dew-bathed lawn,
 How sweet it was with you to stray,
 And hail the all-reviving dawn : 12
 In fancy yet I hear the flow
 Of melody in *Aylesford's* vale,
 Or breathe on *Boxley's* airy brow
 The freshness of the morning gale. 16

And oft, when Evening's gentle close
 Diffused a holy calm around,
 When scarce a breath disturbed the rose,
 Nor broke upon the ear a sound ; 20
 Tranquil each mind—all cares forgot,
 We wandered wide o'er hill and dell,
 Or pondered, pensive, round the spot
 Where *Catigern* or *Hengist* fell. 24

The melodies of night were ours,
As swift decreased the homeward mile,
While conversation woke her powers,
Care, thought, and distance to beguile. 28
Thee, Solitude, I love—but still,
Spite of unsocial hermit scorn,
Believe—life's duties to fulfill,
That man for fellow-man was born. 32

Farewell ! for Fate's supreme command
Has bid me quit your charming vales,
And called me to my native strand,
Where sweep the wild *Atlantic* gales : 36
But by those hopes, yet, yet to meet,
We cherished at our last adieu,
May my heart then forget to beat,
When Friendship I forget—and you ! 40



XXXV.

Petition of the pigs in Kent.

THE English subject's right of Petitioning—in defence of which our ancestors have so zealously contended—is here exercised by a very humble, but (in some Wealdish manors) far from unimportant portion of the community. It appears that the old Customnal Right of Pannage was being contested—it would seem in East Kent; and we should fear, from the notorious results of bold encroachments on popular rights, particularly when only guarded by the *lex non scripta*, that the Petition of the Pigs proved unsuccessful.

[*Note.*—Preceding by more than ten years the petition of those other Porkers whom Shelley has immortalized (in remembrance of certain grunting herds of swine, heard by him, on their way to the Fair, at the Baths of Lucca, in August, 1820, while he read aloud his *Ode to Liberty*), the Kentish Pigs deserve a better pictorial illustration than the very rat-like quadruped that puts in an appearance on p. 221. Shelley's pigs plead to their *Cedipus Tyrannus*:—

Under your mighty ancestors, we pigs
Were bless'd as nightingales on myrtle sprigs,
Or grass-hoppers that live on noon-day dew,
And sang, old annals tell, as sweetly too.
But now our styes are fallen in, we catch
The murrain and the mange, the scab and itch ;
Sometimes your royal dogs tear down our thatch,
And then we seek the shelter of a ditch :
Hog-wash or grains, or *ruta бага*, none
Has yet been ours since your reign begun.
Alas ! the Pigs are an unhappy nation !
You ought to give us hog-wash and clean straw,
And styes well thatch'd : besides, it is the law !

Edmund Spenser remembered the useful tribe, with its lordly and savage patriarch (whose life of sylvan freedom being ended, led him to collegiate halls as the *Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino*), in his November verse :—

Now was the last loud squeaking roar
Of many a mighty forest boar ;
Whose head, when came the Christmas days,
Was crown'd by rosemary and bays :
And so brought in, with shoutings long,
And minstrelsy, and choral song.

Readers will recall the glowing landscape of *Ivanhoe*, with Gurth the swineherd stretched beneath Saxon Cedric's oaks ; whilst multitudinous grunts of approbation, over the acorns, proved that pigs—like midshipmen—are sometimes mast-headed.—J. W. E.]

[*Sporting Magazine*, Nov. 1809.]

Petition of the pigs in Kent.

An humble petition of the pigs, to restore their ancient privilege of foraging in the woods during the acorn season.

YE owners of woodlands, with all due submission,
 We humbly beg leave to present our petition,
 That you will be pleased to recall your decree,
 Which tells us that acorns no longer are free. 4
 In *Sussex*, in *Surrey*, & *Middlesex* too,
 Pigs may ramble at large without much ado :
 And why, then, in *Kent* should pretences be found
 To drive us like culprits & thieves to the pound, 8
 Since we, and our fathers, and others before 'em,
 Have ranged in your woods with all proper decorum ?
 No poachers are we, for no game we annoy,
 No hares we entrap, & no pheasants decoy ; 12
 Contented are we if an acorn we find,
 Nor wish for a feast of a daintier kind.
 Besides we are told (& perhaps not mistaken)
 That you & your friends love a slice of good bacon ; 16
 But if of good bacon you all love a slice,
 If pigs are to starve, how can bacon be nice ?
 For these & for other wise reasons of state,
 We again our petition most humbly repeat, 20
 That you will repeal this severest of laws,
 So your woods shall resound with our grunting applause.

VIGO.

EAST KENT, Oct. 12, [1809].

XXXVI.

To a Friend in London.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Aug. 14, 1773.]

"Come, see rural felicity."—Song.

THE denizen of "the marshy Weald," in his epistle to his town friend, draws nearly as charming a picture of the amusements and pleasures of country life, as Sir Thomas Wyatt (the elder) gave more than two centuries previously. The condition of the writer amongst good men and sweet women, with daily change of food and pastimes, blest also with a keen appetite and good digestion, would seem to mark him the most enviable of mortals; but his sole trouble, "money short of weight," completely upsets the complacent frame of mind in which he commences his letter, and he declaims against this grievance with all the energy of a modern true-born Briton bent upon writing to the *Times*. We are unaware whether he fulfilled his promise of again writing to his friend from Kent, but if so he did not favour the *Kentish Gazette* with a copy of his communication.

[*Note*.—There was a temptation, at first, to interpolate, square-bracketted, the word "we" in the tenth line, reading thus,

We cricket play, to fairs go, or [we] fish ;

But it is probable that the Shade of I. Ingeldew might feel indignant at our taking such a liberty, and receive us hereafter reproachfully on the shores of Styx. He may have had Scottish blood and culture, and loved to roll his *r* ; like Sir Walter Scott, when he eked out a verse with

World tame the *Unicorn's* pride,

Exalt the Crescent and the Star. (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.)

So "fairs" may be taken as a *dis-syllable*, Fa-irs.—J. W. E.]

To a Friend in London.

REMOTE from *London*, in the Weald of *Kent*,
 In body healthy, and in mind content,
 To keep up friendship due from friend to friend,
 These simple, artless lines to you I send ; 4
 And if in *London* now there pleasures are,
 My wishes flow that you may have your share ;
 But quit, my friend, that noisy bustling town,
 To me and rural pastimes hasten down. 8
 Here all is pleasant as a man can wish,
 We cricket play, to fairs go, or fish ;
 Of food and pastimes daily change the dish.
 Lamb, fish, or fowl, with various other things, 12
 Bless our keen appetites, unknown to Kings.
 Here's all we want to elevate the soul,
 Good men, sweet women, and a sumptuous bowl ;
 With hearty friendship, too, that crowns the whole. 16
 No troubles here, but money short of weight,
 Curse court inventions, and the knaves of state :
 Far worse than *Jews*, *Jews* pass'd our money small,
 But *Christian* curs won't let it pass at all. 20
 See the confusion which this act has made,
 A loss to millions, and a stop to trade ;
 At the act-makers while one body rails,
 Others would hang them with the weights and scales. 24
 Rouze, *Britons*, rouze, against the tools of Court ;
 Who studied have for many years your hurt ;
 More on such wretches I to write decline,
 But quit my pen and better people join. 28
 Farewel, my friend ; and when I write again,
 'Twill be from *Kent*, but in a different strain.

I. INGELDEW.

HAWKHURST, WEALD OF KENT,
 Aug. 11, 1773.

XXXVII.

The Kentish Wonder.

THE *Kentish Wonder* and the *Kentish Miracle* belong to a class of ballads which appear to have been very popular amongst our ancestors, inculcating the moral that all would sooner or later be well for those who did their duty, with a simple trust in God's providential care. The *Kentish Wonder* is destitute of printer's name, but Mr. Ebsworth attributes its origin to the year 1594 (*First Index, Bagford Ballads, Part IV.*, p. 1037). There is another Kentish ballad to the same tune (*Aim not too high*), printed for J. Blare, on London-Bridge, treating of a very similar subject, which we hold over till the *Chatham Group* in our Second Volume. It is entitled *The Mournful Widow's Garland. In Three Parts.* 1. *How a Corker's Wife in Chatham was left a Widdow, with five Children to maintain, and knew not how to do it.* 2. *How her eldest Child, a Son of Fifteen Years of Age, took upon him to maintain his Mother and four Sisters by Hard Labour, the which he did for a small time; showing how this Woman was deprived of her Son by Death, for loss of whom she was forced to sell her goods by degrees, and last of all her bed, to keep herself and Children from starving.* 3. *Her Petition to the Queen, who seeing her poor and miserable Condition, gave her Twenty Pieces of Gold and allowed her twenty pounds a year for her lifetime.* It begins thus: "Good people now both young and Old draw near."

Note.—The history of this "Kentish Wonder" ballad is virtually the same as that of the "Kentish Miracle." I hope to trace it fully in the forthcoming Volume Fourth of *The Roxburghe Ballads*, for the Ballad Society, when we reach so far as pp. 242 and 247 of the original Collection's second volume. Meanwhile, I gladly anticipate some of my revelations for the sake of the present work and its fair authoress.

The ballad-story being still extant in at least four different versions is a sufficient proof of its popularity. Such tales appealed both to the lovers of the marvellous, and also to that kind of mawkish piety which our nation prides itself on obtruding with pharisaical self-sufficiency, "to be seen of men," and which is indicated in the expressive term, "goody-goodyism."

As to the date: In the Stationers' Registers I find that to Thomas Myllington, on 31st October, 1594, is "Entred for his copie vnder the wardens

hand, a ballad intituled, *The poore widowe of Copthall in Kent and her Seaven children, how wonderfullie the LORD fed them in their want*, [the usual fee of] vjd." This is the earliest record of the ballad, and gives us the locality. The much later printed Roxburghe Ballad simply states that it was "in the Wild [*i.e.* Weald] of Kent." It is probably a reproduction of the ballad entered to Thomas Myllington, and in this form unique.

I know of only one impression extant of the black-letter ballad entitled "The World's Wonder; or, a strange and miraculous work of God's Providence shewed to a poor distressed widdow and her seven fatherlesse children, who lived by a burnt sixpenny loaf of bread, and a little water, for above seven weeks in the wilde of Kent. To the tune of *Chevy Chase*. London, Printed for [Francis] Grove on Snow-hill." With two woodcuts. This copy belonged formerly to Mr. Halliwell (now J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, whose generosity in bestowal of books and broadsides is attested by his rich gifts to Manchester, Edinburgh, Penzance, etc.): afterwards to James Russell Smith, from whom it was purchased by the late W. Euing, and at his death it remained in Glasgow. Although marked to be sung to the tune of "God prosper long our noble King," it appears to be the same as our "Kentish Miracle" (which is marked to the tune of "*There was a rich merchant man*" (see p. 213), for which it is hardly suitable, any more than to *Chevy Chase*). It begins with the same line, "Take comfort, Christians all."

As to the tune of "*Aim not too high*:" it takes its name from the first line of an old ballad (certainly of date before 1620, when it was transferable property), of which the full title is "An excellent song wherein you shall find Great Consolation for a troubled mind." There are three or more copies extant, *vis.* Roxburghe Collection, I. 106; Pepysian, II. 63; and Rawlinson, 566, fol. 166. It has been reprinted by Mr. Wm. Chappell, *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 326, and begins:

Ayme not too high in things above thy reach;
Be not too foolish in thine owne conceit;
As thou hast wit and worldly wealth at will,
So give Him thanks that shall encrease it still.

To the tune of, "*Fortune my Foe*." This really solemn and beautiful tune attained an ill-omened popularity, and was used as a "Hanging-tune" to which the supposed last verses of criminals were sung. On some rare occasions a jig tune was preferred, as thus further insulting the executed person: *e.g.* one of the exultant ballads on the punishment of Lord William Russell for complicity in treason was trotted merrily to the Christ Church Bells' music of Dean Aldrich, "O the mighty innocence of Russell, Bedford's son!"

A ballad intituled "Of one mutabilite of Fortune," dates so early as 1565-66, being then entered to John Charlewood (Arber's *Transcripts*, i. 310). This may be = "*Fortune my Foe*," for the ballad was mentioned, and evidently in favour, before the end of the century. It is reprinted in full in *Bagford Ballads*, Appendix, p. 961. The music and first verse are given in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 162. I supply a few of the Roxburghe Ballad's lost words within square brackets.—J. W. E.

[Roxburghe Collection, II. 247.]

The Kentish Wonder.

Being a true Relation how a poor distressed Widow, in the Wild of Kent, was by the Providence of the Almighty, miraculously preserved in her Necessity, so that she & seven small Children lived seven Weeks upon a burnt six-penny Loaf of Bread, and yet it never decreased; to the great Wonder of all that hear it, and the Praise of the Almighty, who never forsakes them who put their trust in him.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Aim not too high.*



YOU faithful Christians, whereso'er you be,
 Trust still in God, and you shall surely see
 In faithful service he doth take delight,
 And you shall never be forsaken quite.

And you that do desire the truth to hear,
Mind well my ditty, and to me give ear ;
A woeful story I'll to you relate,
Of a poor Widow's sad and dismal fate : 8

Her Husband dead, she in great want did fall,
And little had to keep herself withal ;
Seven Babes, poor Soul ! she had to keep beside,
And knew not how she should for them provide. 12

She diligently labour'd night and day,
Her Charge to keep, and some small depts to pay ;
And oftentimes, for bread her goods did pawn,
Till at the last, poor Creature ! all was gone. 16

Her Children dear to her did cry for bread,
Who nothing had to put into her head ;
And as her Children for relief did cry,
She sent up prayers unto the God on high : 20

"O God," quoth she, "most righteous, good and just,
Regard my cry, that in thee put my trust ;
Look down on me with a most gracious eye,
That now with want am ready for to die. 24

"Thou to *Elias* gracious wer't indeed,
And in his want sent ravens him to feed ;
Take pitty, then, upon my Children small,
And send me food to feed them therewithal. 28

"We in the Scriptures oftentimes do read
How with five loaves thou didst five thousand feed ;
And when of hunger they were quite bereft,
Of scraps and fragments were twelve baskets left. 32

"I know," quoth she, "thy power is still the same,
And still will call upon thy mighty name,
In hopes that thou at last will prove my Friend"—
And so, poor Soul! she did her prayers end. 36

"Oh Mother, dear," her Children then did say,
"Give us some bread, we have had none to-day;"
"I am half starved," says one: "and I," said t'other:
Thus did they cry unto their careful Mother. 40

She hearing this, unto her Children said,
"At night, my Babes, you shall be fill'd with bread:"
And with these words she did her Babes content,
So she, poor Wretch! unto the market went. 44

Her very coat she from her back did sell
For five poor shillings, as is known full well;
But mark how this poor Soul was strangely crost,
Her purse was cut, and all her money lost. 48

Which being mist, she cry'd, and made great moan,
And to the Passengers she made it known,
Who little minded her, so fill'd with grief,
And nothing would allow to her relief. 52

Unto her Husband's Brother then she went,
And her condition there did much lament,
Desiring him to trust her, and did say,
That she would pay him the next market day. 56

Of this her expectation she did fail,
Her prayers, nor tears, with him would then prevail;
He said that he had but small store of grain,
Which would not serve till corn did come again. 60

This dogged answer cut her to the heart,
And mournfully from him she did depart;

The thoughts of her poor Babes did pierce her soul,
And her condition she did much condole. 64

These pretty Babes did keep a might[y clatter,]
Which of them all should have most b[read and butter;]
But she fell short of butter, bread, an[d cheese,]
And none could get their hungers to a[ppease.] 68

But mark how Providence did still pr[ovide,]
And by meer chance her wants they [were supplied :]
A Baker's Boy, as homeward she re[turned,]
Gave her a loaf which was a little [burned.] 72

And joyfully she did the same receive,
The Baker's Boy she many thanks di[d give,]
And homewards then she went imme[diately,]
Who did rejoyce their Mother for to [see.] 76

She kist them all, and, with a chearfu[l look,]
Did bid her Children for to read their [book :]
"And when, my Children dear, you ha[ve done so,]
Most lovingly we will to supper go." 80

Some apples then she laid unto the fir[e,]
Which she, poor Soul! long time had [saved by her,]
Of which they, from the biggest to the [least,]
With their dear Mother then did make [a feast.] 84

Poor Souls! they then, instead of ale [or beer,]
Were all contented with some water [clear,]
And were rejoyced at this feast so great,
For they before had little for to eat. 88

Behold how God these thankful Souls [did bless :]
When they had supped, the loaf was n'er [the less ;]
For seven weeks' space upon this loaf th[ey fed,]
And yet perceiv'd no lessening of their [bread.] 92

And e're the Cut-purse had her money [spent,]
 This thieving Rogue did break his nec[k in *Kent* ;]
 Her Husband's Brother, that refus'd to [trust,]
 Was punished by Heavenly power most j[ust :] 96

For, in one night, as several People say,
 His corn was by the floods all washed aw[ay ;]
 And Gentlemen, that did this wonder se[e,]
 Relieved this Widow's wants most plen[teously.] 100

Good People all, do now behold and see,
 Who trust in God they shall relieved be ;
 Tho' they but little have to live upon,
 He'll send them more when their [small store was gone.]

[The bottom line has been pared off by a reckless binder, when mounting it in the Roxburghe volume ; but no doubt it was "Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel*, in *Giltspur-street*, without *Newgate*." In the original, the following cut stands to the right of those printed on p. 208, and represents the Cruel Uncle, whose mercy was squint-eyed and "on the north side o' friendly."]



XXXVIII.

The Kentish Miracle.

OUR copy of this edition of the misfortunes and fortunes of the widow and her seven children was printed by J. Deacon, who (according to Mr. Chappell's list of ballad-publishers) issued ballads from 1684 to 1695. The miraculous quality of the widow's loaf was fully equalled by the good fortune of a Kentish farmer, which is duly chronicled in one of the ballads at present in the Pepys Collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge, entitled *The Maidstone Miracle; or, the Strange Kentish Wonder. Being an account of a Charitable Farmer, who, by Divine Providence, had a vast crop of Corn, which grew in a field which was neither plow'd nor sowed for several years; it being look'd upon to be a Reward of his Christian Charity, etc. Printed for Philip Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner* [1683-1695]. The first line is, "We have a God enthron'd above," and the tune is *Russell's Farewell*. There were three ballads to different tunes of Russell's Last Farewell, on which see Mr. Ebsworth's *Bagford Ballads*, pp. 230, 556, 806, and 1002, and the Second Index, p. 1090.

Note.—The tune known as "A rich Merchant-man" belongs to Thomas Deloney's ballad, entered to Abel Jeffs, in the Stationers' Registers, 22nd March, 1594 (*Transcript*, ii. 646). More or less corrupted by transmission, it is contained in the Roxburghe, Bagford, Pepys, Wood, Euing, and Douce Collections. It has been reprinted by Evans (*Old Ballads*, i. 28, 1810 edition), in Glyde's *Sussex Garland*, 1851, p. 15; and in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, edited by William Chappell, 1870, i. 320. It begins, "There was a rich Merchant-man, that was both grave and wise" (but originally, perhaps, "A rich Merchant-man there was"). The music is given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, and in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (with first verse), 382. It is entitled "A most sweete Songe of an *Englishe* Merchant, born at *Chichester*, that Killed a man in *Guidine*," etc. There is a different ballad on a rich Merchant and a Fiddler's Wife, in the *Pills*, v. 77, 1719 edit., beginning, "It was a Rich Merchant Man, that had both Ship and all."—J. W. E.

[*Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, at British Museum, II. 242.]

The Kentish Miracle.

A Strange and Miraculous work of God's Providence,
shewed to a poor distressed Widow, and her Seven
small Fatherless Children, Who lived by a burnt
syrpenup Loaf of Bread, and a little Water, for
aboue Seven Weeks, in the Wild of Kent, to the
Praise and Glory of Almighty God.

TO THE TUNE OF, *A Rich Merchant Man*. ENTERED
ACCORDING TO ORDER.



TAKE comfort, Christians all ; for never shall you see
The faithful [Soul] forsaken quite, and left in misery.
Who lives and loves to hear the Truth in each degree,
The story of a Widow's plaint let them give ear to me : 4

Who by this Widow here, Sufficient have been try'd,
The which was left both poor and bare, when as her
Husband dy'd :
And seven young Children small upon her hands like-
wise,
And knew not how to buy them bread, their hunger
to suffice. 8

She labours night and day, she spins and takes great pain,
And many a thing to buy them bread, God knows, she
lays in pawn.
But when the appointed time, as time consumeth all,
O then she knew not how to keep her hungry Children
small. 12

"Most merciful God," said she, "cast down a tender eye,
And suffer not thy servant here with a famishing death to
dye :
Thou that the Ravens didst send, *Elias* for to feed :
When that he was in Wilderness, in extream want and
need : 16

"And Rained Bread from Heaven, Old *Israel* to preserve :
And would'st not in the Lyons' den let *Daniel* pine and
starve.

I know, my Lord," she said, "thou didst five thousand
feed,
With five small Barley Loaves, As we in Scripture read. 20

"And each one had enough, their hunger to sustain ;
And afterwards twelve baskets full of scraps did still
remain.

I know, my Lord," she said, "thou art so mighty still :
And therefore everything be done according to thy
will." 24

Her Prayers ended thus, her children cry'd straight-way ;
 "O Mother dear, give us some bread ; we have eat none
 to-day."
 "Give me some bread," said one ; "give me some bread,"
 said another ;
 And thus the silly Infants flock about their careful
 Mother. 28

The good Soul hearing this, perswades them to be still,
 "O soon at night, my lambs," said she, "you shall have
 bread your fill.
 I will to Market go, Let Corn be cheap or dear ;
 I'll sell my Coat to buy some Corn, if you'll be quiet
 here." 32

The Children smil'd at this, content they did remain.
 "Good Mother," every one could say, "come quickly home
 again."
 Three Miles this woman went unto the market Town,
 And for five shillings she did sell her Coat and Russet
 Gown. 36

Who being glad in heart, to Market straight she hies ;
 But there, alas ! her purse was cut, e're any Corn she buys.
 She cryeth out, "God knows," she weeps and makes great
 moan,
 To every one that passeth by her grief she makes it known. 40

But yet behold and see, here in her woeful case ;
 Her Husband's brother he was one That sold Corn in that
 place.
 This woeful woman then did him desire and pray,
 To trust her with one sack of corn till the next Market day. 44

But he denies her Flat, and thus he tells her plain,
 "I shall not have to serve my turn, Till Corn do come again.
 More heed you might have took unto your purse," said he ;
 "And not to loose your money here, So fond and foolishly." 48

This dogged answer cut this poor soul to the heart,
Especially when she did think upon her infants' smart.
Who sits and strives at home, poor souls ! but all in vain,
Which of them should the biggest piece Of bread and butter
gain. 52

But far, alas ! they were from butter, bread, or cheese,
Or anything to comfort them, That their poor Mother sees.
But now behold God's work : as homeward she return'd,
A Baker's Boy gave her a Loaf, which was in Baking
burn'd. 56

She gave God thanks for that, and, joyful, in her hand
She bears the bread home to her babes, which waiting for
her stand.
She kisses them each one, and with a chearful look,
And said, " We will to supper go, when you have said your
Book." 60

Meantime she makes a Fire, and apples therein throws :
The Widdow and her seven Children to supper sweetly
goes.
The Apples roasted well, and she doth cut them bread,
On every piece most lovingly she doth the Apple spread. 64

Instead of Drink, she had, a Cup of water clear,
And every Child rejoyced much, and said, " Here is good
chear."
Behold when they had supt, for God their food did bless,
When they had sup'd & were suffic'd, Their Loaf was never
the less. 68

For seven weeks space together, as story's plainly spread,
The widdow and her seven children by this one Loaf was fed.
The Cut-purse Man, I say, he broke his neck in *Kent*,
E're he of this poor widow's money on[e] single penny had
spent. 72

And yet behold and see, her husband's churlish brother,
 That would not trust a peck of corn her Children for to
 succour ;
 And straight-way after this, his Corn was washt away,
 All by a mighty flood that came before the break of day. 76

The Gentlemen, and such, that did this wonder see,
 Unto this widow gave such gifts, That ne're more wanted she.
 And now, good people all, you here may plainly see
 God['s] servants are not forsaken quite, God's mercies is to
 them free. 80

Finis.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilt-Spur-Street*
 without *Newgate*.



[We here insert the illustration of "Comfort to the Afflicted" on a similar subject, from the exemplar at the Bodleian Library. The poem will be found on our p. 236. Not improbably there may have been seven children in the earlier design, and their number was reduced to suit the modernized verses. The cut appears to be defective on one side.—J. W. E.]

XXXIX.

The Kentish Frolick.

THE Kentish tanner, whose affection for his wife causes him to transgress the rules of honesty (as stated at length in our ballad), escaped easier than Thomas Frebarn, of Paternoster Row, who in Lent, 1538, procured a pig to gratify his wife, who was similarly situated to the tanner's spouse. This heinous sin against the rules of the Church was laid (together with one of the feet of the animal), by a butter woman who had procured it for Frebarn, before the Dean of Canterbury. This brought successively on the unfortunate man visits from his landlord's man, and his landlord: the latter soon caused the Bishop of London's "sumner" to take both Frebarn and his pig into custody, and to bring them before the Bishop of London. After examining him for two hours, the prelate ordered man and beast to be taken to the Old Bayley before Sir Roger Chomley, but, not finding him, they were taken back to the palace, and the man was placed in the Counter for the night. The following morning (a Saturday) he was brought before the Mayor, the pig produced, and the culprit was ordered to stand in the pillory the following Monday, with half of the animal on each shoulder. His wife interceded for him, and Dr. Barnes and Barlow informed Cromwell, who sent for the Mayor, and after much trouble and worry the pig was buried in Finsbury Fields, and Frebarn had to give a bond of £20 he would appear to answer any matters that might hereafter be laid to his charge. Shortly after his liberation his landlord turned him out of his house, and for four years he could not get another. He was four days imprisoned, though his wife declared to the Mayor "she had two small children, and had nothing to help her and them, but onely her husband, who laboured for their livings." The original narrative of this expensive meal is given at length in Foxe's *Life of Cromwell, Earl of Essex*, reprinted with most interesting and valuable notes, as is customary in the whole series, in Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*

(vol. ii. pp. 220-302, ed. 1853). The 'pig story,' with notes, occupies pp. 262-266.

The printer of the *Kentish Frolick*, J[osiah] Blare, published at the Looking Glass on London Bridge, from 1684 to 1702, according to Mr. Chappell's list of Publishers of Black-letter Ballads in the Seventeenth Century, from which we have already quoted.

Note.—We can arrive much more nearly at the true date by noticing the initials of the Licensor, R. P., which represent Richard Pocock, whose time extended from about September, 1685, to the Revolution at the close of the year 1688. The tune, "Ladies of London," had not become popular (to the best of our knowledge) before 1685-86. It belongs to a ballad written by honest Tom D'Urfey, and entitled "Advice to the Ladies of London, in the choice of their Husbands." The music is given in the 1719 edition of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. ii. p. 9, and in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (with first verse only), p. 593. Three new verses are added in the broadside version, which is preserved in the Roxburghe Coll., II. 5, and in the Pepysian Coll., IV. 85. It has been reprinted in the Ballad Society's *Roxb. Ballads*, 1879, iii. 369, beginning "Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair." The music appeared in Playford's *Dancing Master*, Appendix, edition 1686. Here is the first verse :—

Ladies of *London*, both Wealthy and Fair,
Whom every Town Fop is pursuing,
Still of your Persons and Purses take care,
The greatest Deceit lies in Wooing :
From the first Rank of *Beaux Esprit*,
Their Vices therefore I discover,
Down to the basest Mechanick degree,
That so you may chuse out a lover.

The broadside version differs from this, reading "bonny brisk sparks," instead of *Beaux Esprit*, as thus better suiting a street auditory. Tom D'Urfey added a sequel, "Advice to the Beaus," seven verses, beginning thus :—

All jolly Rake-hells that sup at the *Rose*,
And midnight intrigues are contriving,
Courtiers, and all you that set up for *Beaus*,
I'll give you good counsel in Wiving :
Now the fair Sex must pardon my verse,
If once I dare swerve from my duty ;
Old *Rosa crucians* found spots in the Stars,
Then why not I errors in Beauty?

The Rose Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, bore ill-repute for disorder, as "On Saturday night we sat late at *the Rose*."—J. W. E.

[*Douce Collection of Ballads*, at the Bodleian, I. 107.]

The Kentish Frolick ;

Or,

The Tanner Betrap'd in his Fat Pig which he pinch'd
from the Butcher, and brought home in his Bull-
Hide.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Ladies of London*.

This may be Printed, R.P.



THERE was a *Tanner* that lived in *Kent*,
and one of an ordinary station,
These very Lines will afford you content,
when as I have giv'n the Relation :

This *Tanner's* Wife with Child she was big,
 nay Ready to fall into labour,
 For the sweet Meal of a lusty fat Pig,
 which was in the house of her neighbour. 8

"Love," said the *Tanner*, "I know I am bound
 to please thee, thus I'll fear no wronging,
 But fetch the Pig if it be above ground,
 for why shouldst thou then loose thy longing? 12
 Surely I ought to tender thy life,"
 (with that many kisses he gave her),
 "Be but contented ; to-morrow, sweet wife,
 thou shalt have this Pig for thy dinner. 16

"I know of one will give ten Men a Meal,
 and thou shall have this, my dear sweeting ;
 'Tis at a Butcher's whereas I do deal,
 he saves it, love, for his own eating. 20
 But he shall never taste of a Limb,
 some other-guess meat I will carve him ;
 That sucking Pig is too fine meat for him,
 methinks that good bull beef might serve him." 24

Then to the Butcher's he went with all speed,
 it was of an errand, though feigned,
 And in his project he thus did proceed,
 that straight he his bargain obtained. 28
 For the young Pig as soon as he spy'd,
 he seiz'd it, while no-body thought it ;
 He wrapt it up in a Lusty Bull-hide,
 and straight to his sweet Wife he brought it. 32

Then said the *Tanner*, "I prithee, behold
 what care I have took for my honey ;
 No body see me, therefore I make bold
 to seize the fat Pig without Money. 36

I in my choice was not very nice,
yet fortune afforded her bounty ;
It is as good a fat Pig of the price
as any in the whole County. 40

- “ Now at the house of a neighbour, my dear,
we’l dress it, and there we’l be merry ;
Who will keep counsel for having a share,
with liquor as brown as a berry : 44
For fear this way he happen to pass
and at our house should inquire,
Finding then surely we pay for the sauce,
the which I do never desire.” 48

But when the Butcher his Pig could not find,
he rav’d in a horrible manner,
Saying, “ alas ! I am now in the mind
’tis pinch’d by this pittiful tanner :” 52
Then down the town he hasted amain
in order to find out the Cryer,
That they might bring home his fat Pig again,
before it was laid to the fire. 56

But all in vain ; for while feasting did last,
they then did in merriment Glory ;
Yet this no sooner was over and past,
but strait they declar’d the whole story : 60
Thus the poor *Tanner* he was betray’d,
a Butcher no more will he Couzen ;
Since for the Pig he a Guinea hath paid,
the which would have bought half a dozen. 64

XL.

The Kentish Garland.

WARNINGS (mostly supernatural) to faithless lovers are so common in Kentish ballads that we are wavering between two conclusions—whether Constancy is to be regarded as a characteristic Kentish virtue, or Inconstancy a peculiarly Kentish failing. The apparition at the close of the *Kentish Garland* is described with great gusto and surprising minuteness, and the ‘spirit writing’ “In perfect Roman letters blue” on the faithless squire’s breast is very imposing—not to use the term in the sense in which it has been commonly applied to a similar ‘phenomenon’ in late years. In the Douce Collection there is another Kentish ballad (which stands over till our *Chatham Group*, Vol. II.), telling of the retribution enacted on a faithless young lady: *The Chatham Tragedy. Being a true Relation of a young Gentleman of the town of Chatham, who courted one Mary Fletcher, he being perswaded of his Friends to go to Sea; how at parting they made a Contract with each other, and as a Pledge broke a Piece of Gold: But during his Absence she was married to a Farmer’s Son, which he hearing, went and hanged himself on a Tree facing her House, after which his Ghost appeared to her as she was in Bed, whereon she arose and followed him, and never has been heard of since.* The opening line is, “In Chatham Town as we do understand.” The apparition is described in such a short and business-like manner (after our *Kentish Garland* visitation), that we cannot refrain from quoting it:

One night as she lay sleeping on her bed,
 He appear’d to her with looks as pale as lead,
 Showing a piece of gold they broke in twain,
 Saying, “dear Molly,” so vanish’d again.

Leaving her there in sorrow to lament,
Unto herself these words in discontent,
"Be thou in torment, or in Misery,
I'll follow thee to all Eternity!"

60

The modern piece of *Jack and his Faithless Fair* ("Jack Jones was a seaman as bold as could be"), by L. M. Thornton, gives another instance of supernatural punishment administered to "fair Poll, who at Deptford did dwell," for breaking her troth to her sailor lover, and marrying a "great lord," whose "fortune was ample, a carriage he drove, Bright rings on his fingers he wore." Jack returns from sea, and going to Polly Stanhope's former residence in the High Street at Deptford, finds it occupied by "an elderly dame," who, in answer to his inquiries, informs him :

"A noble lord married your *Polly*, dear sir ;
She rides in a carriage and four ;
She's called *Lady Somebody*,—bless my old head !
My memory's failing me sure !"

56

Jack heard no more words, nor answer return'd :
He fell at her feet at the door ;
The neighbours throng'd round, rais'd him up from the ground
But all with the sailor was o'er.

60

Two nights after this, a fine lady was seen
Alone in a box at the play ;
The piece was the "*Stranger*," when lo ! in her ear
A shrill voice seem'd "*Polly*" to say.

64

She turn'd round and look'd, when a figure she saw
Nigh hid in a long sable cloak ;
He beckon'd her to him, and *Polly* obey'd,
But not a word to him she spoke.

68

Amazement had seized her, she follow'd the form,
When lo ! he his cloak aside threw—
A mouldering shape of a seaman was there—
"Twas *Jack*, and his visage she knew.

72

"Look on me," he cried, "gaze on what thou hast wrought ;
What worth is thy coronet now ?
The worms will soon hold their sad revelry where
Those diamonds encircle thy brow !"

76

So saying, he bore her away in his arms ;
 No more was the lady espied :
 But sailors do say, that to this very day,
 Their spectres move over the tide— 80

'Mid the howl of the tempest, the lightning's fork'd fire,
 A sailor and damsel appear ;
 His features are livid, her face pale with woe,
 As she by the spectre is whirl'd to and fro,— 84
 'Tis *Jack* and his faithless fair.

The Sensation Book of English Songs, p. 56.

We now return to the moving and hair-raising narrative touching the young squire and the brazier's daughter, embodied in the *Kentish Garland*.

Note.—It was also printed in book form. A copy in British Museum (Pressmark 11621. b. 7, art. 41), has the heading, "The Kentish Garland: containing the relation of a Kentish Gentleman marrying his father's servant maid, and their going up to London, where they went into private lodgings; his behaviour to her as a dutiful husband; how she proved with child; his receiving a letter from his parents, threatening him with ruin; his leaving his wife, and going home and marrying a young lady, which broke her heart [the first wife's], and caused her to miscarry and die, &c." Cumberland, printed for the Booksellers, 1809. There are variations, but not generally important. Still it is well to show the chief differences, by foot-notes, although keeping to the text of the best version. The opportunity serves for correcting any evident misprint. It would spoil the whole if Editors commingled distinct transcripts, perhaps of date far removed from one another, and presented a merely composite text, without indication of the separate sources whence it had been derived. By the way: The Ghost that appeared to L. M. Thornton's "Polly," *vide* Stanhope (at a date subsequent to 1798, when B. Thompson and Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's *Stranger* was first produced in London), seems only once to have revisited a theatrical private-box. But compare James Payn's *Cornhill Magazine* tale of mystery, entitled "The Guinea Box," June, 1880, where a Lady-Ghost habitually resorts to one, at Covent Garden Theatre, until it is destroyed by fire in March, 1856.—J. W. E.

[*Douce Collection of Ballads*, III. 48; and *Roxb. Coll.* III. 458.]

The Kentish Garland.

TO AN EXCELLENT NEW TUNE.

GOOD people now, I pray give ear,	
And also true attention,	
Unto these lines which you shall hear,	
And words which I shall mention.	4
Within this book as I shall write,	
As true it is reported,	
How a young 'squire ruin'd quite,	
A damsel whom he courted.	8
She was his father's servant maid,	
And daughter to a brazier;	
He often would her heart invade,	
At every turn and leisure,	12
With all the arguments of love,	
Which passion might discover,	
Protesting to the powers above,	
How dearly he did love her.	16
With modest blushes she reply'd,	
"Sir, pray stop your proceeding,	
For I am no ways qualify'd,	
Neither for birth nor breeding.	20
You can have choice of ladies gay,	
From nobles' loins descended;	
Therefore let me alone, I pray,	
Your friends will be offended."	24

"Well met, the jewel of my heart !
 Fear not my friends' displeasure ;
 Let who will frown, I'll take thy part,
 And love thee out of measure. 28
 No one that's born of noble blood
 Doth stand within my favour ;
 I honour thee with what is good,
 For you I love for ever." 32
 With modest blushes, she reply'd,
 "Sir, stop those fond pretences,¹
 For if your friends of it should know,
 Then they would be offended. 36
 Discourse to me of love no more,
 But strive to please your parents ;
 I'd rather wed with one that's poor,
 Then wed to live at variance." 40
 "My parents do love me too well²
 To cross my inclination,
 And very soon be reconcil'd,
 To give me satisfaction. 44
 Therefore, cheer up, my lovely dear ;
 If parents they should slight me,
 'Till I my breath and life resign,
 Dear jewel, I will right thee." 48
 "Kind sir, you promise more to me
 Than can be now expected ;
 While you possess such riches store,
 Their love may be respected.³ 52

¹ The Roxburghe copy and Cumberland Garland have "embraces."

² Instead of these four lines (41 to 44), belonging to the Douce version, the Roxburghe copy has a repetition of lines 25 to 28, except that the passage now begins, "Farewell, the jewel of my heart." There are a few trifling differences elsewhere ; the Douce version is the best of the three. The Roxburghe copy also is printed continuously, without division into eight line stanzas, of which there would be twenty-six.

³ The Roxburghe copy reads, instead, "Then love may be perfected, But if your parents should *now* stand" (evidently the true reading, not "should not stand" of the Cumberland Garland).

But if your Parents should now stand
Against you with denial,
To disinherit you of all,
Then there will come the trial." 56
"That is the worst¹ which they can do ;
Let them, then, use their pleasure,
I must be loyal, just, and true,
And love thee out of measure. 60
If they would wrong their darling son
For such a poor transgression,
Then let them go : when that is done,
I have a large possession, 64
The which was left to me of late,
'Twas by a near relation :
Let father frown and mother hate,
I'm in a happy station. 68
Therefore cheer up, my dearest dear,
If parents should disdain us,
I hope two thousand pounds a year
Will modestly maintain us." 72
These arguments, and many more,
He used to obtain her.
She gave consent to wed ; wherefore,
There's none alive can blame her. 76
For she was made his lawful wife,
By their protested marriage,
But soon she lost her precious life
By his ungrateful carriage. 80
Unknown to friends and parents dear,
This couple they were wedded,
And in the space of half a year,
After they both were bedded, 84
It seems she proved young with child,
Her looks began to show it ;

¹ Roxburghe, Douce, and Cumberland copies read "work," but the true word should certainly be "worst;" which we accordingly restore to the text.

Until his friends were reconcil'd,	
He would not let them know it.	88
But up to famous <i>London</i> town	
Immediately he brought her,	
And to behave with modesty	
And decency he taught her.	92
Much like a youthful lady gay,	
She seem'd all in her beauty,	
And while he with her there did stay,	
He shew'd a husband's duty.	96
As they were charm'd with mutual love,	
Which for a season lasted,	
At length they heard a dismal noise,	
Which all their pleasure blasted.	100
Her parents came to understand,	
By private information, ¹	
That he had lodgings in the <i>Strand</i> ,	
And, fill'd with indignation, ¹	104
They sent a letter full of wrath,	
And threaten'd her with ruin,	
Which he receiv'd whilst she stood by,	
And at the same stood viewing.	108
Tears from his eyes did flow amain :	
She asked him the reason,	
Said he, " My friends do me disdain."	
They both wept for a season.	112
She read these lines as well as he,	
And found them harsh and cruel,	
Said she, " My dear, be kind to me,	
Be kind, my dearest jewel.	116
Let me not suffer for thy sake,	
Consider my condition ;	
For if you don't, my heart will break ;	
It was not my ambition	120

¹ The Roxburghe and Cumberland copies both read (absurdly) "recreation."

To be a lady ; well you know,
 'Twas long e'er I consented.
 Why do they seem to threaten so ?
 I strove but to prevent it ; 124
 But now I am your lawful wife,
 Which you were pleas'd to make me,
 Your smiles, perhaps, may save my life,
 I die if you forsake me." 128
 He took her by the hand, and said,
 " My dear, my joy, my sweeting,
 Within my lodgings pray abide
 'Till our next happy meeting." 132
 With kisses sweet and solemn vows,
 They from each other parted ;
 But grief appeared on her brows,
 For she was broken-hearted. 136
 He promised to take her part,
 And certainly excuse her,
 To father ; nay, and mother too ;
 That they might not abuse her. 140
 To make the matter fair and clear,
 And in all cases clear her ;
 He went, and ne'er return'd again,
 And never more came near her.¹ 144
 But when she came unto the town,
 They told her he was marry'd
 To a young lady of renown ;
 With grief she then miscarried. 148
 But when his parents came to find
 That she was with her neighbour,
 To whom she did her conscience clear
 Within the time of labour, 152

¹ See Note at end, concerning another ballad which resembles this one, up to the present point. The Roxburghe ghost in our *Kentish Garland* has points of similarity recalling "William and Margaret," a ballad mistakenly attributed to David Malloch, or Mallet. See Elliot Stock's *Antiquary*, i. 8, Jan. 1880, where Mr. Wm. Chappell confutes the claim of Mallet.

They threat'ned her with banishment,
 For tricking of the squire ;
 But fatal death did them prevent,
 For she did soon expire. 156
 But some minutes before she died,
 In friends' and neighbours' hearing,
 She wrung her hands and, weeping, said,
 "What is there no appearing ? ¹ 160
 Will you not come near me then,
 Oh ! husband most false-hearted ?
 With just revenge I'll haunt you, when
 My wronged soul's departed." 164
 Accordingly, as she had said,
 Within three nights after,
 Came to the room wherein he laid
 The wronged brazier's daughter. 168
 When in the midst of all their joy,
 To their amazing wonder,
 The room was filled with dreadful noise,
 Like roaring claps of thunder. 172
 To crown the stately marriage bed
 They saw a flash of fire,
 And heard a dismal voice that said,
 "Oh ! most ungrateful squire ! 176
 The lady that lies ² by your side,
 She shall not long enjoy you ;
 'Twas I that was your lawful bride :
 Just vengeance must destroy you." 180
 Within her arms, like ice or clay,
 The Spirit did enfold him ;
 By force she took him quite away,
 His lady could not hold him : 184

¹ The Roxburghe copy reads, intelligibly, "no appearing?" meaning, "no appearance of my husband." The Douce version has "*now* appearing:" which is absurd.

² Roxburghe copy has "lies," Douce copy "lays."

She shriek'd and cry'd, but all in vain,
For then the spirit gave him
That very night his fatal bane,
There's none alive could save him. 188
The lady then rose up with speed,
At this fatal consternation,
Where on his breast they plain did read
These words of lamentation, 192
In perfect *Roman* letters blue :
" This wretch was my undoing ;
He, being false, has brought me to
My death and utter ruin. 196
For making me his lawful wife,
The deed he then did smother,
And for the cursed golden prize,
He married with another. 200
His faithless tongue seduc'd my soul,
And easily deceiv'd me,
His perjur'd words pierced my heart,
And of my life bereav'd me. 204
Leaving his wife and child to fall
A sacrifice together,
He makes a third that caused the ill,
So now farewell together." 208

[Douce copy:] Printed at Sympson's Warehouse, in Stone-
cutter-Street, Fleet-Market.

[Roxburghe copy:] Printed and Sold at the Printing Office
in Aldermary Church-yard, London.

Both belonging to near the end of the eighteenth century.

Note.—Up to the one hundred and forty-fourth line there is a striking similarity in the story of this " Kentish Garland " to another ballad of about the same date, entitled " The Squire and the Servant Maid " (it is in the Ebsworth Collection, Large Quarto MSS., iv. p. 93), beginning thus :

Both Parents and Lovers, I pray you, attend
Unto this relation, which here I have penned :
It is of a Squire of whom I do write,
Who courted his Father's maid both day and night.

It records the same early devoted affection of the lovers, with their protestations, secret marriage, and its consequence ; also the wrath of the Squire's parents. But here the two stories divide ; although both lead us to a narrative of horror and ghostly apparition. The Squire's absence is secured by his father ; who pretends to seek thereby the appeasing of his own wife's indignation, while his son accompanies Ormond and Rooke to sea (1702) :

Along with brave *Ormond* and *Rooke* you must go,
To fight the proud *French* and the *Spaniards* also. 104

In a naval engagement the young man's head is carried off by a cannon ball.

'Twas thought that his Parents had order'd it so,
If possible he could be slain by the foe. 120
What afterwards happened you briefly shall hear :
The Ghost of the Squire did straightway appear,
And came to his father and mother by night :
The chamber appeared all over in light.
The Apparition appeared all over in blood,
With his head in his hand, by the bedside he stood ;
With a groan or two he was heard for to cry,
" 'Twas you, cruel Mother, wrought my destiny !"
Then, with a groan or two, he did vanish away,
But still appears to them day after day," etc. 130

The father feels this ghostly visitation becoming too oppressive, and settles no less than "three thousand a year" at once on his son's young widow. (Her baby-boy had been born before the discovery of the marriage : her husband courageously clearing her fair fame, when the event drew near.) "The clergy" are bribed with two hundred guineas, to come from Oxford and lay the Ghost, which they accordingly succeed in doing. Like Ariel, the spirit is confined within a small tree ; it is on an island in the old man's fish-pond. The tree thrives under the unwonted occupation, for we read of it as

A small tree which both winter and summer is green.

Indeed, the verdant hue appears to have become "pronounced" in the neighbourhood. Finally, everybody is left miserable : father, and mother, and young widow (the baby is not specified, but was presumably teething) : "And so let this tragic story end here." As a former Duke of Cambridge used to say, "No objection, no objection !" Readers will remember the *Ingoldsby Legend* of young "Hamilton Tighe," whose ghost borrowed the fashion of carrying his own head, originally set by St. Denis. As it was remarked of old, "*C'est ne que le premier pas qui coûte !*"—J. W. E.

XLI.

Comfort to the Afflicted.

THIS ballad might with almost equal propriety have appeared in our Second Volume, but we consider it so closely connected with the tales of wonder given in the *Kentish Miracle*, *Kentish Wonder*, and *Kentish Garland*, that we insert it in its present position. Seven cities contested for the honour of giving birth to Homer, and two counties combat for the place of nativity of our heroine, who is described in a copy of this ballad, printed at Edinburgh in 1744, as "Mary Blake, in Newport, Isle of Wight," and no doubt the tale of the relief of the poor widow and punishment of the churlish church-warden proved as satisfactory to the hearers in that division of hospitable Hants as it did to the most warm-hearted Kentishman.

Note.—Let us rest content with "Mary Blake," "in the parish of Sutton," Kent; the position satisfied the people of York. Why go farther a-field? Those antiquaries who study the physiology of Garland and Chap-Book literature, in connexion with broadside ballads, frequently meet such instances of doubtful localization. We know of a "Bedfordshire Widow" (*Roxb. Bds.*, iii. 443) whose story belongs to several other English counties, and of earlier date than "Queen Mary." In *Bagford Bds.* (167, 941) is the narrative of a "Poor Yorkshireman protected by Providence," dated 1685-88. Sanctimonious in his poverty and hunger, he proved to be a poetical impostor, inasmuch as the whole history had been stolen, mutilated and spoilt, from a sixty-years' earlier account of a "poor Essex man," by no means veracious. If something happened, or might have happened, the place was incorrectly assigned. It often suited popular taste to assume the semblance of exactitude: "Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold!" says Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*, when certifying the truth of his "ballad of a Fish, that appeared on the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water." Circumstantiality of narration always imposed on the credulity of the mob. Having little imagination themselves, they felt disinclined to suspect that minute details could have been fabricated fraudulently. Therefore, they accepted as true whatever seemed to be confirmed by particulars. Old Mr. Crabtree's lying account of the duel with pistols, superseded that of his nephew Sir Benjamin Backbite, who told of swords being the weapons. A bullet "struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double-letter from Northamptonshire." Here is the true philosophy of popular circumstantiality for the localizing of ballads. A distant place was chosen, not in the neighbourhood, where immediate disproof might have been awkward. "Newport" is open to suspicion. Let us hold by Kent.—J.W.E.

[In a Book of Garlands. British Museum.]

Comfort to the Afflicted ;

Or,

The Wonderous Works of God shewn to The Widow and the Fatherless.

Shewing how one Mary Blake in the Parish of Sutton, in the County of Kent, was left with four Children, and being reduced to great poverty applied to the parish, but obtained no relief.

How the poor widow went home to the children, bidding them pray to God for bread, and locking herself up in a room, was going to murder herself.

How a person appeared to her in white apparel and assured he[r] she would soon receive comfort.

How she was wonderfully delivered out of her miserable condition, and the church-warden found dead in his bed, his head dashed in pieces, and his blood sprinkled on several parts of the wall.

York: Printed and Sold by J. Kendrew, Collier-gate.

COME all you poor distressed souls,
 Who rove the world up and down
 In bitter want and poverty ;
 To hear this ditty, pray draw nigh. 4
 In *Sutton* parish did this widow dwell,
 And she in her time had lived well ;
 But when that her dear husband died,
 She for her babes could not provide, 8
 Four poor children small had she,
 Being in extreme poverty.

The cries her children oft did make,
Caused her tender heart to ache. 12
Poor soul ! asham'd to beg was she,
Being drove to extreme poverty :
She cry'd, " O Lord, take pity, pray,
Let not my babes perished be." 16

At length a begging she did go,
But few did to her pity show :
" Go work," they said, " your brats and you,
Or to a prison you shall go." 20
The rich ones did take her in scorn,
Saying, " From the door pray get you gone,
Such vermin are not fit to live,
I have not, neither will I give." 24

" O Lord," she said, " pray cast an eye,
Hear the distressed widow's cry ;
Alas ! what must I do for bread,
For my distressed harmless babes ?" [she said.] 28

Then did she wander to her home,
Calling for help from God alone ;
At length unto the parish she
Did go thus in humility : 32

" Good gentlemen, some pity shew
To one whose heart is full of woe,
I am a widow in distress,
Four babes I have, who are fatherless. 36
My husband paid unto the poor,
All offices he likewise bore :

But since he's dead, in want am I,
And forc'd to crave your Charity. 40
This from the rich I do receive,
'The parish will your wants relieve.'
In scorn they spurn me thus away,
And here I hope relieved to be." 44

Then the Churchwarden did say,
" We hear enough from such as thee ;
You are not fit to live," he cry'd,
" When for yourself you can't provide." 48

"Kind Sir," she said, "the Lord, you know,
 Did not cause riches to flow
 On many a one ; but does command
 The rich they by the poor should stand. 52
Dives, the vastly rich and great,
 Despis'd the beggar at his gate ;
 But from his life of grief and thrall
 The Lord he did the beggar call. 56
 The angels did his soul convey •
 In *Abraham's* bosom instantly ;
 God sent grim death to call away
 The rich man from his grandeur gay. 60
 Soon as the wicked soul took flight
 To the dark regions of the night,
 His gilded chariot soon did run
 To flames which everlasting burn. 64
 His taste, which once so dainty were,
 Was chok'd with sulphur and despair ;
 His curious eye could nothing see
 But souls swimming in misery. 68
 His blister'd tongue did water crave,
 And looking up beheld the slave
 Whom he dispised at the gate,
 In glory, in a happy state. 72
 'O father *Abraham*,' said he,
 'Send *Lazarus* I pray to me,
 One drop of water let him bring
 To ease the torments I am in.' 76
 Remember, rich men, that live here,
 What *Abraham* did then declare :
 'Son, you good things did on earth possess,
 While *Lazarus* was comfortless ; 80
 And now in glory he [doth] shine,
 While thy tormented soul doth pine
 In everlasting burning pains'—
 This often proves the rich man's gains." 84
 Then in a fury he did fly,
 "Go to the devil !" he did cry ;

"For unto you I'll no money give,
You nor your brats will I relieve." 88

Then spoke this little infant dear,
Whose age was then but seven year :
"My mother dear, trust in the Lord,
He'll give this tyrant his reward. 92

No more for bread will I complain,
Until God please to send the same ;
And so in peace let us go home,
And put our trust in God alone." 96

The little baby at her breast,
So harmless looked in her face,
Its hunger great, lamenting tears,
Poor soul ! thus overwhelm'd with cares, 100
Wringing her hands, she strait went home ;
Her children still for bread did mourn.

And as in grief she sat by them,
A neighbour's dog by chance came in, 104
A mouldy crust he then had got,
Which from a neighbour's house he brought.

The hungry babes the bread did seize,
And each of them did share a piece ; 108
She bid them all for bread to pray
To God, and so she went her way.

These innocents to prayer then went,
Hoping some bread would then be sent ; 112
Upon their knees they then did fall,
And unto heaven they did call,

Saying, "God above, our prayers now hear,
Give bread to us poor children here ; 116
Our mother tells us that you are
Our God, likewise our father dear."

And now we'll leave these babes to mourn,
And to their mother we'll return ; 120
You that poor and distressed are,
Now in God's mercy don't despair.
She shut the door and took a knife,
Thinking to end a wretched life ; 124

Likewise the tender infant dear,
 That at the breast a sucking were.
 Saying, "I'll not see the[e] starve and die!"
 A voice she thought to her did cry, 128
 "Stop thy hand, God hears thy prayers,
 And will relieve thy widow's cares.
 The great Almighty's eye doth see
 The rich man in his cruelty; 132
 How they the poor do now oppress,
 The widow and the fatherless."
 Turning herself about, she espy'd
 One that was of the heavenly tribe, 136
 His garment seemed lovely white,
 She swooned at the very sight.
 But behold God's graceful eye,
 Two gentlemen were riding by, 140
 Seeing these children thus at prayer,
 Amazed were with wonder there :
 "What are you doing, pretty babes?"
 Said they, "We're asking God for bread : 144
 Our mother bid us here kneel down,
 'Till God send bread to carry home."
 "Shew us your mother," then they said,
 "And we will quickly give you bread." 148
 The joyful babes then arose,
 And to their tender mother goes,
 Her babe and she laid on the ground.
 They soon revived her from her swoon, 152
 And when her wretched case they heard,
 It drew from them a flood of tears.
 A purse of gold to her they gave,
 Saying, "We will you more relieve." 156
 They did to the church-warden go,
 Upbraiding him for doing so.
 With that he in a fury flew,
 Saying, "We may have enough to do, 160
 If we such vermin should relieve,
 They are not fit on earth to live.

Comfort to the Afflicted.

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If I give her one bit of bread,
May I e'er long be strucked dead." 164

"Vile wretch!" the gentlemen did say,
"May God be just to you we pray."

Now rich men view as in a glass,
God's judgment heavy fall at last : 168

To bed he went that very night,
But was struck dead ere morning light.
His head was dash'd in pieces small,
His blood was sprinkled on the wall; 172

A sad and dismal sight to view :
This many know for to be true.
The overseers sent straightway
For this distressed family, 176

And gave her tender babes relief,
This put an end to all her grief.

This news soon spread the country round,
The poor have since more favour found. 180

God send this may a warning be,
Unto those using such cruelty,
For daily here we may espy,
The poor for hunger starving lie ; 184

Some rich men's dogs do better fare
Than many babes that friendless are.
But you who thus do waste your store,
That God has given, and slight the poor, 188

Remember *Death* : for die you must
And like the poor, lie in the Dust.



XLII.

Kentish Glee.

THE following Glee furnishes probably the only known instance in Kentish song of the "Grey Coats of Kent" being ranked not only *with*, but *before*, the redoubtable Men and Yeomen of Kent. The Glee is also remarkable for placing the inhabitants of the County in four divisions, instead of simply adhering to the good old terms "Men of Kent," and "Kentish Men," though tradition assures us the inhabitants of Romney Marsh were considered as belonging to a fifth quarter (to use a Hibernicism) of the globe, while Thanet was utterly excluded from the County limits. To discuss the distinction (best summed up by the Rev. W. W. Skeat as "a distinction without a difference") between Men of Kent and Kentishmen, is to raise a perfect hornet's nest of controversy; but happily no ill-feeling is attached to the origin of the "Grey Coats," who carried on the great cloth trade in the Weald of Kent, and numbered amongst them the Bathursts, Ongleys, Courthopes, Maplesdens, Gibbons, Westerns, Plumers, Austens, Dunks, and Stringers. Hasted says: "They were usually called from their dress, the Grey Coats of Kent; and were a body so numerous and united, that at county elections whoever had their votes and interest, was almost certain of being elected."—[*History of Kent*, vol. vii. p. 92.] We refer our readers for some modern information on the controversy touching the terms "Men of Kent and Kentish Men," to the Rev. W. W. Skeat's edition of Pegge's *Proverbs relating to the County of Kent*, printed in the *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. ix. pp. 117–147. Grose applied "Men of Kent" to all on the east of the Medway (*Local Proverbs, Kent*, p. 42, ed. 1811), and in this he is followed by Mr. A. J. Dunkin—no mean authority in such matters—who reprinted in the *History of Kent* (pp. 7–8) an interesting note on the subject by "Charles Sandys, F.S.A., the talented author of *Consuetudines Kancie; or a History of Gavelkind and other Remarkable Customs in the County of*

Kent," which originally appeared in *Notes and Queries*, No. 135. As it is the most exhaustive we have met, we take the liberty of reproducing it at length :

I am not aware that any professed treatise has been written or published upon our provincial distinction of 'Men of Kent' and 'Kentish Men.' That some such traditionary distinction, however (whatever it may be), has existed from time immemorial in our county, cannot be disputed ; and I think it has an undoubted and unquestionable historic origin, which I will endeavour briefly to illustrate. The West Kent Men, according to the tradition, are styled 'Kentish Men,' while those of East Kent are more emphatically denominated 'Men of Kent.' [Mr. S. then gives (amongst others) the following historical authorities :] That the East Kent people were denominated from ancient time 'Men of Kent,' may, I think, be inferred from the antient Saxon name of its metropolis, Cantparebuph [Canterbury], literally, 'The City of the Men of Kent ;' the royal city and seat of government of King Ethelbert at the time of the arrival of St. Augustine (A.D. 597) to convert our idolatrous Saxon ancestors from the worship of Woden and his kindred deities, to that of the Saviour of the world. St. Augustine having succeeded in his holy mission, and having been consecrated Archbishop of the Saxons and Angles in Britain, fixed his metropolitical see in the royal city of Canterbury, which had been granted to him by King Ethelbert on his conversion (who thereupon retired to his royal fortress, or castrum, of Regulbium, *Reculver*). And in that city it has ever since continued for a period of more than twelve centuries. The conversion of the Pagan inhabitants of Kent proceeded so rapidly, that St. Augustine, with the assistance of King Ethelbert, soon founded another episcopal see at Rochester, and thus divided the Kentish kingdom into two dioceses ; the eastern, or diocese of Canterbury ; the western, or diocese of Rochester. And thus, I conceive, originated the divisions of East and West Kent : the men of the former retaining their antient name of 'Men of Kent' ; while those of the latter adopted that of 'Kentish Men.' The Saxon (or Jutish) kingdom of Kent continued a separate and independent kingdom of the Octarchy from the time of Hengist (A.D. 455) until its subjugation by Offa, King of Mercia, in the eighth century, to which it continued tributary, until King Egbert reduced all the kingdoms of the Octarchy under his dominion, at the commencement of the ninth century, and thus became the first King of all England. That Kent was separated at an early period into two divisions of East and West Kent, may be inferred from a charter (Kemble, *Cod. Dipl.* ii. 19) relating to some property withheld from the Church of Canterbury, and which is specially described as having been that of 'Oswulf, duke and prince of the province of *East Kent*' ('dux atque princeps provincie *Orientalis Cantie*') c. A.D. 844. The *Saxon Chronicle* also confirms this view of the matter, thus : A.D. 853. "Ealhere with the 'Men of Kent' fought in *Thanet* against the heathen army (Danes)."—*Thanet* is in *East Kent*. A.D. 865. "The heathen army sate down in *Thanet*, and made peace with the 'Men of Kent.' And the 'Men of Kent' promised them money for the peace." A.D. 902 . . . "Battle at the *Holmes*, between the 'Kentish Men' and the 'Danish Men.'" This, I take it, occurred in *West Kent* [Holmesdale].

Having thus stated the claims of "Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent," we conclude with Capt. Grose's remarks on the 'Yeomen,' in his explanation of the proverb 'a Knight of *Cales*, etc.' (*Local Proverbs*, pp. 72-3, ed. 1811):

A Yeoman was an independent man, somewhat less than a Gentleman (a term formerly not so liberally dealt out as at present). A yeoman occupied his own land, killed his own mutton, and wore the fleeces of his own sheep, spun in his house. This class of people is now entirely extinct, the title of Gentleman being almost as universally claimed in England as in Wales.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Oct. 16, 1782.]

The following Glee was sung with great Applause at the Catch Club in this City [of Canterbury], on Wednesday last. The Words by Mr. Burnby.

Kentish Glee.

THE lovers of freedom, of wine, and of women,
 As *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*.
 For *William the Norman*, at sight of such freemen,
 As *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*. 4
 Tho' a conqueror, left freedom, left wine, and left women,
 To *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*.
 Then drink, my brave boys, to our soldiers and seamen,
 To *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*. 8
 To lovers of freedom, of wine, and of women,
 Like *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*.
 May our country still boast of such legions of freemen,
 As *Grey Coats, Kentishmen, Men of Kent*, and *Yeomen*. 12



XLIII.

The Kentish Yeoman.

“A RIGHT good Kentish Yeoman” has ever been a favourite character with song-writers, who one and all appear to agree with the old preacher who described the yeomanry as “the back-bone of England,” while their cause was often pleaded against the avaricious nobles, in racy, homely English, by the yeoman’s son Latimer. “The good yeoman,” said Fuller, “is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined,” and he made the complimentary remark regarding our county, “Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent” (*The Good Yeoman—The Holy State*). A bold heart and an open hand should always be inseparable, and if we may trust tradition they certainly were so with each “manly Kentish Yeoman.”

Note.—That the class of Yeomen “is now entirely extinct” can scarcely have been absolutely true in Grose’s time—let me add this protest, with due reverence and affection for that large and excellent specimen of the Antiquary (many of whose original water-colour drawings I possess and value highly, including one of Shakespeare’s Dunsinane Hill : another picture, of Chilham Castle, 1790, I gladly relinquished to the present occupier of that neighbouring mansion, Charles S. Hardy, Esq.). Even now, at this later date, one specimen of the Kentish Yeoman dwells contentedly but laboriously in Molash, where his forefathers held the same land and house, probably for a dozen generations. He employs no labourers, but works for himself, and farms his land so well that his hay is proverbially the best in East Kent (which is saying a great deal, as the Men of Kent surpass the Kentish Men). He does not disdain to do a hearty day’s work at hay-making, harvesting, and hop-picking for others, or to accept payment for it, with privilege of collecting the road manure, which would otherwise be wasted. He is a good church-goer, and “votes straight.” In short, he is an excellent example of what an intelligent and industrious man can do, with the energy of a free settler, in our own “garden of England.”

The spirited song of “The Saucy Arethusa,” beginning “Come all ye jolly sailors bold,” was written by Prince Hoare, and sung by Charles Ingleton, as Cheerly, in Act ii. scene 3, of “Lock and Key,” 1796. The music was composed by William Shield, with his usual *verve*, and the song became instantly popular, as it well deserved. In 1835 it had lost none of its charm, as a melody, and not long afterwards Captain Chamier borrowed the title for one of his best novels of nautical adventures.—J. W. E.

[*Canterbury Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 7, 1835.]

The Kentish Yeoman.

AIR—" *The Arethusa*."

GOOD people, since ye've knocked me down,
 I'll sing ye a song, of songs the crown ;
 For it shall be the fair renown
 Of a race that yields to no man. 4
 When order first on earth began,
 Each King was then a husbandman,
 He honor'd the plough,
 And the barley mow, 8
 Maintain'd his court from off his farm,
 And kept all round him tight and warm,
 Like a right good *Kentish* Yeoman.

The plough was then a nation's boast, 12
 And the pride of all that rul'd the roast,
 And so thought one, well worth a host,
 A brave and a noble *Roman*.
 Some here mayn't call to mind his name, 16
 But the thing is true, so it's all the same ;
 In war and debate
 He sav'd the state ;
 He made the haughty foe to bow, 20
 And when all was done, came back to the plough,
 Like a home-bred *Kentish* Yeoman.

The Kentish Yeoman.

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Said *Horace*, I'm grown sick of court,
And *Cæsar's* crack champagne and port, 24
To sing and grin for a great man's sport
Is the life of a raree-show-man.
I long, midst all the fun of *Rome*,
To see how my farm goes on at home. 28
Now his wit was renown'd
The world all around,
And he stuck to his turnips, his wheat, and his hops;
But hang me if ever he grew such crops 32
As a thriving *Kentish* Yeoman.

Good freeholders, and stout, were they,
Who form'd our warlike realm's array,
When *Europe* trembled many a day, 36
At the name of an *English* bowman.
The arm that drew the gallant bow
Could pitch on the rick or the barley mow;
They lov'd the tough yew, 40
And the spot where it grew;
For the yew tree grew by the good old church,
And we'll never leave her in the lurch,
Says the loyal *Kentish* Yeoman. 44

When *George* the Third adorn'd our throne,
His manly ways were just our own;
Then *Britons* stood in arms alone,
And defied each foreign foeman; 48
The good old King, he lov'd his God,
But he fear'd no man on earth who trod;
He lov'd, too, his farm,
And he found a charm 52
In every sterling, useful art,
And he wore the homespun coat and heart
Of a manly *Kentish* Yeoman.

Since, then, the brave, the wise, the great, 56
 Have been plain folks of our estate.
 We claim a pride of antient date,
 A pride that will yield to no man.
 Though *Scotch* philosophers and *Jews* 60
 Would starve us out, and our name abuse,
 We'll stand by our *King*,
 Our *Church*, and each thing
 That our gallant fathers honor'd most ; 64
 And the name of KNATCHBULL shall be the toast
 Of the manly *Kentish* Yeoman.

 XLIV.

Kentish Extracts from the Genteel Recreation.

WE have in the following extracts a sketch of the prospects of sport awaiting a lover of angling in Kent, in the eighteenth century. Most of our Kentish waters in the nineteenth century might apply to themselves the description here given of Tunbridge, though (thanks to the authorities) the Stour is in some measure regaining its ancient reputation. Whitney's account of Penshurst is far less tempting to anglers than Ben Jonson's :

And if the high-swolne *Medway* faile thy dish,
 Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
 Fat aged Carps that run into thy net,
 And Pikes, now weary their own kinde to eat,
 As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
 Officiously at first themselves betray.
 Bright Eeles that emulate them, and leap on land,
 Before the fisher, or into his hand.

To Penshurst. — The Forest, II. Edition 1640, p. 47.

The *Angler's Diary* for 1880, speaking of the waters round Maidstone, stated pike, perch, roach, and bream abound in the Medway, and there is good and free fishing for two miles up the river to Tunbridge, while the Leeds Castle and Mote ponds hold pike, and there are other good ponds in the neighbourhood, permission to use which is very rarely given.

Note.—Izaak Walton (dear to all of us, whether Anglers or East-Anglers) knew our Kentish brooks and rivers well. We may be sure that his quiet figure, his contented face, with the long white locks and broad Puritan collar, were often reflected on the Stour. He writes, in the first edition of *The Compleat Angler*; or, *the Contemplative Man's Recreation*, 1653, chap. iii. p. 85, "I know a little Brook in *Kent* that breeds *Trouts* to a number incredible, and you may take them twentie or fortie in an hour, but none greater then about the size of a *Gudgion*. . . . There is also in *Kent*, neer to *Canterbury*, a *Trout* (called there a *Fordig Trout*), a *Trout* (that bears the name of the Town where 'tis usually caught) that is accounted rare meat, many of them near the bigness of a *Salmon*, but knowne by their different colour, and in their best season cut very white; and none have been known to be caught with an Angle, unless it were one that was caught by honest *Sir George Hastings*, an excellent Angler (and now with God), and he has told me, he thought that *Trout* bit not for hunger, but wantonness; and 'tis the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfie their curiositie." He has more to say concerning the *Fordig Trout*, that "knows his times (I think almost his day) of coming into that River out of the Sea, where he lives (and, it is like, feeds) nine months of the year, and about three in the River of *Fordig*." He reports that "this *Trout* is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water;" and declares, finally, that the *Fordig Trouts* "never afford an *Angler* sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water by their meat formerly gotten in the Sea, or by the virtue of the fresh water only."—J. W. E.

Kentish Extracts from the Genteel

Recreation ; or, the Pleasure of Angling. A
Poem. By John Whitnep. Lond. 1700.

PENSHURST, thy stream's too rapid and too large
For me to Angle in ;
My time ill spent I there discharge,
And neither loose nor win. 4
At *Leigh*, I know fresh pastime to persue,
And there all day till Night
I reap a double sweet delight ;
In thy Meanders among the watery crew. 8
Tunbridge comes next and stor'd with *Poachers* plenty,
Large is thy stream, of Fish yet almost empty.
Large Nets the game do so destroy,
That with an Angle few we can decoy. 12
But here perforce I must give o'r,
A stranger I'm unto the Neighbouring shore,
The Current's strong and swiftly speeds,
By Divers turnings through the Meads 16
To *Maidstone* ;
Where Oyster Ketches they in plenty ply,
And other Vessels twice as big or nigh,
Are coming home 20
From *Rochester*, where, with the *Medway*, she
Most kindly meets and both fall in the Sea.
Now sing the *Carp*, and turn thy Theam, my Muse,
To fresh delights, 24
And cunning slights,
That skillful Anglers use ;

This Fish takes no delight in Rivers much to be,
But pent in Ponds enjoys a sweet Captivity, 28
Well stored with such our *Kentish* grounds they are.

Sussex, I leave thee, and to *Kent* repair,
Where Ponds are large and waters ever clear,
Full flowing streams, and *Carps* in plenty be, 32
The hopeful Issue to Posterity ;

Three Sister Ponds of which I whilome told,
Grac'd by most curious walks on dainty mould.
Perpetual springs, which sweetly bubbling rise, 36
Like *Niobe's* distilling pearly eyes.

Then the square Pond, or Fountain rather,
A *Mermaid* always sprouting out the water,
Where as it falls the Fishes seem to play, 40
Till time or fate conveys the stream away.

Boreplace, a seat of my beloved Friend,
Whose Ponds have streams on which a Mill attend.

Cornbanck, another Pond well stor'd,
And twenty more the County can afford. 45



XLV.

The Kentish Petition. [1701.]

“**WHAT** say you of Kent?” asked Dick of Lord Say. “Nothing but this: ‘Tis *bona terra, mala gens*,” was the answer (*Second Part of Henry VI.* Act iv. scene 7), and this opinion of Kent and its inhabitants appears to have been held by the hostile commentators on the Kentish Petition of 1701. “The stigma upon the Kentish men,” thought Freeman (*Kentish Poets*, vol. i. p. 191), “expressed in the Latin sentence, doubtless had its origin in their aptness to rebel,” and certain it is that till a very recent date the bold Men of Kent were reputed to allow a very short time to elapse between their petitions for redress of grievances, and their appearance in arms to enforce them. If we may trust an entry in the *Greville Memoirs* (vol. ii. chap. xi. p. 22), under the date 1830, this disposition was shown as lately as 1829, for “on one particular occasion, when the Kentish men were to have gone to Windsor 20,000 strong, the Duke of Wellington detained a regiment of light cavalry who were marching elsewhere, that he might not be destitute of military aid.” The following account of the proceedings relative to the Kentish Petition (April 29th, 13th William III.), “praying that the House [of Commons] would turn their loyal addresses into bills of supply”—which had the honour of being voted “insolent and seditious,” and secured its presenters lodging in the Gate-house till the end of the session—is given in Ireland’s *History of Kent* (vol. iii. note, pp. 57–59, 1828). We do not preserve the original division into short paragraphs.

It was in the midst of those clamours, that echoed through the kingdom in 1701, and the universal dissatisfaction of the people at the proceedings of the House of Commons, etc., that the gentlemen of Kent petitioned the representatives of the people in a very humble manner, to “have regard to the voice of the nation, and provide effectually for its religion and safety,” etc. It was signed by all the deputy-lieutenants there present, above twenty justices of the peace, all the grand jury, and other freeholders. This petition was offered to the House on the 8th of May, 1701; the gentlemen who delivered it, and owned it at the bar of the House, being Mr. William Colepepper, Mr. Thomas

Colepepper, Mr. David Polhill, Mr. Justinian Champneys, and Mr. William Hamilton ; for so were found all their names written in the votes, without the addition of Esq., though four of them were justices of the peace, and two deputy-lieutenants of the county. Concerning the petition, the House came to this resolution : that it was scandalous, insolent, and seditious, etc. The five gentlemen they ordered to be taken into the custody of the sergeant at arms, when the treatment they experienced from him was very singular, and testified that they were under the high displeasure of the House ; for, when he accidentally saw two of them talk together, he drew his sword upon his deputy for permitting it ; and, upon one of those gentlemen demanding a copy of their commitment, which they conceived they were entitled to by virtue of the Habeas Corpus Act, and he refusing, the gentleman said he hoped the law would do him justice, when his reply was, "that he cared not a fig for the law." The reverence of the law was fallen very low indeed when one, who had the honour of being a servant to the House of Commons, presumed to make so bold with it. However, this speech was of a piece with the declaration he had made to these gentlemen before, namely, "that he had an unbounded liberty of using them at discretion, that he could confine them at pleasure, consign them to dungeons, lay them underground," etc. Indeed, from the misery and filthiness of their confinement, it seemed that the power of the inquisition was then subsisting in the nominally free country of England. The people, however, being instructed, and taking warning, there came a memorial, enclosed in the following billet, directed to Robert Harley, Esq. Speaker of the House of Commons, couched as follows : "Mr. Speaker, This memorial you are charged with in behalf of many thousands of the good people of England. There is neither Popish, Jacobite, seditious, court, or party, interest, concerned in it ; but honesty and truth. You are commanded by two hundred thousand Englishmen, to deliver it to the House of Commons, and to inform them that it is no banter, but serious truth, and a serious regard to it is expected ; nothing but justice, and their duty, is required ; and it is required by them who have both a right to require and power to compel, viz. the people of England. We could have come to the House strong enough to oblige them to hear us, but we have avoided any tumults, not desiring to embroil, but to save our native country. If you refuse to communicate it to them, you will find cause in a short time to repent it." This was not delivered by a woman, as was said, but by the very person who wrote it, guarded by about sixteen gentlemen of quality ; who, if any notice had been taken of him, were ready to have carried him off by force. The memorial, among other things, contained a claim of right under seven heads, of which the three former ran thus : "we do hereby claim and declare, first, that it is the undoubted right of the people of England, in case their representatives in parliament do not proceed according to their duty and the people's interest, to inform them of their dislike, disown their actions, and direct them to such things as they think fit, either by petition, address, proposal, memorial, or any other peaceable way. Secondly, that the House of Commons, separately, and otherwise than by a Bill legally passed into an Act, has no legal power to suspend or dispense with the laws of the land, any more than the King has by his prerogative. Thirdly, that the House of Commons has no legal power to imprison any person, or commit him

to the custody of sergeants, or otherwise (their own members excepted), but ought to address the King, to cause any person on good grounds to be apprehended; which person, so apprehended, ought to have the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, and be brought to trial by due course of law." After other claims, it concluded: "Thus, gentlemen, you have your duty laid before you, which it is hoped you will think of: but, if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the resentment of an injured nation; Englishmen are no more to be slaves to parliaments than to kings. Our name is LEGION, and we are MANY." Such was the spirit of those who may be called our immediate ancestors! and it stands recorded in our history, that the members of the House of Commons were so intimidated by this remonstrance that they instantly began to alter their measures.

"This is a splendid passage, and memorable, illustrating the true English spirit of Kent. Parliamentary tyranny was never more fittingly rebuked. Ever and anon such lessons become necessary. Kent still leads the way, as of old."—J.W.E.

The following list of the pamphlets, etc., occasioned by these occurrences, all of which appeared in the same year, is given in Mr. J. Russell Smith's *Bibliotheca Cantiana* (p. 30); *History of the Kentish Petition* (by Daniel Defoe), 4to. London; *Jura Populi Anglicani, or the Subject's right of Petitioning set forth in the case of the Kentish Petitioners*, 4to. London; *The Subject's Right of Petitioning answered paragraph by paragraph*, 4to.; *The Kentish Fable; or, the Lion and the Foxes, the honesty of the Kentish Petition made manifest, &c., written and collected by a Man of Kent*, 4to. London; *The Kentish Petition in Verse*, 12mo. London; *The Effigies of the Five Kentish Gentlemen done from the Life, surmounted with their Arms, in five ovals on a large sheet*. A. White, sc. 1701. Printed for Tho. Cockerell, at the Bible and 3 Leggs, in ye Poultry. Owing to the kindness of Mr. R. Hovenden, who lent us the pieces from his Kentish Collection, we are able to place before our readers the following extracts from the satirical and anti-Cantian poems circulated at the time.

Advice to the Kentish Long-Tails, by the Wise-
Men of Gotham. In Answer to their late Sawcy Petition
to the Parliament.

WE, the Long-Heads of *Gotham*, o'er our merry Cups meeting,
 To the Long-Tails of *Kent*, by these Presents send Greeting:
 Whereas, we're inform'd that your *Maidstone* Grand Jury
 A most Monstrous Petition has Penn'd in a Fury;
 We're strang[e]ly surpriz'd at the News we'll assure ye.

For, unless both our Reading and Memory fails, Old <i>Kent</i> has been Fam'd, not for <i>Heads</i> , but for <i>Tails</i> . Not to make on your Intellects any Reflection, The Senate needs none of your <i>Kentish</i> Direction,	}	8
To prevent Foreign Insults, and Home Insurrection.		
Without your Intruding and sage Interposing, And thrusting, where no Body calls you, your nose in.		12
Our <i>Commons</i> will steer the Great Boat of themselves, And save it from dashing on Rocks or on Shelves :		
They'll provide for our <i>Tarrs</i> , and settle the Nation :		
Then let each Private Man be content in his Station.		16
We therefore advise you to lead sober Lives, To look after your Orchards, and comfort your Wives.		
To Gibbets and Gallows your Owlers advance, That, that's the sure way to Mortifie <i>France</i> .		20
For <i>Monsieur</i> our Nation will always be Gulling, While you take such care to supply him with Woollen.		
And if your allegiance to <i>Cesar's</i> so great, All Smuggling and stealing of Customs defeat,	}	24
Or else all your Loyalty's nought but a Cheat.		

The force of the allusion to the active part taken by Kent, particularly by the inhabitants of the Romney Marsh district, in the illicit export of wool to France (technically known as "Owling"), will be found fully explained in our introduction to *The Smuggler's Bride*, where we purpose reviewing some of the exploits of "The bold free-traders." The Wise men of Gotham then advise the Long-tails to exert their talents

—to get such a Boy As will equal in Vigour the fam'd <i>William Joy</i> . ¹	28
Then in Peace you may eat both your Boil'd and your Roast, And the <i>French</i> will be Damn'd, e'er they'll Land on your Coast.	

*Signed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the
Common Council ; all the Inhabitants,
both Men, Women and Children, that
could make their Marks, at the Quarter-
Sessions holden at Gotham, in Comi-
tatu Essex, the 12th of May.*

LONDON, Printed in the year 1701.

¹ In J. W. Ebsworth's *Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, p. 496*, printed for the Ballad Society, 1880, in a Note on Whitefriars = Alsatia, is reference to the two "Kentish Brothers," one being the William Joy mentioned above. "The Duke of York's Theatre, in Dorset Gardens, Whitefriars, was built by

The above was a broadside, issued without any printer's name, and was out-done in acrimony by a 12 pp. pamphlet, entitled *The Kentish Men, a Satyr, occasion'd by the late Feast at Mercer's Hall, and the Publication of their Five several Effigies. Written by a Commoner. London. Printed in the Year 1701. And sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.* The City of London (always active in the cause of Liberty) appears to have taken the part of the Petitioners with some warmth, and a doubt seems to have arisen in the mind of the author of the *Kentish Men* whether the terms in which he attacked them and their temporary allies, might not be considered almost too strong, even in that free-spoken age. He states in his Preface :

As for making Excuses for treating any person scurvily, I must ask the reader's pardon, as I am one of those commoners of England, that have seen our representatives us'd after a worse manner than possibly any of those gentlemen can be, since they have done nothing but what is consonant to Law, and agreeable to the High Power they are invested with. I confess it troubled me, that I should have any occasion for the present satyr, but when citizens run Horn mad, and provide splendid entertainments for those who have fall'n under the censure of Parliament, on purpose to affront their judges ; When Ballads are sent abroad to make our councillors look little in the eyes of the world, at a time when the affairs of Europe have receiv'd life from their resolutions ; and noblemen think to get into tradesmen's books, by taking part with their favourites, 'tis high time to take pen in hand, in vindication of those senators who have asserted the privileges of parliaments, and so bravely stood up for the rights of the people, whose protection they were entrusted with.

We have retrenched some of the luxuriant abundance of capitals which bedeck the original of this passage, and now proceed to give extracts from the 'Satyr,' which contains 327 lines, and attacks city magnates, county squires, and country parsons with equal animosity.

Sir Christopher Wren, 1672. There, in December, 1678, the two Kentish Brothers, William and Richard Joy, exhibited feats of strength, each one lifting (it is recorded) a weight of 2240 lbs., holding back a strong cart-horse by sheer strength ; breaking a rope that could bear 35 cwt., etc. Of them it was sung,

O whether of the twain be still the stronger *Kentish Boy* ?
For *Rich* is one, and t'other's *Will* : in both we find our *Joy*.

Richard Joy was drowned near Broadstairs, in 1734." His tombstone is at St. Peter's, Thanet. William Joy alone is mentioned in the 1701 *Advice to the Kentish Long-Tails*.

The Kentish Men,¹ &c.

- p. 1. WHEN Men, for want of Courage and of Sense,
 Make what they seek the least, their sole pretence ;
 And idly to their shame Petitions draw,
 That give Offence to Reason and to Law ; 4
 As they prescribe to those who bear the Rule,
 And, where they should Obey, advise and school,
 'Tis time the Muse should in defence arise,
 Of those whose Actions speak 'em Just and wise, 8
 And Vindicate what has our Safeguard been,
 From Goal-bird Arrogance, and *Gate-house* Spleen.
 And may the Muse henceforth no suppliant find,
 Nor Sacred Wreaths *Apollo's* Altars bind ; 12
 May Dullness reign perpetual in Esteem,
 And may my Verse be thoughtless as my Theme,
 If it permit such bold unusual Crimes
 To pass unpunish'd in *Reforming* Times : 16
 Tho' Citizens seditious in Excess,
 Whom they should shun, with Treats and Praise caress,
 Tho' Marquisses and Dukes at Table sit,
 And suit *their* want of Sense with *Their's* of Wit. 20
- p. 2. Thou Goddess, that dost over *Kent* preside,
 Look down and see their Insolence and Pride !
 Behold thy Sons, and, as thou ought'st, disdain
 A Race of Men so mutinous and vain, 24
 Who for their Fears alone are Valiant thought,
 And wise, because Imprisonment they sought.
 Are these thy darling Off-spring, once thy boast,
 That made invincible, secur'd thy Coast, 28
 That kept at distance an Invader's Harms,
 And stop'd the progress of a Conquerour's Arms ?
 Or let the Land renounce its Ancient Fame,
 Or such Impertinents for Sons disclaim, 32
 That out of danger, basely call for Aid,
 And make thy dauntless County first affraid.
 While fearful of Invasions from afar, ['a far' in original.]
 At home they meditate a Civil War, 36
 And hatch Rebellion underneath a Zeal,
 To save, and to promote the Common-Weal.

¹ Let it here be mentioned, owing to lack of space on p. 254, that the "Advice to the Kentish Long-tails" was written by Tom Brown. A copy of the broadside is in the Ouvry Collection, iii. 35. See *The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown*, edit. 1708, i. 167.

	As they for Mutinies <i>most humbly</i> sue, And would revive the Crimes of <i>Forty-two</i> ;	[1642.] 40
	Nor shall <i>Augusta's</i> sco[u]ndrel Race escape, Men ripe for Mutiny in any shape :	
	Ready for Change, impatient of Restraint, Whether the <i>Sinner</i> governs, or the <i>Saint</i> ;	44
	Whether Religion out of Door, or in, 'Tis certain they that Rule are Men of <i>Sin</i> ,	
	And the Dull Fools from off their Compters run, To grin, and growl, and snarl to be undone ;	48
	Eager to ruin what true Patriots save, And to <i>destroy</i> the Pow'r they cannot <i>have</i> ;	
p. 3.	While they, who lavish of <i>Rebellious</i> Blood, For Parliaments, against their Monarch stood,	52
	And Regal Innocence a Victim made, To every execrable Cry of Trade,	
	Now turn the scales. and, under the pretence, Of doing right to Injur'd Innocence,	56
	Are for displacing whom our Voices chose, And vote their <i>former</i> Friends their <i>present</i> Foes :	
	As against Parliaments their Venome falls, And Healths to Rebels circulate their Halls.	60

Having thus disposed of the Kentish Petitioners and their supporters, the author attacks C[ockerill], who had published the portraits of the former, together with their Arms, and for this heinous offence is described as

	Audacious in defence of any Cause, That tends to alter Governments and Laws, Either against the Church to shew his Hate, Or tempt the Justice of an injur'd State.	68
	Else had he not his want of Duty shewn, And in his Heroes' Faces grav'd his own ; As he for <i>Lucres</i> only puts to sale, What had been rightly drawn with each a Tail,	72
	And publickly gives Loyal minds offence, By <i>Billings-gate</i> ing Senators for Pence, And handing round their Copies thro' the Town :	
	Whose dull <i>Originals</i> had ne're been known,	76
	Had there not been far wiser Men in <i>Kent</i> , And they upon the senseless Errand sent, That without <i>smoke</i> , prognosticated <i>Fires</i> , And Christ'ned them from <i>Yeomen</i> into <i>Squires</i> ,	80
p. 4.	Since every Mortal may deserve the Name That pays so <i>dearly</i> for so poor a fame.	

The whole of this page is devoted to abuse of a City Knight, who is also a colonel and justice, while the two following lavish similar compliments on his civic brethren :

- p. 5. But Muse keep off from Scandal, and forbear,
Some of these Men have slept within the Chair,
Have Cough'd in Fur, and have on Custards fed,
When thou, perhaps, hast made a Meal of Bread. 130
Their Chiefs are Aldermen, their Rulers Knighted,
And their swol'n Bags forbid 'em to be slighted,
Their Husbands Active, and their Daughters Fair,
Or thou, at least, must wisely say they are ; 134
Their Fathers Gentlemen, their Mothers sound,
If thou wouldst have no Bill against thee found,
For ev'n Sir *Barthol'mew's* nor *Powis's* Wit
Can save a Poet from an Angry *Cit.* 138

One of the Common-Council is thus described on page 6 :

- Amongst the chief of these, a Babe of Grace
Shows his *New Indian* sanctimonious Face,
With Eyes uplifted he receives his Guests,
And Cants, and Wellcome's 'em to City Feasts, 146
Which in all Parts might have been thought compleat,
Had but his *Clapham* Teacher bless'd the Meat ;
Or *Titus Oats*, with Anabaptist whine,
Pronounc'd them *Rascals* all that would not *Dine*, 150
And vote those *Saviours* too, that to their cost,
Would try to *save*, what could not well be lost ;
Since Fleets at Sea secur'd the *British* Reign,
And rode triumphant o're the Subject *Main.* 154

Page 7 attacks the Clergy who attended the Banquet :

- But as few Feasts without a Parson pass,
As *Toaster* to put round the merry glass,
And forward the Consumption of the Kind,
That was for Humane Nutriment design'd : 176
So 'twould be pitty not to sing their Praise,
Who stood by those that stood by *Means and Ways*,
And left dividing Texts, and saving Souls,
To slaughter Pasties, and to cut up Fowls. 180

After accusing the offending clerics of being mutinous, time-serving, and luxurious, the author compliments Hooper, Jane, Aldrich, South, Beveridge, and Isham, but his Muse speedily returns (page 8) to her wonted strain of unmitigated abuse :

Then let her to her first Design return,
 And vent her Stock of Hatred and of Scorn
 Against those Representatives of Fools,
 That were picked out to be their *County's* Tools, 216
 And sent so many Miles in Goal to lye,
 When their own *Maidston*[e]-Prison was so nigh.
 What tho' their CUTS are Grav'd in Copper Plates,
 And *Ciſs* receive the Fools at *Mercer's* Gates, 220
 The Coach and Six returns 'em to their Wives,
 That came on Horse-back up to save their Lives,
 And every Cart-horse in the Country trots,
 And frisks its Tail about to meet the Sots; 224
 While Parish-Priests Welcome their Worship's Home
 And dare not but thank God they're safely come. ['there' in orig.]

The author (on page 9) proceeds to 'Examine not their Features but their Soul,' of the Petitioners, commencing with William Colepepper :

First, for his Worship (once that was), whose Face
 Sounds forth Sedition in the Midmost-Place,
 And stands expos'd to ev'ry Creatures Eyes,
 For his Pretensions to be reckon'd Wise. 236
 Much better had he minded Scraps of Law,
 To keep his Neighbours Ignorance in awe,
 Por'd over *Dalton's Justice* all his Life,
 To stand as Arbiter in case of Strife, 240
 Then came to Town, Superiors to persuade,
 And have his *Mittimus* by Speaker made,
 Who Cag'd him closely up, to let us see
 Others knew better things, by far, than he; 244
 And he that griev'd that *War*, and *Tax* should cease,
 Was turn'd from his Commission of the *Peace*.

Thomas Colepepper is then taken in hand :

The Brother's Image comes the next in view,
 And makes a mighty figure, giv't its due,
 With his *Half Moon*, and Arms about his Head, 258
 When he by the *whole* Planet has been led,
 If Madness from her influence takes its rise,
 Or Frenzies are accounted Lunacies.

The next page (10) attacks the three remaining Petitioners,
 and we reproduce the concluding portion of the Satire entire :

P[olhi]l's the Third in place, but first in Fame,
 If Riches can advance their Owner's Name.

- Empty, God knows, and destitute of Brains
 As any soul alive, without his Gains. 268
 Forward to Heighten things of no Account,
 And Magnify a Mole-Hill to a Mount :
 Else had he let some other Fool declare
 The Bench of Justices exceeding Care, 272
 As he by Proxy spoke his want of Thought,
 And *sent* the *sage* Advice, he wisely brought.
 Now for the Crafty *Scotchman* by descent,¹
 Tho' Fortune has transplanted him to *Kent*, 276
 A Fool of some distinction and of Note,
 From the Rich Clasp the Engraver gives his Coat.
 Sure he mistook, or did it by Design,
 To laugh at what he made so wond'rous fine, 280
 Since every one might see with half an Eye,
 He gave him what all *Scotland* could not buy,
 With Party-colour'd-Plod he should be clad,
 To shew us what he *was*, by what he *had*. 284
 The last ² with *Lyon* Rampant, braves our sight,
 And calls for *War*, that angry Beast[']s] delight,
 When he himself declines to List and Fight. }
 p. 11. 'Tis pity, one would think, a Man so Bold, 288
 Should stay at home, and fling the Dice for Gold ;
 As he commences Law Suits to his Cost,
 And seeks at *Westminster* for Monies lost,
 E'en let him mount his Horse, and grasp his Shield, 292
 And search for Fame amidst the *Belgick* Field.
 His Friends the *Dutch* may probably convince,
 Peace ought to be esteem'd by Men of sense,
 While Trade goes on, and every Subject finds, 296
 Their Bodies easy, and content their Minds.
 These, are the *Five Wise-Acres* in esteem,
 The Country's Triumph, and the City's Theme,
 That made a certain Sheriff quit his state, 300
 And come Incognito to shew his Hate,
 And rail against the Pow'r he sacred held,
 Till he had been spew'd out, and twice Expell'd :

¹ William Hamilton, of Chilston and Lenham, was the second son of Sir James Hamilton (fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn) and his wife the Hon. Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John, Lord Colepeper. His paternal Arms alluded to in these lines, were the armorial bearings of the Earls of Abercorn (to which title his elder brother James succeeded): *Gules, three cinquefoils pierced, ermine, quartered with argent, a ship having sails furled, with a proper difference.*

² Justinian Champneys.

- Once more perhaps in hopes to represent 304
 A certain Burrough, since it lyes in *Kent*.
 Oh ! may the next approaching Session shew
 What deference to Parliaments is due ;
 Assert their rights and vindicate their Fame, 308
 From this Impertinence of Noise and Shame,
 That furnishes the City with Discourse,
 And makes our *Presbyterians* Rail and Curse ;
 As one day they receive deserv'd Returns, 312
 And sneakingly pull in their sprouting Horns.
 May the Petitioners that took such pains,
 To shew their penury of Sense and Brains,
 p. 12. Be sent for up again from their Estates, 316
 And forc'd once more to look thro' *Gate-house* Grates !
 May the Dull Fools that met 'em on *Black Heath*,
 To bite and snarl and idly shew their teeth,
 Be plagu'd with Messengers and Warrants vext, 320
 And the whole sinful County doubly Tax'd !
 To shew that Pow'r these Male-contents despise,
 And keep those in Obedience that would rise :
 While those that are not of the murm'ring Tribe 324
 Submit to Means our Parliaments prescribe,
 And own, with Thanks, that *Harley* saves the Land,
 And Justice flows in Streams from *Seymour's* hand.

Finis.

A different description of the loyal and public spirit of the Men of Kent is given in a ballad written eleven years earlier, of which there are copies in the Roxburghe Collection [II. 56] and the Pepys Collection [II. 364]. It is entitled, *The City and Country's Loyalty ; or, The Gallant Resolution of the Kingdom to defend the same against the Invasion of the French, voluntarily engaging themselves in the defence of King William and Queen Mary*, and the date is stated by Mr. Chappell to be 1690, when, taking advantage of the King's absence in Ireland, the French landed about 1000 men at Torbay, who after burning a village and some fishing boats returned to their ships.

The third stanza is as follows :

The stout valiant men of *Kent*,
 All with a resolution bent,
 Did engage to meet this mighty foe ;
Surry, Sussex, did the like also :
 When the *French* did understand
 That they would thus defend the land, 30
 They were forced straight to hoise up sail,
 Knowing that they should not there prevail.

De *Frenchmen* said, " Me are afraid,
If deir kingdom here we should invade,
Youthful and sage, all will ingage,
Not a *Frenchman* will escape deir rage."

The ballad is reprinted in the Ballad Society's edition of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1880, vol. iii. part 3rd, pp. 522-524.

However, we are obliged in justice to allow, there is some rather strong historic testimony regarding our county reputation as a stiff-necked, unruly race. The contemporary chronicler of *The Restoration of King Edward IV.* (edited by John Bruce, F.S.A., for the Camden Society, 1838) describes how when the Bastard Fauconberge (or Fauconbridge—there are at least three forms in which we find the gallant Lancastrian's name written) was before London, "thinkynge to robbe, and spoyle, and do almaner of myschefe; and therto many of the contrye of Kent were assentyng, and cam with theyr good wills, as people redy to be appliable to suche seditious commociouns" (p. 33). According to our author, those who did not join from love of that 'ruction' and 'divarshion' still so dear to every Milesian heart, were prompted to take a part from personal fear of the Bastard, though in all civil disturbances the non-combatants (like Sir Roger Twysden and Sir Edward Dering) generally suffer the most severely. To use the writer's words, "Othar of Kentyshe people that wold righte sayne have sytten still at home, [We regard this as a base libel!] and nat to have ronned into the dangar of suche rebellyon, by force and violence of suche riotows people as were of the sayd bastard's company, for feare of deathe, and othar great manasses, and thretynnynges, were compellyd, some to goo with the bastard, in theyr parsons; suche, specially, as were habile in parsons, yf they had aray, and myght not wage to such as would goo, they were compellyd, by lyke foarce to lene them theyr aray, and harnes; and such as were unharnesyed, aged, and unhable, and of honor, they were compelled to send men waged, or to gyve mony wherewith to wage men to goo to the sayd bastards company. So that, ryght in a shorte tyme, the sayd bastard and his felowship had assembled to the nombar of xvj or xvij^m men, as they accomptyd themselves" (*Ibid.*). We must allow for a little natural exaggeration on the part of the Yorkist chronicler in stating the motives which actuated portions of the gallant army who made such a dashing attempt in favour of the Red Rose. John Warkworth, a staunch Lancastrian, speaks of the movement as a regular county affair, telling when "Faknebrygge" came to Canterbury, "he, withe helpe of other gentylmenne, thei reysed up alle Kent" (*Warkworth's Chronicle*, edited by J. O. Halliwell, F.S.A., for the Camden Society, 1839, p. 19). W. C. Bennett's lines, *Before Bosworth Field*, might aptly apply to this period, when all Lancastrian eyes were eagerly turned on the hardy Bastard and his followers:

And its O for merry May,
And swallows from the main;
O *England* will be gay
When the red rose comes again!

The events of that sad May were ruefully remembered for years in Kent. The men were worthy of their leader, and alike betrayed by an infamously broken capitulation. It is much to be wished some competent writer would form a connected history of this Kentish Rising, whose events read more like a romance than sober history; in the mean time Mr. J. R. Scott has furnished an interesting and valuable addition to the materials on the subject by the publication of *Letters respecting Fauconberge's Kentish Rising in 1471*, printed in the *Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. xi. pp. 359-364. To return to somewhat disparaging observations on our county characteristics. Polydore Vergil, when on the point of narrating Cade's rebellion, condemns "civill dissension, the beginning whereof spronge through contention of factions, as before is saide, which alway have been and ever will be more hurtfull to common wealthes then forreine warre, then famine, or sicknes; whereunto the Kentish people were most prone, as well for that they can hardly beare injuries, as for that they are desirous of novelties" (pp. 83-4 of *Polydore Vergil*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., for the Camden Society, 1844). Hollingshed, as quoted by Freeman (*Kentish Poets*, vol. i. p. 191), remarks on "The Kentish men, whose minds be ever moveable at the change of princes;" but a true believer in the powers of White Horse and Green Bough will triumphantly reply to all these cavils with the good old County proverb,

In War, in ev'ry virtuous fray,
The Men of Kent still bear the day:

And in every national emergency they have amply justified the character York gives them, in *Henry VI.* (Part 3rd., Act. i. sc. 1):—

In them I trust; for they are soldiers
Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.



XLVI.

Hawke's Lines "On Gavelkind."

THE *Bibliotheca Cantiana* (p. 204) mentions that the *Gentleman's Magazine* (March, 1778) contained *An Inquiry after a Poem on Gavelkind, by Hawke*, which is cited by Harris in his *History of Kent* (p. 460). The author of the letter to "Mr. Urban," signing himself "Man of Kent," and writing from Holmesdale, inquires where he could obtain a transcript of the whole Poem upon the Custom of Gavelkind, some verses from which were inserted in the *Kentish Traveller's Companion*, whose editor stated they were taken from Harris's *History of Kent*, where it was mentioned that they were written by Hawke, without, however, giving the least intimation whether they were in manuscript or print.

[British Museum Additional MS. 29791, f. 11.]

On the subject of Gavelkind.

By . . . Hawke, a Poet, probably a native of Kent.

CUSTOM in *Kent* encouraging the brave,
 Distinguish'd well the brother from the slave, }
 And to each son an equal portion gave. }
 With just regard, since the same am'rous fire, 4
 Caus'd the last birth, that did the first inspire.
 The gen'rous youth, pleas'd with such equal laws,
 Fought for their honour, and their Country's cause,
 With such resistance that the *French* brigade } 8
 Which conquer'd *Harold*, durst not *Kent* invade ; }
 But solemn peace with oaken squadrons made,
 Granted those laws for which the patriot strove,
 And kiss'd the Gospel to the moving grove. 12

XLVII.

Gavelkind.

THOMAS HUGHES, in his *Steam Boat Companion* (1823), preserves many amusing legends and traditions, and occasionally breaks forth into verse of varying merit. The subject of Gavelkind is naturally a favourite with Kentish authors, though we know of none so enthusiastic in its defence as this writer.

Gavelkind.

OUR sires were never known to fly the field :
 Bold, in the battle first, and last to yield.
 The *Norman, William*, knew their lofty claim,
 Nor dar'd to check the current of their flame ; 4
 Sign'd all their *Saxon* charters with content,
 And fix'd a friendship with the men of *Kent*,
 Confirm'd their charters, for full well he knew
 Their spirits noble, and that friendship true ; 8
 Customs resulting from the deepest thought,
 Upheld by justice, and by virtue taught,
 That if for crime the father bent the bough,
 The guiltless son should hold his land and plough ;¹ 12
 But best, a balm to soothe the sorrowing mind,
 The orphan's firm support, blest *Gavelkind* !
 Yet some there are, and those of wisdom's train,
 Who spurn the RIGHT, and all its worth arraign ; 16
 For this, it bids the feudal tyrant pause,
 And tightly binds th' aristocratic cause.
 Can that be base which renders good to all,
 When death's keen arrow works a parent's fall ? 20
 Can that be base which waves the even strike,
 And measures out the grain to all alike ?
 Mark, on the verdant lawn, when spring begins,
 The parent ewe solace her bleating twins ; 24
 No reservation damps her tender care,
 Alike to each she deals the precious share :
 The same defence for each her love provides,
 When rain descends, and fiery lightning glides : 28
 By equal gifts she modifies her plan,
 And teaches *Gavelkind* to partial man.

¹ Alluding to the County proverb :—

The Father to the Boughe,
The Sonne to the Ploughe.

Mark, when the foliage spreads the silent grove,
 The ring-dove nestling to her pledge of love ; 32
 How just ! how kind ! she deals the needful treat,
 The full ripe berry, or pomacious sweet ;
 The cooling dew-drops from the lily's bell,
 Or pearl, once pendant to the cowslip's cell : 36
 Or, when the blustering tempest shakes the trees,
 How each alike she shelters from the breeze.
 For what was all this tenderness design'd ?
 Briefly to show the comprehensive mind. } 40
 The will of nature's *God* ! was *Gavelkind* !

Let selfish pride deny it if they can,
 This custom at the purest source began ;
 For, if old record's ancient tales we trace, 44
 The *Druids* taught it to our *Cancian* race,
 By means unknown, it pass'd the distant wave,
 And *Saxons* brought us all our *Druids* gave.

Thomas Hughes, on the passage from London to Margate treats "largely on Swanscombe and its honours," and rises to such a pitch of enthusiasm on the subject of Gavelkind that he declares :

No Kentishman should be without [the Custumnal], the booksellers throughout this county are all-sufficient to supply it. Let the yeoman then fold it with his Sunday prayer-book, or fix it in some conspicuous place with his domestic almanack, to the end that he may behold what our fathers have done for us, and as the bold and unwarrantable strides of aristocracy advance, we may at all times behold what we have to recover.—It has often stricken us with surprise, that the patriotic gentry of this unconquered county have never established an association on that spot [Swanscombe], to meet at least once a year to commemorate the glory of their generous forefathers, and that they had not resolved to clear away the rubbish that has already collected round the pedestal of their Kentish liberties. Primogenitureship, we fear, has set its face against such celebration, and is more inclined to smother than re-kindle a flame, that as a free people we should never suffer to expire. (p. 107.)

This passage introduces the lines which are already given here. The song *Invicta, or Gavelkind*, will be found in our *Kentish Bowmen Group*, and in our Second Volume we propose to insert some spirited eighteenth century lines, from a MS., on Holmesdale, belauding our ancestors for their deeds, when they:

With each Brother-Oak in Hand,
 An armed Grove ; the Conq'rer meet,
 And for their antient Charters treat:
 Resolv'd to dye e'er they resign'd
 Their Liberties in Gavelkind.

XLVIII.

The Ride to the Shrine.

PROBABLY since Chaucer limned his Canterbury pilgrims, in colours yet fresh as when just laid on by the brush of that master-hand, no more animated picture has been given to us of the motley multitude trooping "to the holiest shrine in Kent," than that which we find in the lines of Walter Thornbury. "The herald's gilded show," merchants, nuns, strong knights with their proud blazons, and sinners of all sorts, pass before us in long procession, as picturesque and striking figures as those to whom many of us may have been introduced by the same poet, when "riding to the Tournament." The motives which actuated some at least of our band of pilgrims have been thus amusingly described by Matthew Browne in his *Chaucer's England* (1869, vol. ii. pp. 310, 311):

The accident of the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury being in the county made it much frequented. We know Chaucer says that in the spring [time] men and women went "specially from every shire's end in England to holy Canterbury;" and probably, whatever we may read of the splendour of the shrine, we underrate rather than overrate the force of such language as this. No doubt the shrine was *courue*,—a popular or people's shrine, as the newspapers would now call it. It was a fine thing to have a saint of such importance so near a great capital. People were glad of a trip, and, may we take the Canterbury pilgrims for types?—the Miller was pale with drink, the Cook was so drunk that he could not speak and fell off his horse, and the Wife of Bath entertained the company by turning her fivefold conjugal story inside out for their amusement, in language which in our days is not quotable. The excitement of a little penance, a mild flogging, or a little dust-licking at the other end, we may suppose the pilgrims liked rather than otherwise. Thus there was a powerful inducement to go to Canterbury; people saw the world, and they got absolution at their journey's end; so that there was a constant stream of Londoners and others pouring into the great cathedral city. This must have kept the county well alive, for the pilgrims would of course have been newsbearers to and fro.

At least one eminent Romish ecclesiastic looked upon the supposed object of the journey with an unfavourable eye, and we cannot resist reproducing the story regarding him and the

"judgment" which subsequently overtook him, from Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography* (vol. i. p. 369, note, ed. 1853):

In the year 1381¹ (says the monkish writer of *Speculum Parvulorum*), in the fourth jubilee of the most famous martyr St. Thomas, the people from every place flocked in great multitudes to Canterbury. At the same time it happened that the venerable father, the Lord *Simon de Suthberi* (*Sudbury*), then bishop of London (*afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury*), was travelling towards Canterbury, who being misled by the spirit of error, positively assured the people that were going on pilgrimage thither, that *the plenary indulgence, which they hoped for at Canterbury, was of no profit or value*; on which many of the crowd, with their eyes cast down on the ground, stood amazed at the sayings of so great a father; some went back again; others with loud voices cursed the bishop to his face, saying, and wishing, that *he* might die a base and shameful death, who was not afraid to do so great an injury to so glorious a martyr. A Kentish knight also, whose name the writer thinks was Sir Thomas de Aldoun, being moved with anger, came up to the bishop, and said to him, "My lord bishop, because you have raised such a sedition among the people against St. Thomas, at the peril of my soul, you shall die a shameful death;" to which all the people cried "*Amen, amen.*" Accordingly, in the reign of Richard II. he was beheaded by the mob that rose under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, that the voice of the people, saith the writer of this story, *i.e.* the voice of God, as it was foretold, might in due time be fulfilled.—Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, vol. i. pp. 49, 50, according to the translation of [the Rev.] Mr. Lewis, in his *Life of Bishop Pecock*, p. 56, etc.

The italics are Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's. Early and vehement protests were made regarding the abuses arising from pilgrimages, the conduct of the mixed multitude often producing scenes as little edifying as those which might be witnessed at a country fair or metropolitan race-course, and some curious testimony is handed down to us touching the manner in which the votaries (after being sanctified by religious ceremonies of an imposing and impressive character) beguiled the tedium of their journey. William Thorpe gives much interesting information on the subject of pilgrimages, in his examination before Archbishop Arundel, preserved by Foxe, and reprinted, with notes adding considerably to its value, in Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography* (vol. i. pp. 263-350, ed. 1853), in which we—to borrow the words of the last-named editor—"possess an authentic picture of ancient English manners, and a specimen of ancient English prose composition,

¹ The above date is a palpable mistake for 1370. Becket's jubilee occurred every fifty years, and was kept in 1270, 1320, 1370, 1420, 1470, and 1520.

removed from our own times by the interval of more than four hundred years." Apart from the charms Dr. Wordsworth eloquently displayed in its preliminary Advertisement, Thorpe's Examination has peculiar interest for the county reader; its scene being Saltwood Castle in 1407, and from the passages scattered throughout, it is evident he was well acquainted with Kent. Arundel, for instance, refers to "the psalter that I made to bee taken from thee at Canterbury," where it would appear his arrest was effected, as he mentions a homily of Chrysostom's written in a roll, "which roll the archbishop caused to be taken from my fellow at Canterbury," and it is from him that we have the account of Morden's sermon (at which he was present), to which we have already referred in our introduction to *Richard of Rochester*. When the Archbishop accused Thorpe of saying that those who went on pilgrimages "to Canturburie," and other places, were accursed and foolish, wasting their goods, he proceeded to draw a distinction between "true pilgrimages," and those fashionable. In the latter, he declared, out of twenty, one would not find three that "knew surely a commandment of God," or could say the Paternoster, Ave Maria, or Creed, readily in any language; that more went for the health of their bodies than their souls; that the goods which should aid poor men and women were given to rich priests by these "runners about," and some of those who ran madly hither and thither had borrowed or stolen of others. He then described the diversions of the journey, in a passage which we quote entire, also (with laudable impartiality) giving the Archbishop's reply.

I know well that when divers men and women will goe, thus after their owne wils and finding out, on pilgrimage, they will ordaine with them before, to have with them both men and women, that can well sing wanton songs: and some other pilgrimes will have with them bagpipes; so that in everie town that they come through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterburie bells,¹ and with the barking out of dogs after them, they make more noise, than if the king came there away, with all his clarions, and many other minstrels. And if these men and women be a moneth out in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be an halfe yeare after, great janglers, taletellers, and liars.²

¹ Small bells fastened to the trappings of their horses on the way to Canterbury. See Pegge's *Proverbs relating to Kent, Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. ix. p. 131.

² "A Canterbury Tale" became a derisive proverb.

And the archbishop said to me: "Leaud losell,¹ thou seest not far enough in this matter, for thou considerest not the great travell of pilgrims, therefore thou blamest that thing that is praiseable. I say to thee, that it is right well done, that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers, that when one of them, that goeth barefoote, striketh his toe upon a stone, and hurteth him sore, and maketh him to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosome a bagpipe, for to drive away with such mirth the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace, the travell and wearinesse of pilgrimes is lightly and merrily borne out." — *Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. i. pp. 311-312.

A poor pilgrim, undergoing the hardship detailed above by the sympathizing archbishop, might console himself by reflecting (like Cornelius), "I shall be able, at all times, to afford great entertainment, both to myself and others, by my marvellous stories, when recounting my travels at gossipings or feasts," and shall not "derive less pleasure when I hear other men telling lies about things which they have never either heard or seen." — Erasmus (*Colloquy on Rash Vows*, J. G. Nichols' translation, page xv). In Erasmus' *Pilgrimage for Religion's Sake*, Ogygius asserts, "No pilgrimage is in higher estimation," than that to "Thomas of Canterbury, the Archbishop," and with his description of the sight which greeted the eyes of the pilgrims on approaching the close of the ride to the Shrine we conclude: "The church dedicated to Saint Thomas erects itself to heaven with such majesty that even from a distance it strikes religious awe into the beholders.² So now with its splendour it dazzles the eyes of its neighbour, and as it were casts into the shade a place which was anciently most sacred. There are two vast towers, that seem to salute the visitor from afar, and make the surrounding country far and wide resound with the wonderful booming of their brazen bells." — J. G. Nichols' edition, pp. 44-45, 1849.

¹ This continued apparently a favourite opprobrious term as late as the reign of Henry VIII., when we find the Reformers designated "these lewde loselles That bragge upon theyr Gospelles," in *A Pore Helpe*, reprinted in W. Carew Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry of England*, vol. iii. pp. 253-266.

² See, on Erasmus' mistake on this point, Nichols' lengthy note, p. 110 of his edition of the *Pilgrimage*. "The dedication of the cathedral at large was to Christ, and by that name it has been constantly designated at all periods of its history." — *Ibid*.

FIRST the herald's gilded show ;
How the lusty trumpets blow !
Then the merchants, rank and file,
Next the nuns that pray and smile ;
Then the strong knights in their mail,
Banner blowing like a sail,
Gilded housings shining out
Through the dust that wraps the rout ;
So our band of pilgrims went
To *A' Becket's* shrine in *Kent*.

Shields that with their burn and blaze
All the peasants' eyes amaze ;
Starred and tongued with herald gold,
Blood-red crosses manifold,
Bars of azure, spots of sable,
Scutcheons gay with scroll and label,
Silver tears on purple field,
Crimson lattice, azure shield,
Bezants, each one like a sun,
From the *Moslem* Sultans won ;
So our band of sinners went
To the holy shrine in *Kent*.

Rare devices, strange and quaint,
As the King-at-arms can paint ;
Broken daggers, dripping gore,
Eagles chained that cannot soar ;

The Ride to the Shrine.

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Bleeding hart and wyvern's wing ;	
Viper with his poison sting ;	28
Griffin with the golden scale,	
Drágon with the emerald mail ;	
Tiger-cat with gory tongue,	
Bear that to the pine tree clung :	32
So in stately guise we went	
Flaunting to that shrine in <i>Kent</i> .	
Legends, too, so full of pride,	
Blazoned letters, bright and wide ;	36
On one pennon, blowing free,	
"Strike" 's the only word I see ;	
"Try me," in defiance writ—	
There was lion's wrath in it ;	40
"I may break, but never bend,"	
On a flag from end to end.	
"God alone," another bore	
On the tabard that he wore.	44
So in knightly garb we went,	
Tramping to the shrine in <i>Kent</i> .	
Then the abbot with his ring,	
And the white-clad boys that sing ;	48
Monks in grey, and friars in black,	
Shouting chorus at his back.	
Then the crosier, gold and stately,	
Bore aloft and held sedately ;	52
Fuming incense, tossed and flung	
From the silver censers swung.	
Mitres shining with the gem,	
Marked the bishops each of them,	56
As the band of sinners went	
Ambling to the shrine in <i>Kent</i> .	
Blubber lip and leering eye,	
Downcast face that blushes dye ;	60
Lolling tongue, and brutal jaw,	
Wrinkled foreheads full of law.	

Sallow visage, envy wrung,
 Where the sweat-drops clammy hung ; 64
 Hypocrite ! among the rest,
 Fat hands clasped upon his breast.
 Then the coward's writhing face,
 Looking round as from a chase. 68
 Next him, with a sullen mouth,
 Burning eyes, all red with wrath,
 Came a murderer fresh from guilt,
 With his red hand on his hilt ; 72
 So the sinners mocking went
 To Saint *Thomas'* shrine in *Kent*.

Lust was there, with full-ringed eye,
 With his ready start and sigh ; 76
 Avarice, thinking of the bond,
 Never of the man it wronged ;
 Gluttony, with peeping eyes
 Never lifted to the skies ; 80
 Anger, hot and vexed of face,
 Pulling at his doublet lace ;
 Stealthy slander, eager-eyed,
 Pressing to his patron's side ; 84
 There were lovers joining lips,
 Caring not, though sun eclipse :
 So the motley sinners went
 Praying to the shrine in *Kent*. 88

Anger's stern and stony stare,
 Shooting lip, and scornful glare ;
 Vanity's light, fickle gaze ;
 Wonder, gaping with amaze ; 92
 Pride, that's trying to look meek,
 Treble chin and double cheek,
 Mouth with black teeth all awry,
 Waxen skin and blood-shot eye. 96
 Bright eyes all athirst for sin,
 Rose-leaf velvet soft the skin,

Hands would turn a lily grey,
Were a lily in the way : 100
So the ladies smiling went
To *A'Becket's* shrine in *Kent*.

Some were singing *David's* psalms,
Others holding hats for alms ; 104
Some, with broken sobs and faint,
Praying to a road-side saint ;
Others doling out a creed,
(Every line they touch a bead) ; 108
Friar, with rope about his waist,
By the horsemen sturdy paced ;
While the abbot, silken clad,
Ambled on his glossy pad, 112
Playing with his gilded rein,
With his jewels and his chain :
So the mocking sinners went
To the holiest shrine in *Kent*. 116

In these degenerate days, "Now sins are so many, and Saints so few!" we trust we may be pardoned for casting a backward glance at the traditions regarding some of the figures in Kentish hagiology, who flourished during that blissful period when miracles were as plentiful as blackberries. Our county was then adorned by as many saints, male and female, as it now is with hop-grounds, cherry-orchards, and cricket-fields. Did not good St. Mildred sit in a red-hot oven without being even singed, and when in the depth of her humility she lighted a candle by which to say her orisons, and the Evil One extinguished it, was not an angel handy to re-light it? Was not Faversham honoured by the presence of SS. Crispin and Crispianus, and could not Rochester boast of four saints? We fear Our Lady of Chatham is better known to most of us through the pages of Ingoldsby than those of Lambarde, and we owe to the former (in his *Brothers of Birchington*) the preservation of an otherwise forgotten miracle of St. Thomas A'Becket. If that worthy afflicted the Kentish men with tails, a due regard for their heads was displayed by St. Hildefirth of Swanscombe, whose long-lost history has been brought to light by the research of Mr. Sparvel-Bayly. Regarding St. Thomas, we are much surprised at the seeming want of faith in the powers of the Cantuarian saint displayed by some of this very county, and revealed to our astonished eyes in the pages of *The Miracles of Simon de Montfort* (Camden Society, 1840). By these it appears, about a dozen Kentish folk, instead of piously seeking the shrine that was so famous for miracles of healing, actually sought

assistance of distant thaumaturgical powers. Amongst these were two men of Thanet, whose cures were testified by the whole island, but we are surprised to find the names of "Rogerus, capellanus et vicarius de Hide in Cancia," and "Thomas clericus Cantuariensis," in the roll of these deserters. *Espru de corps* should have kept them faithful,

for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own!

and the "tota parochia sancti Andrea Cantuariensis" so far forgot their duty as to basely testify the truth of two cures performed on those who wandered after strange gods. If we passed

John of Shorne
That blessed man borne

unnoticed, we should deserve to be plagued with a tight boot for the remainder of our natural life, but we will not detain our readers further than by noticing a few allusions to his saintship unmentioned in the interesting paper on *Shorne Church, and Master John Shorne*, which appeared in the *Archæologia Cantiana* (vol. xi. pp. lxi-lxiv). In Bale's play of *Kynge Johan* (written, says J. Payne Collier, "perhaps before Bale was made an Irish prelate by Edward VI. in 1552, but this point may admit of dispute. From the conclusion, it would appear that Elizabeth was on the throne; but I apprehend that both the Epilogue (if we may so call it) and some other passages were subsequent additions."—*Introduction*, p. vii, Camden Society, 1838) there is an amusing list of relics given by 'Sedysion,' which includes the following contributions from the Shorne and Canterbury saints: .

The devyll that was hatcht in maistre Johan Shornes bote,
That the tree of Jesse did plucke up by the roote.
Here ys the lachett of swett seynt Thomas shewe.

(Lines 8-10, p. 48.)

In Elderton's

*A Ballad intituled, A newe Well a daye,
As playne, maister papist, as Donstable waye.*

(the first line being "Amonge manye newes reported of late"), the cultus of the saint is mentioned in the seventh stanza:

Where be the fyne fellows that carried the crosses?
Where be the deuisers of idoles and asses?
Wher be the gaie banners were wont to be borne?
Where is the deuocion of gentyll *John Shorne*?
Well a daye, well a daye, well a daye, woe is me!
Syr Thomas Plomtrie is hanged on a tree.

(*A Collection of Seventy-Nine Black-Letter Ballads and Broad-sides, printed in the reign of Queen Elisabeth*, 1870, p. 2.) In a note on page 272, the Editor [Thomas Wright] states the name of John Shorne became used as a generic term for a Roman Catholic priest. In this sense it is applied twice in W. Kyrkham's *Joyfull Newes for true Subiectes, a ballad on the defeat of the*

rebels in the North, ["All true *English* subjects, both moste and leste,"] 1570, the third stanza of which runs thus :

And sir *John Shorne*, as fame doth reporte,
Is hangde vp so hye that he cannot come downe,
Because he thought it so good a sporte
To playe the traytour against the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe,—come, humble ye downe,
Perforce now submit ye to the quene and the crowne.

Four verses later the subject is resumed :

The rest of the rebelles and traytours forsworne,
To see them trusde vp, I would gage my gowne,
And specially the sect of Syr *John Shorne*,
To teach them to trouble the realme and the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

See pages 232 and 233 of the above *Collection*. In Dr. Christopher Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography* (vol. i. p. 310), the editor, in a note to *William Thorpe*, quotes Michael Wood's *Dialogue or familiar talk* (1554), "If we were sycke of the pestylence we run to saint Rooke, if of the ague to saint Pernel, or master *John Shorne*."

We proceed to extract from Drayton's roll of English saints given in Song xxiv. of his *Poly-Olbion* the passages relating to our Kentish contingent, which we purposely omitted in our introduction to his Song xviii. We cannot refrain from quoting his noble, large-hearted introductory lines he puts in the mouth of the "holy Welland" :

I sing of Saints, and yet my song shall not be fraught
With miracles by them but feigned to be wrought :
That they which did their lives so palpably bely,
To times have much impeach'd their holiness thereby :
Though fools (I say) on them such poor impostures lay,
Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than they,
Which think they have by this so great advantage got,
Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'er permit ; and thou that art so pure,
The name of such a Saint that no way can endure :
Know, in respect of them, to recompence that hate,
The wretched'st thing and thou have both one death and date :
From all vain worship too, and yet, I am as free
As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.
Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despight,
I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.

The first Archbishop of Canterbury whose name is recorded, and his companions, are thus chronicled :

St. *Augustine* from *Rome* was to this island sent :
And coming through large *France*, arriving first in *Kent*,
Converted to the faith King *Ethelbert*, till then
Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his *Kentish* men :

And of their chiefest town, now *Canterbury* call'd,
 The bishop first was made, and on that see install'd.
 Four other, and with him, for knowledge great in name,
 That in his mighty work of our conversion came,
Lawrence, Melitus then, with *Iustus*, and *Honorius*,
 In this great Christian work, all which had been laborious,
 To venerable age each coming in degree,
 Succeeded him again in *Canterbury* see.
 As *Peter*, born in *France*, with these, and made our own,
 And *Pauline*, whose great zeal was by his preaching shewn.
 The first to abbot's state wise *Austen* did prefer,
 And to the latter gave the see of *Rochester*.
 All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they were,
 For 'stablishing the faith, which was received here.

Amongst the "godly men" we received from abroad,

So *Lombardy* to us our reverend *Langfranck* lent,
 For whom into this land King *William Conqueror* sent,
 And *Canterbury's* see to his wise charge assign'd.

In return :

Into neighbouring *France* our most religious went,
St. Clare, that native was of *Rochester* in *Kent*,
 At *Volcasynne* came vow'd, the *French* instructing there ;
 So early, e'er the truth amongst them did appear,
 That more than half a God they thought that reverend man.

King *Inas*, who died in pilgrimage to Rome, is compared with

Richard, the dear son to *Lothar*, King of *Kent*,
 When he his happy days religiously had spent :
 And feeling the approach of his declining age,
 Desirous to see *Rome* in holy pilgrimage,
 Into thy country come, at *Lucca* left his life :
 Whose miracles, there done, yet to this day are rife,
 The patron of that place.

Why Drayton in the next lines we quote omits from the list of Archbishops of *Canterbury* the justly honoured *Elphege*, who preferred laying down his life to harrying his flock for ransom, is to us a marvel, for he was duly canonized. Our author, though professing to omit 'miracles,' cannot pass *St. Dunstan* without an allusion to his popular exploit with the tongs, which (by the way) so late as the eighteenth century, were preserved at *Mayfield*, in *Sussex*. *St. William* of *Rochester* is also unduly omitted from the *Kentish* hagiology.

Of *Canterbury* here, with those I will begin,
 That first archbishop's see, on which there long had been
 So many men devout as rais'd that church so high
 Much reverence, and have won their holy hierarchy :

Of which he first that did with goodness so inflame
The hearts of the devout, that from his proper name
As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men to save,
The title unto him of '*Deodat*' they gave.
The bishops *Brightwald*, next, and *Tatwin* in we take,
Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did make,
Succeeding in that see, directly, even as they,
Here by the Muse are placed, who spent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds instructing, doing good,
In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening them that stood.

Then *Odo*, the severe, who highly did adorn
That see (yet being of unchristen'd parents born),
Whose country *Denmark* was, but in *East England* dwelt,
He, being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd long ;
But, as he grew in years, in spirit so growing strong :
And as the Christian faith this holy man had taught,
He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
So *Dunstan*, as the rest, arose through many sees,
To this arch-type at last, ascending by degrees.
There by his power confirm'd, and strongly, credit won
To many wond'rous things which he before had done.
To whom, when (as they say) the Devil once appear'd,
This man, so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most great.
As *Egelnoth* again much grac'd that sacred seat,
Who for his godly deeds surnamed was 'the Good,'
Not boasting of his birth, though come of royal blood :
For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl despis'd,
With winning men to God who never was suffic'd.
These men before express'd ; so *Eadsine* next ensues,
To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse ;
In *Harold's* time who liv'd, when *William Conqueror* came,
For holiness of life, attained unto that fame,
That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew,
Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
This man with those before, most worthily related,
Arch-saints, as in their sees Arch-bishops consecrated.
St. *Thomas Becket* then, which *Rome* did so much hery,
As to his christen'd name they added *Canterbury* ;
There to whose sumptuous shrine the near succeeding ages
So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrimages.
Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much breath,
And many questions made both of his life and death :
If he were truly just, he hath his right ; if no,
Those times were much to blame, that have him reckon'd so.
Then these from *York* ensue, whose lives have as much grac'd
That see, as these before in *Canterbury* plac'd.

When the turn of the southern seas arrives, it is stated

Of *Rochester* we have St. *Ithamar*, being then,
In those first times, first of our native Englishmen
Residing on that seat.

Amongst the martyrs and confessors is

Thomas, whom we call
Of *Dover*, adding monk, and martyr therewithal ;
For that the barbarous *Danes* he bravely did withstand
From ransacking the church, when here they put on land :
By them was done to death, which rather he did chuse
Than see their heathen hands those holy things abuse.

The royal champions of the Faith are enumerated :

Amongst those kingdoms here, so *Kent* account shall yield
Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian field
Were mighty : of the which, King *Ethelbert* shall stand
The first ; who, having brought St. *Augustine* to land,
Himself first christen'd was : by whose example, then,
The faith grew after strong amongst his *Kentish* men.
As *Ethelbriht* again ; and *Ethelred* his pheere,
To *Edwald* King of *Kent* who natural nephews were,
For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them places high,
Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at *Wye*.

In the roll of canonized maidens,

— *Thanet* as her saint (even to this age) doth hery,
Her *Mildred*, *Milwid* was the like at *Canterbury*.
Nor in this utmost Isle of *Thanet* may we pass
St. *Eadburg*, abbess there, who the dear daughter was
To *Ethelbert* her lord, and *Kent's* first christen'd king,
Who in this place most fit'st we with the former bring :
Translated (as some say) to *Flanders* ; but that I,
As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.

Five more lines bring us to

Eanswine, *Eadwald's* child, one of the kings of *Kent*,
At *Folkstone* found a place (given by her father there)
In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.

(St. Eanswine is sometimes called 'Eanswide,' and one of her marvellous works was lengthening the beam of a building three feet, which had been made thus much too short by the carpenters.) After those who lived in England, a list is given of the female saints whom this country sent abroad, two abbesses

of Bridge, "*Eadburg*, *Ana's* child, and *Sethred*, born our own," "whose zeal to *France* was known," are followed by

Ercongate, again, we likewise thither sent,
(Which *Ercombert* begot, some time a king of *Kent*)
A prioress of that place.¹

One of the widow'd queens canonized, having taken the veil, was

Ethelburg the pheere
To *Edwin* (rightly nam'd) 'the holy,' which possess'd
Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
At *Lymming* far in *Kent*, which country gave her breath.

The last Kentish saints whom we meet are the patron of Sheppy :

Sexburg, sometime queen to *Ercombert* of *Kent*,
Though *Ina's* loved child, and *Audrey's* sister known,
Which *Ely* in those days did for her abbess own.

And

Ermenburg, the wife
To *Merauld* reigning there,² a saint may safely pass,
Who to three virgin saints the virtuous mother was,
The remnant of her days religiously that bare
Immonaster'd in *Kent*, where first she breath'd the air.

Here we conclude our note, hoping some of our readers will bear with its length and ponderosity more gently than 'Rutland' did with 'Welland's' recital of the foregoing metrical legends, for as Drayton tells us, she

held her highly wrong'd,
That she should for the saints thus strangely be prolong'd,
As that the Muse such time upon their praise should spend.

¹ Bridge.

² Ely.



XLIX.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, April 26, 1769.]**The Cantiad; or, Kentish Muse.****Sonnet.**

I.

SWEET'S the gently blushing dawn,
 Sweet the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Sweet the earth when patt'ring show'rs
 Sprinkle o'er the vernal flow'rs ; 4
 Sweet are summer walks at night,
 Pale-ey'd *Cynthia* yielding light ;
 Sweet the note of *Philomel*.

2.

But, nor gardens sweetest flow'rs 8
 When refresh'd by vernal show'rs,
 Nor the fields where lovers rove,
 Telling moonlight tales of love ;
 Nor the dew-besprinkled lawn, 12
 Nor the gently-blushing dawn,
 Bird nor rill can pleasure me,
 Dear *Lavinia*, without thee.

The lines which we now place under their pretentious title of *The Cantiad; or Kentish Muse*, appear to have been composed by some deluded being, who, burning to write himself down an ass, poured forth his passion for his "Dear Lavinia," in the Poet's Corner of the *Kentish Gazette*, recklessly arrogating to his rubbish the style of "Kentish Muse." We are quite certain the anonymous author of *The Cantiad* was out of his native element when

In *Kent* and *Christendom*
 Among the *Muses* ;

and the glorious band of Kentish poets, Gower, Wyatt, Sackville, Sidney, Wotton, the Fletchers, Lovelace, Sedley, and Smart, would have shuddered to have been even momentarily in his companionship.

L.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, October 16, 1770.]

D Cantuaria.

O *Cantuaria* ! happy in a soil,
 Whose harvest gratefully rewards thy toil ;
 Whose fertile fields a tenfold tribute strow,
 And on whose loaded hop-poles *guineas* grow, 4
 Whose prosp'rous mart brings merchants from afar,
 With haste impetuous, in the whirling car :
 Firm in your pow'r this bless'd attraction hold,
 And from th' Emporium draw the glittering gold. 8
 Thrice happy thus in *Commerce* to improve,
 But still far happier in the means of *Love* :
 Thy lovely fair ones, an angelic tribe !
 What art can paint ? what language can describe ? 12
 The fine-turn'd form, the unaffected grace,
 The speaking eye, and all bewitching face,
 Are but faint marks of this embellish'd race. }
 Your various beauties, ye illustrious train ! 16
 Demand the numbers of an abler strain ;
 But, from a heart that means you well, receive
 This gen'ral praise ; 'tis all I ought to give.

Canterbury, Oct. 16.

TRUEMAN.

The author of *O Cantuaria* (which in the original has no title) possessed a shrewd eye for the natural and acquired beauties of his County ; nay, more, his eagle eye pierced into futurity, and beneath the garb of the loaded hop-poles he could discern the guineas into which their fruit would be transformed. Love for the County and all it contains, lurking under the praise of its material prosperity (to borrow Freeman's words), will be dear to the ears of those who, for lays and legends in praise of our unconquered Kent,

search amid the hoar remains
 Of *Medway*-water'd *Allington*, or rove
 Beneath the "sacred shade" of *Penshurst*-grove ;
 Or *Cranbrook's* vale, and *Rother's* banks.

(Introductory Verses to Freeman's *Kentish Poets*, vol. i.)

LI.

[From the *Kentish Post*, Nov. 9, 1745.]

Occasioned by Reading an Adverser- isement in the *Canterbury Paper* of Nov. 2, 1745.

KENT, in the Van [of] *Britain's* Battles, still
 Acquir'd the Fame which glorious Annals fill,
 In Vindication of their Countrey's Cause,
 Their *King*, their lov'd *Religion* and their Laws, 4
 On hostile Plains her Sons have oft appear'd,
 No Hardships shunn'd,—nor any dangers fear'd :
 But when Their radiant Gem, Fair *Liberty*,
 (I call it theirs,—for *Kent* was always Free), 8
 When that bright Essence,—without which to live
 Nor Wealth, nor Power can enjoyment give ;
 When This, their Darling, their Defence requir'd,
 Each Swain turn'd Hero ! and, with Rapture fir'd, 12
 Spurn'd at the Chain—and Conquered, or Expir'd.
 This Noble Ardor, which so well became
 Our freeborn Sires, in Us is still the same !
 A *Man of Kent*, as heretofore, disdains 16
 To bear the Clattring—e'en of distant Chains.
 In vain shall *France*, or Priest-rid *Spain*, presume
 To impose on Us their Trimming Tool from *Rome* ;
 We scorn their Cobweb Schemes, and cheerful bring 20
 Our dauntless Hearts to fight for *George* our King !
 With Joy we join the universal Cry,
 Long live King *George* ! Great Friend of Liberty ;
 In Thy Defence, we, to a Man, will dye. 24

Kent was much attached to the Hanoverian dynasty, and it was proposed that if the "Young Pretender's" army entered Kent a general levy should be made of every man capable of bearing arms, while the citizens of Canterbury should await the approach of the army on Barham Downs.

LII.

The Wizard.

FEW subjects possess sadder interest than the tracing of the gradual decay, downfall, and final extinction of some of those fine old families whose historic names are almost national possessions. The antiquary, bent on the search, at first gazes on voluminous rolls of pedigrees where the family name is found on the glorious rolls of ancient wars, the following generations perchance figure in the State, their successors glitter at Court, the estate becomes encumbered, the family retire by degrees from their public position, and the name gradually retires into obscurity, turning up at intervals, few and far between, in the County history where it once so brilliantly shone, till at last it comes to pass that

The good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone !
A name that has gone down from sire to s6n
So many generations !
(Southey's *The Last of the Family*.—*English Eclogues*.)

Or else (sadder far) it sinks lower and lower till its present possessor may be found tilling the ground where his ancestor's castle once stood, while the fate of many an old family might be stated as concisely and tragically as Brayley has done in his note on the Fogges :

The seat of the Fogges at Repton, which is above half a mile westward from Ashford, is now [1807] a farm. This family, which for a long period had extensive possessions in Kent, and lived in much splendour, became extinct in the latter part of the last century. They were so greatly reduced, that one of the last was wife to a poor shepherd at Eastry, and her nephew was executed for a robbery.—*Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. viii. p. 1153.¹

¹ The pedigree of this unfortunate family is given in the *Archæologia Cantiana* (volume v. p. 125), where the *Family Chronicle of Richard Fogge, of Danes Court, in Tilmanstone*, and notes thereupon, occupies pp. 112-132.

The causes which led to the decay of many of our oldest and best Kentish families were various. An elderly gentleman once assured us his experience was, that where the older and wiser generations had hunted and played cricket, their successors devoted their energies to cards and racing, which caused the family estates to change hands with marvellous rapidity. We are inclined to assign the disappearance of many of our old names to a more creditable cause—the constant and active part taken by their heads in various insurrectionary movements. When these were successful, the family generally found they had ruined themselves by their devotion to the cause in hand; and when Fortune frowned, they were beggared by fines and forfeiture. But we imagine a more immediate reason was the working of the Custom of Gavelkind, the constant subdivision of property having a most unfavourable effect on the stability of the family. The numerous early applications to Parliament for power to dis-gavel lands, proved that many of the Kentish families were sensible of its injurious operation, but more adhered to the old practice, in addition to selling and alienating manors for the benefit of younger children, till at last it came to pass the nominal Head of the House was really possessed of only a slice

It is truly stated in a note to be "one of the most interesting genealogies in our county history, if only for the gradual stages of decay in a great house so plainly to be traced through its last nine generations. We find Sir John Fogge, in the 15th century, lord of immense territory, heir of the Fogges, Valoignes, and Criolls; of royal blood himself, and by marriage the near connection of his King; the builder of a church, and the founder of a College. His two sons divide his property, one half of which ends, in the second generation, in coheiresses and sale; the other survives to the third descent, when for no assigned cause—we may suppose from extravagance—all is lost but a mere remnant, and the owner of castles and many a broad domain retires to one small manor-house. Here the family rallies in comfort, but shorn state, for three more generations. A stout cavalier pays the penalty of his loyalty, and the estate is reduced to £50 a year. The end is now near: we soon hear of mariners and blacksmiths; till the last heiress of the race ['Elizabeth Fogge, only child and heiress of the family'], the descendant of kings and crusaders, with at least as much royal and noble blood in her veins as any contemporary in the county, is "the wife of a poor shepherd ['William Cock'] living in a wretched hovel at Eastry." The above is taken from the *Archæologia Cantiana* (vol. v. p. 125), and its authority for the concluding statement is given as Hasted, vol. iv. p. 204.

of the original family estate, on which he was expected to keep up its honours and reputation, and it naturally followed in a few generations that, between debt and dilapidations, the proprietor of many an erst stately Kentish mansion might be told :

Thy tall towers tremble to the touch of time,
The rank weeds rustle in thy spacious courts :
Fill'd are thy wide canals with loathly slime,
Where, battenning undisturb'd, the foul toad sports.
(Southey's *The Miser's Mansion*.)

Fuller was so alive to the evils arising from the habitual subdivision of land, that he draws his *Elder Brother* (*Holy State*, Book I. chap. xiv.) as

Careful to support the credit and dignity of his family. Neither wasting his paternal estate by his unthriftiness, nor marring it by parcelling his ancient manors and demesnes amongst his younger children, whom he provides for by annuities, pensions, moneys, leases, and purchased lands.

The Wizard, in whose lament on the disappearance of many ancient Kentish families we trust our readers will unite, was written by Sir Egerton Brydges, and was published 'in the *Censura Literaria*, the first Canto appearing in the Second Volume (p. 114), and the concluding in the Preface to Volume V. The subject of the tale is novel and interesting, and its hero, while surveying the new men in the old acres, thoroughly agrees with Southey's Old Man :

It don't look well,
These alterations, sir ! I'm an old man
And love the good old fashions ; we don't find
Old bounty in new houses.
(*The Old Mansion*.—*English Eclogues*.)

The Wizard. A Kentish Tale.

STANS PEDE IN UNO.

“The following Tale comes from a quarter, which I am not at liberty to disclose. It is an experiment of rapid and unlaboured composition (the first 310 lines being composed, as I can witness, in one day), which I am enjoined to leave to its fate without a comment.”

The Wizard.

Canto the First.

“WHENCE com'st thou, ancient man, and where
Have past thy numerous days, declare !
Thy beard is long ; thy hair is white,
Yet piercing are thine eyes, and bright ; 4
Thy vigorous step and brawny arm
Might youth e'en in his prime alarm ;
Thy deep Stentorian voice's sound
Echoes these spacious courts around ; 8
In short thy tone, thy look betrays
The wizard form of ancient days !”
The old man drew a fearful sigh,
And then he thus began reply : 12
“ Enquire not thou, too far to know
What mysteries wait us here below ;
But listen, and with patience hear
That which is fit should meet thine ear ! 16
Learn, then, that many a weary age
I've trod the world's tempestuous stage ;

Seen many a generation borne
To rest beneath the funeral urn ; 20
And many a king, and many a queen,
Thro' *Europe's* various lands, have seen
Sit on the throne, then take their flight
To the deep shades of lasting night. 24
From soil to soil, from east to west,
My pilgrimage, devoid of rest,
I've still pursued ; for Heaven decrees
My weary feet shall have no ease. 28
Tudors, Plantagenets, I've view'd,
(For never yet in solitude
Glided my active hours,) and listen'd
When the last *Charles's* beauties glisten'd 32
In splendid robes of gaudy vice,
And could with syren songs entice.
Thro' *England's* bounds, from day to day,
I've wander'd with the merry lay ; 36
And still with ease admittance found,
Where in old halls the feast went round.
Thus many a tale could I unfold,
Would thrill thy very soul, if told ; 40
And many a strange and laughing feat
Thy wond'ring ears would lightly greet ;
And many a change of house and land,
And many a child of *Fortune's* band, 44
And many a victim of Mischance,
And many a race, whose airy dance
Ended in sad Oblivion's grave,
While some not Virtue's self could save !" 48
He paus'd : the listener look'd with awe,
Truth in the old man's face he saw ;
He spake, and as he spake, grew pale :
"O Sire, if thus thou canst unveil 52
The deeds, that deep beneath the shade
Of tyrant Time have long been laid,

O tell me, when thou once wast here,
 In golden *Bess's* happier year, 56
 How did these peopled hills appear?
 Perchance full often thou hast been
 E'en on this spot in times between;
 And can'st relate (for still I cast 60
 My fancy most on what is past)
 Scenes of the whisker'd chiefs of yore,
 Who, where I trod, have trod before;
 Tell the chang'd dress, the altered name, 64
 The lost estate, the waning fame:
 How vain to seek in mean descendant
 The grandsire's spirit still attendant,
 And with the peer of haughty air 68
 The low progenitor compare;
 Contrast the straw-roof'd cot, that stood
 Where bullies now the mansion proud,
 And paint from actual observation 72
 The freaks of time on every station!"

Smil'd the old Seer, and strok'd his beard;
 And vigour in his eye appear'd.
 "Enquiring youth," he glad replied, 76
 "Thy wish can well be gratified:
 For when I last was on this plain,
 That golden heroine did reign,
 In whom the nation well have gloried, 80
 For better monarch ne'er was storied;
 And strangely have I look'd about,
 To find my ancient patrons out;
 But scarce a trace can now be seen 84
 Of what in those bright days has been.
 The low are high, the high are low,
 And ne'er can Time his overthrow
 In hues more strong and hideous show! 88

"The night was gathering round me dark;
 The rising groves I 'gan to mark,
 Where [*Cobham's*] heroes wont to call
 The pilgrim to the cheerfull hall; 92

Where spread the feast, and blaz'd the fire,
 And thrill'd the minstrel's joyous lyre.
 Quicker my weary footsteps flew,
 To reach the place of rest they knew : 96
 I sought the gate, the pale I cross't,
 But soon in spreading lawns was lost ;
 Nor gleamed the window to the sight,
 To draw the traveller aright. 100
 Thus wandering sad, beneath a thorn
 I laid my weary limbs till morn ;
 And when the sun began display
 The misty charms of opening day, 104
 Lord ! what an alter'd prospect glar'd !
 Clump'd groves, trim plains, and vallies bar'd !
 And by a winding gravel road
 Up to the splendid dome I trod ! 108
 No [*Cobham*] there, no rafter'd roof,
 Whose dark-brown oak had seem'd time-proof ;
 No belted knights, no coats of mail,
 No spreading tables there prevail ; 112
 New names, new manners, and new modes !—
 Each room a silken luxury loads ;
 And where five hundred years beheld
 One race suspend the gorgeous shield, 116
 A favour'd tribe from distant soils
 The long-kept heritage despoils !
 "With sinking heart with drooping pace
 My mournful footsteps I retrace. 120
 "I seek for *Sydney's* spacious groves,¹
 Where Genius, Love, and Virtue roves ;
 Where mighty deeds of chivalry
 Upraise th' heroic fame on high, 124

¹ "Penshurst, the well-known seat of the Sydneys. The poet must not be understood too literally. A descendant, by the female line, who has taken the name, now possesses, and resides at, this venerable old mansion. Some years ago it was uninhabited."—*Original Note, by Sir E. B.*

And splendid show, and regal trains,
 Illume the dome where Honour reigns.
 I listen on the distant hill,
 To hear what notes the breezes fill ! 128
 'Tis silent all : no murmuring tone
 Upon the passing gale is blown !
 The dreadful stillness glooms my breast :
 The worst I'll know, or ere I rest ! 132
 Slowly descend my faltering feet,
 And now the mossy gate I greet ;
 O hark, with what an hollow sound
 My staff's enquiring blows rebound ! 136
 No coming step my heart rejoices ;
 No chearful shout, no mingled voices.
 Deserted—dead—not one to state
 Their vanish'd glory's cruel fate ! 140
 On every tower, through every room
 There hangs a cold and withering gloom ;
 And Melancholy, with black wings,
 O'er all her dying requiem sings ! 144
 O let me haste to yonder fane,
 And o'er their ashes once complain ;
 With tears each sacred name bedew,
 Then hasten from the heart-breaking view ! 148
 "Once more my languid steps I turn,
 Where kindred splendors wont to burn.
 See *Knowle's*¹ proud turrets rise to sight,
 Where *Buckhurst* nurs'd his visions bright, 152
 Till hateful business damp'd his flame,
 And for vile titles barter'd fame !
 I saw him in his youthful glory,
 Inspir'd with themes of ancient story ; 156
 I heard him strike the lyre with rapture,
 And every listener's bosom capture !

¹ "Knowle, the seat of the Sackvilles."—*Original Note.*

Beam'd his bright glowing eye, and thrill'd
 His quivering form with fancy fill'd, 160
 Till the chill cup of worldly lore
 Quench'd the rich thoughts, to wake no more!
 Then cautious looks and crabbed mien,
 Dry words and selfish hopes are seen, 164
 And now in courtly guise he wanders;
 Nor more by woods and rivers ponders!—
 But Time hath laid him in the grave,
 And his youth's deeds his name shall save!— 168
 Now as I reach the gorgeous towers,
 Methinks again my bosom lours;
 Yet yonder, see! it lifts its height,
 And seems with freshen'd splendor bright. 172
 I view the shield, the name I spell;
Sackville! 'tis here thou still dost dwell!
 Come forth!—Thou com'st—Ah, tender boy,
 Dost thou this princely dome enjoy? 176
 Art thou the heir of *Buckhurst's* line?
 O mayst thou with his genius join
 Less courtly arts, and manlier spirit,
 And thus regard thy proper merit! 180
 But yet the ruff-encircled Don,
 Bearded and fierce, I little con
 In thee, fair imp of alter'd days,
 When Luxury melts with all her rays! 184
 “Then let me fly to *Medway's* stream,
 Where flowing *Wyat* us'd to dream
 His moral fancies! Ivi'd towers¹
 'Neath which the silver Naiad pours² 188

¹ “Allington Castle, on the banks of the Medway, where lived Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, the friend and contemporary of Lord Surry. The Castle is a ruin.”—*Original Note.*

² The situation of Allington Castle is described by Dr. Nott as “singularly pretty—it stands in an angle of a sweetly verdant meadow surrounded on three sides by the Medway. The opposite bank is abrupt, and clothed with hanging woods. The grounds behind the Castle form a gentle declivity, varied with

Her murmuring waves thro' verdant meads,
 Where the rich herd luxuriant feeds ;
 How often in your still recesses
 I've seen the Muse with careless tresses 192
 Scatter her flowers, as *Wyat* bade,
 In Spring's enamel'd colours clad !
 Lov'd castle, art thou still array'd
 In fame, or do thine honours fade ? 196
 They fade ! Lo, from the tottering walls,
 Down in huge heaps the fragment falls ;
 And lonely are thy courts ; and still
 The voice that whisper'd to the rill ; 200
 Thy very name is sunk ! how few
 Know it once shone in glory's hue !
 " A little farther yet my staff,
 And I in Beauty's beams shall quaff 204
 The golden goblet of delight,
 With gifts of *Tudor's* heroine bright.

groves of wood and hop grounds intermixed." Here Sir Henry Wyatt entertained Henry VIII. during his Kentish progress in 1527 ; here Sir Thomas the poet loved to be

in Kent and Christendom
 Among the muses ;

and here Tennyson has placed the scene of his brave son's address to the Men of Kent, calling upon them to rise for that Cause which was "not the cause of a county or a shire but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel." We were told a curious tradition touching this Rising by a coast-guard whose ancestor was 'out' with Wyatt, but escaped after the fatal march to London : Bloody Mary so hated the county Protestant spirit that she took a solemn oath "She would turn Kent into a deer park," but her Majesty, grown wiser by seeing what could be done by some few of "the deer," perforce contented herself with burning a representative portion ! However, if all the other shires had done their duty, when (to use Charles Dickens's words) "in Kent, the old bold county, the people rose in their old bold way," it would probably have missed its proudest honour—that of furnishing a larger contingent to the noble army of martyrs than any other county in England. Queen Elizabeth granted Allington to the Astley family, who allowed the castle to fall into decay, and broke up and cultivated the park.—EDITOR.

O fairest Margaret,¹ many a day
 Didst thou *Eliza's* favour sway ! 208
 The mental treasure, rich repast,
 Which can the storms of age outlast,
 Thou drew'st, and I with thee can pore
 Intent on sacred Wisdom's store. 212
 And, oh, art thou too gone ? No trace,
 In this fall'n dome, of thy fair race ?
 None, save where yonder walls enclose
 The mouldering bones, in sad repose, 216
 And the sepulchral tablet tells
 Where *Astley's* only relic dwells !"²
 Now paus'd, and sigh'd the reverend seer ;
 His furrow'd cheek betray'd a tear. 220
 The listener caught the infectious sigh,
 And chearing comfort would supply ;
 But languid, listless, pale and trembling,
 The old man's grief is past dissembling. 224
 "Why am I doom'd from age to age
 To pass this weary pilgrimage ?
 Ah, why for ever doom'd to brave
 The loss of patrons in the grave ? 228
 Where'er I go, new faces rise ;
 New names, new modes, my heart surprise ;
 And Fortune's restless wheel removes,
 Whate'er my anxious bosom loves !" 232
 "Take comfort, holy man, and know
 He, who has chear'd thy former woe,
 Will still support thee thro' the future,
 Be but to him an humble suitor !" 236
 "Thou need'st not teach my humble heart
 The balm Religion can impart !

¹ "Margaret, wife of John Astley, Esq., of the Palace at Maidstone. Her husband was Master of the Jewels to Queen Elizabeth."—*Original Note.*

² "Monuments in Maidstone Church."—*Original Note.*

But tho' Religion pierce the gloom,
 Full deep I feel my tedious doom !” 240
 “ Rest, venerable patriarch, rest !
 Let Sleep compose that sorrowing breast !
 And when awakes to-morrow's sun,
 Thy tale of wonders shall go on !” 244
 Low to his host the old man bow'd,
 And smil'd with heartfelt gratitude :
 The chearing cup his lips assail'd ;
 The enlivening beverage prevail'd ; 248
 His bosom heav'd, his cheeks grew red,
 And many a witty jest he said ;
 And many a laughing anecdote
 From sires departed he could quote ; 252
 And many a tale more fit to hear
 In private, than for public ear,
 Of deeds which would destroy the pride
 Of those, who now in splendour ride, 256
 Or stain with ruby spots of blood
 Those who now boast of nought but good.
 But these the Muse disdains to sing ;
 For sacred is her silver string ! 260
 Clos'd were the pilgrim's eyes at last ;
 Warm in his cloak his limbs were cast,
 And heavy slumbers bound him fast.
 Long was the night ; the whistling blast 264
 Howl'd round the rocking dome like thunder,
 And lull'd the old man's dreams in wonder :
 In floods, by fits, came down the shower,
 And fearful was the torrent's roar ! 268
 Slept the strange seer, as if entranc'd,
 While in his brain wild fancy danc'd :
 Mov'd his huge limbs, his bosom stirr'd ;
 His lips breath'd many a mutter'd word ; 272
 And on his mighty brow was set
 Many an huge drop of painful sweat !
 The host beheld with shuddering fear
 These marks of his strange guest appear, 276

And anxious watch'd till morning's beams
 The wondrous Seer's departing dreams.
 The morning came ; the bard awoke,
 And gladness on his visage broke ; 280
 And thus his host he greeted fair :
 " Kind host, whose hospitable care
 Shelter'd these grey locks from the storm,
 And sooth'd to rest this weary form ; 284
 Long may'st thou reap each sweet reward,
 For goodness to a wand'ring bard !
 And long may thy posterity
 The shock of Time's encounters try ; 288
 And when I come, in centuries hence,
 To seek their name, and ask their sense,
 Still may they shine in glowing splendour,
 With virtuous talent their defender ! 292
 " And now recruited strength inspires,
 To feed thy wish, my wonted fires.
 From gentle *Astley's* silent urn
 I knew not where my steps to turn ; 296
 But long I lingered, thoughtful, slow,
 Fault'ring, uncertain, full of woe ;
 Till deep within the woodland shades
 An ancient hall my mind upbraids,¹ 300
 Where *Norman* knights for many a year
 Have heav'd the sword, and hurl'd the spear.
 Illustrious knights, whose valiant sires
 Bold *Richard* led to *Acon's* spires ;² 304

¹ "Ulcomb, on the borders of the Weald of Kent, the seat of the very ancient family of St. Leger, from soon after the Conquest, till the seventeenth century."—*Original Note.*

² "Rafe St. Leger," says Phillpott, "is registered in the roll of those Kentish gentlemen who accompanied Richard I. to the siege of Acon ; and as the inscription on his leaden shroud in the vault of this [Ulcombe] Church does signify, was engaged in the holy quarrel fifteen years. Another Rafe St. Leger, and Hugh St. Leger were *Recognitores Magne Assise*, in the second of King John." Three of the family were at the siege of Carlaverock, and knighted

Whence safe return'd, in this thy Seat,
Ulcomb, they fix'd their calm retreat,
 For many a rolling century,
 That never saw their virtues die ! 308
 Far-fam'd Sir *Warham*,¹ when thy hand,
 About to seek a savage land,
 Parted from mine, how swell'd my breast,
 With prescience of thy fate possesst ! 312
 What bold descendant shall I find
 Within thine ancient bowers reclin'd ?
 Near as I draw, I mark each sound ;
 No name like thine is heard around ! 316
 Alas ! 'twas here ! the tower is raz'd ;
 The race is gone ; the shield defac'd ;
 Here other owners hold their reign,
 And thine in distant soils remain ! 320
 " I curse my fate, my breast I beat,
 That still are doom'd my plodding feet
 To seek my friends, who all are gone ;
 And still I'm forc'd to journey on ! 324
 " Deep are the roads ; the burning soil
 Of rocky sand augments my toil ;
 With tongue all parch'd, with dust besmear'd,
 How vainly have I often steer'd 328
 My course oblique to some known spot,
 Where I in happier days forgot
 Yet for a little while my sorrow ;
 And fresh uprising on the morrow, 332
 Bounding and gay, my path pursu'd !
 For now I met repulses rude

for their valour. " Indeed," continues the old Kentish herald, " in times subsequent to this, there was scarce almost any noble and generous undertaking, but the annals of our English History represent a St. Leger concerned and interested in it."—*Villare Cantianum*, p. 348.—ED.

¹ " Sir Warham St. Leger, who, as well as his father Sir Anthony, enjoyed places of high trust in Ireland, was killed there in a skirmish with the rebels, temp. Q. Eliz."—*Original Note*.

From faces new, and forms new-fangled,
Selfish and mean, tho' oft bespangled ! 336
"Now o'er these waves, which turrets crown,
The moated castle's honours frown ;¹
Echoes the drawbridge, as I tread !
Bold *Colepeper*, still lift thy head, 340
And say, if all thy knightly train,
Who long have held their valiant reign
Far spread o'er *Cantium's* proud domain,
Say, if they yet their power retain ?² 344
From yonder grove a Spirit groans ;
A shriek thro' every turret moans !
No warrior answers ; but a sigh
Seems in low murmuring sounds to cry : 348
'Tis done ! In deep Oblivion's tomb
Long has *Colepeper* found his doom !
And is it thus ? O thou, whom oft
I dandled with caresses soft 352
On my light knee, when *Essex* strove
To try a maiden-sovereign's love ?—
Thou, who in hours of death hast stood
Undaunted at rebellion's flood, 356
And, by the royal Martyr's side,
Strov'st the mad torrent's course to guide :
Lives then thy name no more ? Are all,
Wealth, honours, buried in the fall ?— 360
No voice replies : opens no gate !
In other soils again I seek my fate."

¹ "Leeds Castle, formerly possessed by Lord Colepeper. The knightly family of Colepeper were spread for many ages over various parts of Kent." — *Original Note*. But they, says Brayley, "have long been sunk in obscurity, and their possessions passed into other hands, though one male was lately (1807) remaining."—EDITOR.

² Camden, speaking of the Colepepers in his *Remains*, says that there were "twelve knights and baronets of this name at one time" (Brayley's *Kent*, 1204). Elizabeth visited and knighted Sir Anthony Colepeper at Bedgebury, during her Kentish progress of 1573. Some attribute the downfall of this branch of the family to their share in Wyatt's insurrection.—ED.

"Pause," cried the host, "thou holy seer,
 Recruit thy strength; thy spirits cheer; 364
 Nor always dwell on tales of grief!
 Gay thoughts would give thee some relief!
 Tell all the 'gorgeous gallery'
 Of gallant scenes, that lifted high 368
 The court of that heroic dame,
 Who stands emblaz'd with mighty fame
 In all records of chivalry!
 Of *Kenilworth's* and *Elv'tham's*¹ shows, 372
 Where lords and knights in brilliant rows,
 Bedeck'd in splendid heraldry,
 Shone at the feast of ladies fair;
 And shouts of triumph shook the air!" 376
 "O hospitable host, those hours
 Of genuine joy, that strew'd with flowers
 Each path I trod, will but renew
 The darkness of Time's present hue! 380
 All now is cold, insipid, sad;
 In tinsel affectation clad.
 The formal table gives no feast,
 The weakly pleasure has no zest. 384
 Where op'd the spacious hall of yore,
 Rang'd the long tables down the floor,
 Mirth sounded with a genuine roar.
 Alas, those sounds are heard no more! 388
 Each for himself, the mean design
 At home to save, abroad to shine;
 The generous passions die away,
 And leave the heart to vice a prey." 392
 "Thou sorrowing seer, ah! do not moan
 For all heroic virtue gone!
 In these vile days a few inherit
 A bolder heart, a nobler spirit, 396

¹ This refers to Eltham; where Queen Elizabeth made one of her "Progresses" in 1559, after leaving Cobham Hall, and before she went to the Earl of Arundel's Nonsuch House, in Surrey, on Sunday, August 5.—J. W. E.

Than ever in thy vaunted times
Were told in tales, or sung in rhymes.
Behold at *Acre's* towers on high
Smith wave the flag of victory ! 400
And mark across the mighty main
The palm that *Nelson's* thunders gain !
With these, by whose immortal sword
Nations are saved, and thrones restor'd, 404
Compare not thou the puny knights
Whom Fame records for feudal fights !
Eclips'd is all their ancient glory,
And fade the colours of their story !" 408
" True didst thou say ; but do not chide
The talk of age," the seer replied :
" We love the past ; it takes a hue
Which ne'er is gained by what is new : 412
Each object seems, by Time's assistance,
Of charm more lovely when at distance !
" I hear the hounds on yonder hill,
O let me breathe the freshening air ; 416
Mine ear with joy those echoes fill,
And I must to the woods repair :
With sturdy stride, and staff in hand,
Plains, mountains, vallies, I command ; 420
And youth, as sounds the horn, again
Will seem to flow in every vein.
I haste away : my host, adieu !
This evening, to my story true, 424
Thine hospitable roof I'll seek,
And deeds of former ages speak !

Canto III.

The dusk of evening sail'd along,
 Hush'd was the last bird's warbling song ;
 But, bright within, the high-pil'd heap
 A chearful blazing flame did keep, 4
 Where, o'er the wide hearth of the Hall,
 Hung many a trophy on the wall.
 For here the host had lov'd to cherish
 Marks, that with others gladly perish. 8
 High branch'd the stag's horns on each door,
 And gorgeous was th' heraldic lore ;
 Glimmer'd the black cross, and the red,
 And many a mystic figure spread, 12
 In gaudy hues, enriched the ceiling,
 The blood of ancient chiefs revealing :
 While in the oriel's gloom'd recesses
 Shone knights in all their feudal dresses. 16
 The feast was called, the table stor'd,
 And gaily look'd the lightsome board,
 When, faithful to his plighted word,
 Knock'd at the door the weary Bard. 20
 Long was the way, the chase was hard ;
 Yet vigorous step, and ruddy look,
 The strange old Pilgrim ne'er forsook.
 He loos'd his belt, he wip'd his brow, 24
 And on a bench he threw him now.
 Then did he quaff the offer'd bowl,
 And gladness in his eye did roll,
 And mingled it with many a jest, 28
 That to th' enlivening draught gave zest ;
 And many a wink, and many a smile,
 And many a cup that interposed,
 With many a witty comment glos'd, 32
 The transient moment did beguile,
 Sooth'd memory of all his toil.

 Now timid Beauty came to gaze
 Upon the old Man's mystic ways, 36

And view his reverend form, and hear
 The tale, that struck the wond'ring ear.
 The old man bow'd, and smil'd with glee
 Sweet Beauty at his beck to see. 40
 While as his visage glow'd with fire,
 They touch'd with thrilling notes the wire ;
 And where at distance, mounted high,
 Amid the seats of minstrelsy, 44
 The full-mouth'd organ op'd her keys,
 A blue-ey'd maiden swept with ease
 Its deeper tones ! the mellow sound
 'Gan from the vaulted roof rebound, 48
 And o'er the old man's senses stole,
 Melted his frame, and rous'd his soul.
 " O ye fair Nymphs, whose music thrills
 My cold breast, and my fancy fills, 52
 O how can I these gifts requite,
 That swell my bosom with delight !
 My faltering tongue has lost the art,
 Visions of rapture to impart ; 56
 And feebly from my wither'd brain,
 And painful, comes the frozen strain !
 What would ye hear, ye blue-ey'd Maids ?
 Where would ye pierce Time's close-drawn Shades ?
 Would ye to *Barham's* distant Down
 Resort to hear of old renown ?
 Star of the East,¹ whose beauty rais'd
 A flame, that all around thee blaz'd,² 64
 Wake from the tomb, and lead the ball
 In noble *Aucher's* antient hall ;
 Bring all around the *Cantian* youth
 With vows of everlasting truth : 68

¹ " Lady Bowyer, daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher of Bourne, was for her exquisite beauty called *The Star in the East*."—*Original Note*.

² " The Star's " Christian name was Hester, she was the daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher, Knt., Sheriff of Kent 12th Jas. I. ; and married to Sir Edmund Bowyer, Knt., of Camberwell.—ED.

See poets, statesmen, round thee crowd,
 And soldiers breathe their sighs aloud !
 Young *Cowper*¹ there, with modest mien,
 Full pensive in thy train is seen ; 72
 No word he speaks, but in his eye
 A thousand thoughts thou may'st descry !
 'O hear my suit,' he seems to say,
 For tho' no splendour I display, 76
 Some spirit whispers to my soul,
 That future ages, as they roll,
 Shall view my now-unhonour'd name,
 Encircled with resplendent fame, 80
 And from my blood a Bard shall rise
 To lift our glory to the skies !'
 And there see *Hammond*² plead his cause ;
 Tears from the tender fair he draws. 84
 Ah ! how his glowing accents move,
 Predicting strains that breathe of love !
 But who art thou,³ of calmer mood,
 That seem'st thy offerings to intrude ? 88
 In terms precise, and studied phrase,
 Thou talk'st of deeds of ancient days,
 And Learning's lore, and Wisdom's guise,
 The richness of thy tongue supplies, 92

¹ "The ancestors of Earl Cowper, and of William Cowper the poet, lived, cotemporary with Lady Bowyer, at Ratling Court, in Norrington in this neighbourhood."—*Original Note.*

² "The ancestors of James Hammond, the elegiac poet, then lived at St. Albans Court in Norrington, where the same family still reside."—*Original Note.*

³ "Gibbon the Historian, whose ancestors then lived at Westcliffe near Dover."—*Original Note.*

The Gibbons were an ancient Kentish family. Hole, in Rolvenden, is said by Philpott (*Villare Cantianum*, p. 296) to have been "for many descents last past the patrimony of the Gibbons, who held lands in this Parish in the year 1326; and was the seminary, or original seed-plot, whence all of that name and family in Kent primitively sprouted forth." Thence sprung the Westcliffe branch.—EDITOR.

Full many a tale canst thou relate
Of mighty nations sunk by fate !
'O hark !' he cries, 'if, beauteous maid,
My humble suit may be repaid, 96
From thee shall spring a wondrous Sage,
Whose praise shall spread from age to age ;
And History's pages shall enshrine
Gibbon's immortal name with thine !' 100

The Star is fled ; no more the sound
Of melting music floats around ;
Fall the bold turrets ; sinks the gate,
Where ermin'd banners ¹ with brave state 104
Mock'd gorgeously the wanton air ;
And *Aucher* ² rules no longer there.
Ah ! who, with sacrilegious whim,
Has plac'd the dome of modern trim, ³ 108
Where once the massy *Gothic* tower
Was wont in generous gloom to lour ?
In vain I look ; no lovely dames
Come forth to fan our dying flames ! 112
In silence on the weedy stream
Echo is left her hours to dream ;
And still is every laurell'd walk,
Where Love and Genius wont to talk ! 116
E'en o'er yon sacred neighbouring tomb,
Where *Hooker's* ⁴ ashes wait their doom,
No spirit kindred wisdom breathes ;
No sage attempts congenial wreathes." 120

¹ "The field of the Aucher arms was ermine, with three lions rampant on a chief."—*Original Note.*

² "The male line of the Auchers became extinct nearly a century ago."—*Original Note.*

³ "The present mansion is a comparatively modern building."—*Original Note.*

⁴ "Richard Hooker, the very learned and far-famed author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, was rector here, and has a monument in the church."—*Original Note.*

LIII.

The Fair Maid's Choice.

THE following ballad is taken from Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the *Bagford Ballads* (pp. 289-91, Part 2), where the editor pronounces its author to be one "Thomas Lanfiere, of Watchat in Somersetshire, who, before 1686, wrote and published other ballads." The date affixed at its close is also on Mr. Ebsworth's authority. We were inclined to place this ballad, together with Laurence Price's spirited ditty *The Seaman's Compass* (also taken from the Bagford Collection), in our second volume; but resolve to put the *Fair Maid's Choice* in its present position, and leave *The Seaman's Compass* to form the opening of our *Gravesend Group*. "Our own Bagford ballad," says Mr. Ebsworth, "is not without its merit. Perhaps the fact of the Fair Maid belonging to Sandwich may account for her loving a good deal. We may depend upon it, that he was no 'flat,' but well worthy of her discriminating choice: 'Of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me!' Her private opinion of the other professionals and craftsmen is not flattering to them; but that is their look-out, not ours."¹ We have no doubt the Fair Maid proved as constant as the Beautiful Lady of Kent. Sandwich is inseparably associated with most brilliant deeds of

¹ The Editor of *Bagford Ballads* tells, on p. 286, of the original ballad "*Shrewsbury* for me!" that gave name to the tune of "The Fair Maid's Choice." It is in the Bodleian Library, being No. 26 of the Rawlinson Collection, 4to. 566; in Wood's, E. 25, fol. 44; and in Douce's, ii. 206. Also in the Pepysian, at Cambridge, ii. 135. It begins, "Come listen, young gallants of *Shrewsbury* fair town," but Pepysian reads "You gallants." Ritson reprints it, as "ye gallants," in *Ancient Songs*, p. 399, first edition.

valour performed by the old Cinque Ports' navy, those amphibious sea-lions who fought with equal skill on sea and land, and have handed down their sturdy spirit to the Kentish hovellers. Our heroine might have heard many a tale, oft repeated, of the exploits of Kentish Seamen in Elizabeth's time; when one Man of Kent, William Adams,¹ was the first English voyager to Japan, and another, James Bere, was at least twice master of vessels in Frobisher's voyages; both worthies returning home in safety, and ultimately laying their bones among their own people, under the shade of those Kentish churches, by W. C. Bennett so well described

—— with ever verdant yew,
And lichen-gate with ivy ever green.

A Home in Kent.

Sandwich gained prosperity with its haven, and lost prosperity on that haven's destruction; so local feeling would additionally have strengthened the Fair Maid's contempt for mere landsmen, and her unison in the sentiments somewhat similarly expressed by the "fair Damosel" in *The Seaman's Compass* [Bagford Collection, ii. 86; Ebsworth's *Bagford Ballads*, 1877, part 2nd, pp. 267-71]:

Come Tradesmen or Merchant, whoever he be,
There's none but a Seaman shall marry with me.

¹ He was a native of Gillingham, and "the first of any Englishman who discovered Japan effectually, to which remote island he began his voyage in 1598; he died about 1612."—Hasted's *Kent*, vol. ii. p. 87. Fo.



[Bagford Collection of Ballads, in the British Museum, ii. 89.]

The Fair Maid's Choice;

Or,

The Seaman's Renown.

Being a pleasant Song made of a Saylor,
Who excells a Miller, Weaver, and a Taylor,
Likewise brave gallants that goes fine and rare,
None of them with a Seaman can compare.

TO THE TUNE OF *Shrewsbury for me*. By T. L[anfiere].

[In the original here appear the two woodcuts given on p. 307.]

AS I through *Sandwich* town passed along,
I heard a brave Damsel singing of this song,
In the praise of a Saylor she sung gallantly,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 4

I gave good attention unto her new ditty,
My thoughts it was wondrous gallant and pretty,
With a voice sweet and pleasant most neatly sung she,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 8

The fair Maid's song in praise of a Seaman.

COME all you fair maidens in country & town,
Lend your attention to what is pen'd down;
And let your opinions with mine both agree,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 12

The gallant brave Seaman God bless him I say,
He is a great pains-taker both night and day,
When he's on the Ocean so hard worketh he,
then of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 16

Of all sorts of Gallants so gaudy and fine,
That with gold and silver so bravely doth shine,
The Seaman doth out-pass them in each degree,
then of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 20

For a Seaman will venture his life and his blood,
For the sake of his King and his countrie's good,
He is valiant and gallant in every degree,
then of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 24

He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,
To pleasure our Gentry which lives at ease,
Through many dangerous places pass he,
then of all, &c. 28



Amongst all your tradesmen & merchants so brave,
I can't set my fancy none of them to have,
But a Seaman I will have my husband to be,
then of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 32

With a theevish Miller I never will deal,
Because out of a bushel a peck he will steal,
I will have no society with such knaves as he,
but of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 36,

Likewise a pimping Taylor and a lowsie weaver,
 To steal cloath & yarn they'l do their endeavour,
 Such fellows are not for my company,
but of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 40

Also the Carpenter and the Shoomaker,
 The Blacksmith, the brewer, & likewise the baker,
 Some of them use Knavery, and some honesty,
but of all, &c. 44

For I love a Seaman, as I love my life,
 And I am resolv'd to be a Seaman's Wife,
 No man else in *England* my husband shall be,
then of all, &c. 48

Now ile tell why I love a Seaman so dear,
 I have to my sweet-heart a Seaman most rare,
 He is a stout proper Lad as you shall see,
then of all, &c. 52

If that I were worth a whole ship-load of gold,
 My love should possess it, and with it make bold,
 I would make him master of every penny,
then of all, &c. 56

Through fire and Water I would go, I swear,
 For the sake of my true love whom I love so dear ;
 If I might have an Earl i'de forsake him for he ;
then of all, &c. 60

Here's a health to my dear ; come pledge me who please,
 To all gallant seamen that sail on the seas,
 Pray God bless & keep them from all dangers free,
so of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me. 64

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

[In Black-letter. Date about 1650-74.]

In concluding the ballad of the Sandwich damsel in praise of brave seamen, we hope our Kentish readers will pardon the introduction of a note relating to a maritime invasion of Sandwich, accompanied with circumstances of supernatural agency, which is passed unnoticed in even Canon Jenkins' interesting lecture on the *History of Sandwich (Archæologia Cantiana*, volume vi. pp. xlix—lxiii). The state into which the good people of Sandwich had allowed the church to fall, dedicated to the Saint who delivered them out of the hand of Eustace the Monk, is thus described by the Canon. (However, things may have improved since 1864.) "The church is, unfortunately, buried in a farm-yard, the stabling of which is so built up to and into the walls as to endanger their state. An original portion of the church, containing a door and window of richly carved Early English design, is actually used as a barn, and is so fast yielding to the pressure of age and misfortune, as to threaten the fall of the entire front." We take our narration of the peril and deliverance of the people and town of Sandwich from Thomas Wright's essay upon *Eustace the Monk* :—

"The most curious account of the last end of Eustace the Monk is found in an unpublished chronicle, preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum. It is another testimony of the character which he possessed at that time for his supposed skill in magic, and for his use of supernatural agents. It required the presence of a saint to work his overthrow. On the day of St. Bartholomew the apostle, this document tells us, there came, with a great fleet towards Sandwich, Eustace the Monk, accompanied by several great lords of France, who expected to make an entire conquest of the kingdom, trusting more in the malice of this apostate monk than in their own strength, because he was deeply skilled in magic. And they had such confidence in his promises, on account of the prodigies which he had performed in their country, that they had brought with them their wives and children, and even infants in the cradle, to inhabit England immediately. Now, when these ships approached the harbour of Sandwich, they were all perfectly visible, except that of Eustace, who had made a conjuration, so that himself and his ship could be seen by none, and where his ship floated there appeared nothing but the waves of the sea. The people of the town were terribly frightened at the unexpected arrival of so great an army. Having no power sufficient to make any resistance against their enemies, they put all their hope in God; and, throwing themselves on their knees, and weeping bitterly, they prayed, for the love of St. Bartholomew, whose festival it was, that he would have pity on them, and deliver their land from the hands of the invader. They made a vow, also, that if God would give them victory, they would raise a chapel in honour of St. Bartholomew himself, and that they would found in it a chantry for ever. There was at that time in the town a man called Stephen Crabbe, who had formerly been very intimate with the monk Eustace, and whom Eustace had loved so well, that he had taught him many of his practices in magic. This Crabbe happening to be present when those of the town who bore arms were consulting what was best to be done, and moved by the lamentations of the unarmed people, he addressed the chief men of the town: 'Unless,' said he, 'Heaven have mercy upon us, the port of Sandwich, hitherto so renowned, will be invaded, and the land lost. But, in order that our posterity may not

have reason to reproach us, that such a dishonour has arrived to the kingdom through our town, I will willingly give my life to save the honour of my country. For this Eustace, who is the leader of our enemies, cannot be seen by one who is ignorant of magic, and I have learnt from himself this enchantment. I will give to-day, then, my life for the sake of this land, for I know well that, in entering his ship, I cannot escape death from the numerous soldiers who are with him.' After having thus spoken, Stephen Crabbe entered one of the only three vessels which were there to defend the place against this powerful armament, and when they approached Eustace's ship he leaped from his own into it. The English, to whom the ship was invisible, when they saw him standing and fighting, as they thought, on the water, shouted, and thought that he had been mad, or that some evil spirit had taken his form. Then Stephen cut off the head of Eustace, and in an instant his ship was visible to everybody. But Stephen himself was immediately slain, horribly mutilated, and thrown, piecemeal, into the sea. Suddenly there arose a hurricane, which in many places overthrew houses, and tore large trees up by the roots. It entered the haven, and in that instant upset all the enemy's ships, without injuring one of those which were stationed to defend the town, except that it cast a terrible fear into those who were embarked in them. The English said, that in the air there appeared a man in red garments; that they instantly fell upon their knees, and cried, 'Saint Bartholomew, have pity on us, and succour us against our foes,' and that they heard a voice which pronounced these words, 'I am Bartholomew, and I am sent to assist you; fear nothing.' At these words he disappeared, and was neither seen nor heard more. Thus ended the career of one of the most extraordinary outlaws who ever lived. 'He who puts his trust in evil practices,' observes the chronicle we have just quoted, 'if he would know what they are worth, let him think upon the example of this great magician.' After the battle, the chronicle adds, the people of Sandwich bought, at the common expense, a place not far from the town, where they built a chapel, and dedicated it to St. Bartholomew. They erected houses contiguous for the support of aged people of both sexes, who should be in poverty; and they bought lands and rents to support the poor in the hospital, and to keep a chantry in the chapel, for ever. It was also established as a custom, that every year, on St. Bartholomew's day, the commons should assemble in the town of Sandwich, and that they should march in solemn procession to the hospital, each with a wax taper in his hand."

—[*Essays on the Middle Ages*, vol. ii. pp. 144—146.]

LIV.

The Smuggler's Bride.

“FROM its first original to the present time,” remarks Blackstone on the Excise, “its very name has been odious to the people of England” (*Commentaries*, Book I. Chapter viii. p. 320, ed. 1766), and the same authority declares, “The rigour and arbitrary proceedings of excise laws seem hardly compatible with the temper of a free nation.”—(*Ibid.* p. 318.) The above sentiments exactly agreeing with those held by the Men of Kent, who were always inclined to look upon smuggling rather in the light of a recognized profession than an illicit calling, few among them had perfectly clean hands from contraband goods; and there were probably none who did not sympathize with the “bold free-trader,” whether he followed the branch of owling, import, or guinea smuggling. The first-named (*i.e.* wool-smuggling) flourished in the county from the earliest period, particularly in the contrabandist headquarters at Romney Marsh, where, after its illicit export was made felony, in 1672, the natives willingly risked their necks for a shilling a day. Three years previous to that date they used to ship the rough wool on board French vessels by night, guarded by ten or twenty well-armed men, and, in 1671, it was computed that in the town of Calais alone there had been brought within two years, from the Kent and Sussex coasts, at least 40,000 packs of wool. The zealous Marshers used even to bring it from ten or twenty miles up-country, and, in 1698, an Act was expressly passed to aim a direct blow at this practice (9 & 10 William III. c. 40, secs. 2 and 3). Mr. W. Carter made repeated complaints of the manner in which the law was set at defiance. In 1678 he and his companions seized eight or ten mounted men carrying wool, and brought them before the Mayor of Romney, who admitted them to bail. The Excise

officers went to Lydd, where they were attacked during the night, and next morning (Dec. 13), when coming towards Rye, they were pursued by some fifty armed men, and, had they not escaped into some ship's boats at Guildford Ferry, would have been very roughly handled. In 1696 the penalty of felony was abolished as too severe, and, in 1698, a milder punishment was inflicted. Next year, on April 25th, the Supervisor for Kent and Sussex complained, that in a few weeks about 160,000 sheep would be shorn in Romney Marsh and the adjacent parts, the greater quantity of whose fleeces—about 3000 packs of wool—would “be immediately sent off hot into France—it being so designed—and provisions, in a great measure, already made for that purpose.” The trade flourished during the eighteenth century, and those interested in the subject will find many interesting particulars in the capital paper on *Smuggling in Sussex*, by W. Durrant Cooper, F.S.A., in the *Sussex Archæological Collections* (vol. x. pp. 69–94), from which we have largely borrowed.

Guinea smuggling was another fruitful source of revenue during the French wars, as an English guinea would fetch thirty shillings over the water. Many families, still flourishing, made their fortunes by this traffic, and the name of the principal smuggler, “Starlight Jack,” remains a household word at Deal, and along the Thanet coast.¹ Earlier in the century the Kentish smugglers carried on the unpatriotic practice (said to be at least as early as the days of Elizabeth) of conveying correspondence to the enemy during the time of war, and, on January 3rd, 1703, three men were captured at Lydd, who were openly in communication with the enemy; and (according to Mr. W. D. Cooper) this system lasted in Sussex through the last great war, “during which the daily newspapers and correspondence were regularly carried to Buonaparte, by a family then resident at Bexhill.” Great ingenuity was frequently employed in the construction of hiding-places for contraband goods. The peculiar chalk formation of the Isle of Thanet, rendered it a famous store-house, and some parts of it are perfectly burrowed

¹ We intend including a somewhat remarkable story regarding a run made by one of these boats in the introduction to the *Deal Group* in our second volume.

with the caves and passages used by "the bold free-traders." In St. Peter's a whole garden was thus undermined, while an innocent gooseberry bush stood sentinel over the trap-door which gave access to the cavern; we regret to say the hiding-place was discovered by the revenue officers, who made the largest seizure they ever obtained in the island. It was in following the popular pursuit of smuggling that the "Kentish Sampson," Richard Joy, met his death in 1742.¹ Manstone Cave has been immortalized by "Ingoldsby," and St. John's Church, Margate, is said to have been one of the many where the vaults served as receptacles for smuggled goods; the bones of the rightful occupants near the doors being shovelled into other tombs, which were not so conveniently situated for the habitation of ardent spirits. Most of the Marsh churches were favoured by similar attentions, and a large seizure of tobacco was once made in Snargate belfry. "Calumny," we are told, "contended for the discovery of a keg of Hollands under the vestry table." River smuggling formed a distinct branch of the profession, and "Clapper-Snapper's Hole," in the Swanscombe woods, with many similar hiding-places in the neighbourhood, were admirably adapted for the temporary reception of cargoes. Numerous stories are current of the strange uses made of Erith churchyard, which is supposed to have been the original spot where the clergyman unwittingly buried a coffin of lace. On one occasion, when the Revenue had received word that an unusually large cargo of this commodity had been run, and would be conveyed from Dover to town, the officers hotly pursued a post-chaise with one occupant, who, changing horses at unwontedly short intervals, went at top speed to Gravesend, where he gave the officials permission to "Search and be d—d." They only found a small portmanteau of unexciseable contents, the contraband goods having meanwhile lumbered to town by the ordinary coach. Romney Marsh, however, might fairly have claimed to be the metropolis of smuggling. It was there that in 1696 Hunt ran cargoes of Valenciennes lace

¹ "This could not have been one of the two "Kentish Brothers" who had exhibited feats of strength in 1678 (see p. 256), for *this* Richard was only 65 when he died, according to the tombstone at St. Peter's; 1742, not 1735 as reported. He was probably a son of one of the Brothers."—J. W. E.

One stormy night, when the winds did rise,
And dark and dismal appeared the skies,
The tempest rolled, and the waves did roar,
And the valiant Smuggler were driven from shore. 24

"Cheer up," cries *William*, "my valiant wife."
Says *Nancy*, "I never valued life,
I'll brave the storms and tempests through,
And fight for *William* with a sword and pistol too." 28

At length a cutter did on them drive ;
The cutter on them soon did arrive :
"Don't be daunted !—though we're but two,
We'll not surrender—but fight like *Britons* true." 32

"Cheer up," says *Nancy*, with courage true,
"I will fight, dear *William*, and stand by you."
They like *Britons* fought, *Nancy* stood by the gun,
They beat their enemies, and quickly made them run. 36

Another cutter now hove in sight,
And join'd to chase them with all their might ;
They were overpowered, and soon disarmed,
It was then young *Nancy* and *William* were alarmed. 40

A shot that moment made *Nancy* start,
Another struck *William* to the heart ;
This shock distressed lovely *Nancy's* charms,
When down she fell and expired in *William's* arms. 44

Now *Will* and *Nancy* love bid adieu,
They lived and died like two lovers true.
Young men and maidens now faithful prove,
Like *Will* and *Nancy* who lived and died in love. 48

We have mentioned in our introduction to the above ballad the use to which the Bold Free Traders are said to have applied the vaults of St. John's, Margate, and we cannot resist giving the statement of the present Curate-in-charge as to the manner in which these minions of the moon disported themselves in the mother-church of Minster. We quote from the Rev. F. Gell's *The Minster of Minster in Thanet; Architectural Notes, read at a Meeting in the Parish Church of Minster, July 22nd, 1879.* Mr. Gell is describing the period known as the age of whitewash and churchwardens, when we are sure good old John Lewis was in his grave, or such pranks as are described in our extract would never have been allowed in the church befittingly served by that thorough Churchman, Antiquary and Gentleman: "The age of worldly orthodoxy came on. Deadly dullness followed. Soon over all architecture flowed a deluge of whitewash. The Churches became almost what Swift called them, 'public dormitories.' Great pews, fiddlers and smugglers had it pretty much their own way here for many a year; while drowsy shepherds droned out threadbare moralities copied out of Blair. A classic pediment was then thought a fitting ornament for our east end, and the lovely vaulting shafts were ruthlessly cut through, in order to stick up pharisaic eulogies or monumental slabs upon the walls,

'To wound the stone with lying verse.'

The smugglers felt so comfortable in the church, that they actually took out stones from the wall of the south transept, near the Swinford monument, in order to shove in their kegs into a dark spot, under the low singing gallery which stood there, as a safe storehouse, handy to the creek where their boats drew up; to take them out through the Church for sale at leisure! Mr. May, our late respected parish clerk, who stands sponsor to this story, told me that old inhabitants had assured him that the strong smell of the contraband liquor often regaled the singers in the gallery above. Pugilists, in those days, would adjourn from the neighbouring public, to have it out in the churchyard; as well as they could at least, under a web of clothes-lines on which were hung the stockings and petticoats of their wives and daughters. The parish school was kept in the Thorn chancel; and the urchins scampered about the church on wet days, as their proper play-ground." (page 24.)



[*The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, pp. 70—73].

The Lullingstone¹ Hunt.

The accompanying eighteenth-century hunting songs are taken from Charles Armiger's *Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, 1830, and *The Lullingstone Hunt* is the only one in the collection where a title is given. The ballad which we print after it, evidently gives the sequel to the hunt, and we style it *Fox Hunting Dinner at Knole*, to avoid the inconvenience of reproducing it without a title. We might with equal justice place it in *The Knole Group* in our second volume, but as *The Lullingstone Hunt* decidedly belongs to *The County in General*, we prefer having it in its present position. The annotations are Mr. Armiger's.

ON the third of *September*, I think thereabout,

From the *Lullingstone* kennel the hounds were led out;
The harvest was over, the morning as bright
As ever succeeded the darkness of night :
Dick Carter, the huntsman, a rider as bold
As e'er cross'd a saddle in heat or in cold. 6

A brace of brass-horns by Sir *John* was supplied,
And old *Pierce*, the earth-stopper, went on as a guide,
For he knew where the fox had been tempted to lurk,
And the hoary old jockey was up to his work :
At *Ludsdown* deep thicks was the fix'd meeting place,
And these were the sportsmen who follow'd the chase. 12

His Grace Duke of *Dorset* appear'd in the van,
Attended by *Twisden*, and sage *Horace Mann*.
The brave noble *Amherst*, for *Britain* who fought,
And *Dering*, the member who never was bought;
Honeywood, *Tilden*, and young *Squire Hoare*,
With *Hull*, from the *Leith Hills*, and half a score more. 18

Stout Reynard unkennel'd, we gave him some law,
When he took through the stubbles, to *Allington-ha*,²
Then dash'd through the *Medway*, just under the mill,
And fled like a swallow the steeps of *Bell-hill*:³

¹ This pack was the property of Sir John Dyke, of Lullingstone.

² Allington Castle.

³ Blue Bell Hill, between Rochester and Maidstone.

Where in *Kit's Coity-house*¹ he determin'd to wait,
(The old *Kentish* tomb that tells *Catigern's* fate). 24

But finding the pack coming hard at his brush,
He left his abode with the lightning's fierce rush ;
Ah ! this was a sight worth a sportsman to see,
For the champaign was clear from a bush or a tree :
Kind *Phæbus* spread round a cerulean sky,
The sportsmen full speed, and the hounds in full cry. 30

The rustics were out, and this cadence arose,
Most sweet to the ear, " There he goes ! there he goes !"
The horns call'd for echo's responses between,
And all nature concurr'd to enliven the scene :
E'en the larks over head could exult at the show,
For the culprit was known for a general foe. 36

At *Horsted* we turn'd him, up *Steepphill* he climbs,
To the heath² where stern justice sends knaves for their
crimes ;
Cross the level he scuds, like a bird in the wind,
And seem'd little to care for the hunters behind :
But the *Lullingstone* pack were full bent on his harm,
And they turn'd him again, at *George Willoughby's* farm. 42

As he flew up from *Marden*, for more than a mile,
Dick gave the view halloo in excellent style ;
The horns a tantivy, so sweet in the ear,
That our coursers reviv'd, and fled swift as the deer :
When finding his efforts were feeble and vain,
He took tow'rd the *Blue Bell*, for *Ludsdown* again. 48

Dash'd down to the *Friars*, where *Romney's* kind lord
Lives the friend of mankind, and 's by thousands ador'd ;

¹ The tomb of the British Prince Catigern, brother to Vortimer, who fell in battle there, fighting against the Saxons, as did their general, Horsa, whose grave gives the name to a neighbouring village called Horsted.

² Penenden Heath, near Maidstone, the place of execution for the county.

He again took the *Medway*, but falter'd in pace,
 While the old bridge at *Aylsford* befriended the chase :
 At *Halling*, sly Reynard had near met his doom,
 Where *Lambard* the learned had chosen his tomb. 54

At length, lame and fainting, yet bold to repel,
 He sought to find shelter in *Cobham's* deep dell ;
 Just under the space once assign'd for the dead,
 Where the grand mausoleum ¹ uprears its proud head :
 But *Sweetlips* and *Dido*, the pride of the pack,
 Were hard at his brush, and were first on his back. 60

Now, snarling, he fell, as he gave up his breath,
 His eyes like two meteors were flaming in death ;
Dick Carter was active, and in with the hounds,
 Whose musical notes at the death had no bounds ;
 The horns caught the sound, and so sweet in the rear,
 That *Handel* himself had been charm'd to be near. 66

The hunters came in, and surrounded the spoil,
 A little the worse for the length of the toil ;
 For report if we credit, and most think we may,
 We had rode fifty miles thro' the whole of the day :
 His Grace took the brush, it was claim'd as his dole,
 Then set off with his friends to his palace at *Knole*.² 72

Now the Goddess of Night denied us to roam,
 Fill'd the horns of her lamp, and conducted us home ;
 We parted in friendship, like brother with brother,
 And some they rode one way, and some went another :
 Confessing such sport, with such marks of content,
 Was never before in the county of *Kent*. 78

¹ Erected by Lord Darnley, intended as a sepulchre for his father.

² A magnificent mansion, near Sevenoaks, built in the reign of King John ; after passing through the hands of the crown to various noble families, it was, in the reign of James the First, settled on the descendants of the Earl of Dorset.

LVI.

[*The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, pp. 33-35.]**For Hunting Dinner at Knole.**

WHEN parting at *Cobham*, his Grace let it fall,
 "Tell my friends I expect them at *Knole's* ancient hall,
 To-morrow at seven ; and this understand,
 Let each bring a neighbour, or friend, in his hand :
 For we mean to be gay, and that time shall give place
 To the sweets of the bottle, and charms of the chase." 6

Old *Time* heard the mandate, and pleas'd at the sound,
 The Duke's invitation flew speedily round :
 The hall was lit up by the great chandelier,
 And its panels adorn'd with the spoils of the deer ;
 Where the tale of *Actæon*¹ was painted to life,
 And the huntress *Atalanta*,² *Meleager's* wife. 12

But above all the rest, to improve the design,
 The table was cover'd with excellent wine.
 His Grace took the chair, as becoming a lord,
 And these were the lads that sat down at his board :
 Sir *Horace* below did duty in prime,
 A better could not be selected by time. 18

Honest *Homewood*³ came to partake of the sport,
 And the *Tildens* were there from *Old Ifield Court* ;

¹ The tale of *Actæon* the hunter, who met his fate for disturbing *Diana* and her nymphs when bathing.

² *Atalanta*, who slew the wild boar, and afterwards became the wife of *Meleager*.

³ Surely this is a misprint by *Armiger*, as the metre shows, and ought to be *Honeywood*, agreeing with line 17 of "*The Lullingstone Hunt*."—J. W. E.

Next *Dering*, Sir *Edward*, the county's delight,
 Who always stood up for the *Kentish* man's right ;
 Then *Twisden*, Sir *Roger*, a sportsman more bold
 Ne'er cross'd o'er a saddle in heat or in cold. 24

Stout *Boghurst* was there, who had sat himself down
 By *Symmonds*, Recorder of *Rochester* town ;
 And opposite *Whiffle*, a talkative elf,
 Who always was telling strange things of himself,
 'Squire *Hoare*, and young *Stanhope* from *Chevening Place* ;
 And these were the friends that surrounded his Grace. 30

*Comport*¹ of the castle, and old brewer *Best*,²
 Whose Butt has been famous from east to the west ;
Bill Edmeads of *Nutsted*, and two or three more,
 The whole, in conjunction, might make up a score ;
 Beside a few stanch hounds, the best of the breed,
 Which ever were famous for keeping the lead. 36

A bugle was sounded, the mirth to begin,
 When bounce went the corks, as the punch was brought in ;
 All forms of distinction were banished aside,
 No thoughts on precedence, the offspring of pride.
 All, all, was true friendship, that never beguiles,
 That springs from the heart enliven'd by smiles. 42

The Duke claim'd attention, all answer'd, " Hush ! hush !"
 While he held up his bumper, and shew'd them the brush,
 This sentiment gave (the hall rang with the sound),
 " All jovial fox-hunters ! wherever they're found."
 Now round flew the toast, and to crown it with glce,
 We demanded the chorus of " three times told three." 48

Thus with high tales of sporting, the hunter's delight,
 And libations to *Bacchus*, we shorten'd the night ;

¹ *Comport* of Cowling Castle.

² *Best*, the famous brewer of Chatham, well known for his excellent " Butt," as it is called.

The wine was so potent, the spirit so good,
That to honor the Duke we took in a flood :
All, all, was good humour, till young squire *Hoare*
Fell back in his chair, and could take in no more. 54

Now merry *Frank Mackwreth*, a little afloat,
Emptied his glass down the young squire's throat ;
This trifle excepted, our joys were complete ;
And the bugle now sounds for the guests to retreat :
Upstanding, uncover'd, was claim'd from the host,
And fresh bumpers were fill'd for Sir *Horace's* toast. 60

" May health ! peace ! and plenty ! still wait on his Grace,
With a son like himself, and no end to his race !"
Thus ended the meeting, and fox-hunters gay
Remounted their steeds, and rode cheerful away.
Diana was up, for she knew they must roam,
And kindly assisted in lighting them home. 66



LVII.

WE are sure that those, at least, among our readers

" Who take their liquor fairly,
And take their fences too."

will pardon the insertion of the following song, the lines of which, we are informed by Mr. Armiger,

" Were written over the mahogany, out of pure respect and admiration of Daniel Haigh, Esq., master of the old Surrey fox-hounds, after a most brilliant run, on the 17th of March, 1828. Found near the Half Moon, on the Godstone road, and went off at a racing pace for forty-five minutes, and killed at Westerham, in Kent, after a very circuitous route, in an hour and twenty minutes ; unfortunately in a gentleman's garden of that place, to the total destruction of early peas and flower beds. The only recompense which could be made was, by presenting the lady of the house with the brush."

[*The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, pp. 145-6.]

Daniel Haigh and his Hounds in West Kent.¹

Here's a health to them that can ride !
 Here's a health to them that can ride !
 And those who don't wish good luck to the cause,
 May they roast by their own fire-side ! 4
 It's good to drown Care in the chase,
 It's good to drown Care in the bowl ;
 It's good to support *Daniel Haigh* and his hounds,
 Here's his health from the depth of the soul ! 8

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
It's good to support Daniel Haigh and his hounds,
And echo the shrill tally-ho ! 12

Here's a health to them that ride well !
 Here's a health to them that ride bold !
 May the leaps and the dangers that each has defied
 In columns of sporting be told ! 16
 Here's freedom to him that would walk !
 Here's freedom to him that would ride !
 There's none ever feared that the horn would be heard,
 Who the joys of the chase ever tried. 20

Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
Hurrah for the loud tally-ho !
It's good to support Daniel Haigh and his hounds,
And halloo the loud tally-ho. 24

¹ This song and the next will be found in *Armiger's Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, where (like the other pieces we have taken from that amusing Collection) they are given without any title or author's name. The tune is evidently the same as that of Burns's "Here's a health to them that's awa."

LVIII.

[*The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, pp. 268-9.]

Partridge Shooting.

THE harvest was over, the crops were all in,
 When *Dick Goodshot* and I to the farms took a turn ;
 On the fam'd *Kentish* hills we thought first to begin,
 And not, like your Cockneys, quest brick-fields and fern. 4

For we knew the old birds, with their covies so strong,
 Sought the stubbles to pick up their food ;
 So equipp'd like true sportsmen we journey'd along,
 To the haunts of the delicate brood. 8

We enter'd a manor, with leave from the lord,
 Where 'twas likely the broods were concealed ;
 When my comrade and I, in friendly accord,
 Agreed to partition the field. 12

Our pointers were stanch, and filled with delight,
 For they lov'd, like their masters, the sport ;
 'Twould have pleas'd you, good fellows, to look on the sight,
 For 'twas richer than I can report. 16

At length, spotted *Ponto* gave signs of a scent,
 'Twas a picture to see how he stood ;
 I follow'd him close, for I knew what he meant,
 His practice was always so good. 20

At length the birds rose, their wings borne on the air,
 With their whirr fill'd the ambient space ;
 I pour'd in my lightning, a plentiful share,
 And brought down an excellent brace. 24

Dick Goodshot surpass'd me in point of success,
 For his aim was more fatal than mine ;
 At every shot you will hear him confess
 Where I kill'd a brace, he shot trine. 28

Thus we toil'd through the day, and had plenty of sport,
 And at evening return'd to the town ;
 To such honest fellows as you to resort,
 And with glee to the bottle sit down. 32

Thus Partridge Shooting, my friends, has its charms,
 Can the gamester say this, and be true ?
 While the sportsman is safe from the lawyer's alarms,
 The gamester brings thousands to rue. 36

Kentish Election Group.

WE do not consider our opening volume on *The County in General* could claim to be fairly representative of our Kentish ballad literature, without the insertion of a few flowers or weeds of the poetical (?) crop which plentifully sprang up and flourished during the Kentish elections of by-gone years; when an election was an election indeed, the Ballot undreamed of: while banners, brilliant colours, brimming bumpers, and broken heads, were grand and recognized institutions. We cannot pass over (though they belong to a later period than the majority of our political songs,) the eccentric writings which graced the candidature of one of the most extraordinary beings who ever sought the favour of any constituency—John Tom, of Truro, *alias* Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, Knight of Malta, heir of Powderham Castle, and the Hales estate. Arriving at Canterbury in the beginning of September, 1832, he issued addresses to the electors of the old cathedral city, dated sometimes from his hostelry the “Rose,” and at others from Powderham Castle. The opening one on Dec. 5th ought to have at once disposed of any doubt regarding the mental state of its author, and from one to five shillings was offered for copies. Its successors rivalled it in absurdity, but they were nearly outdone by the contents of his weekly paper *The Lion*, which terminated, after eight numbers, on May 4th, 1833. The fourth number, for April 6th, contained an amusing and mythical account of its author’s adventures, in which his style and titles are thus declared:—“Sir William Courtenay, the only male child of the last Lord Courtenay, of Powderham Castle, Devon, heir to the Hales’s blood and other lands, King of Jerusalem, Prince of Arabia, King of the Gypsies, Defender of his King and Country, etc.” At the City Nomination, on Dec. 10th, 1832,

Sir William Courtenay, in presenting himself to the body of citizens assembled in the Hall, did it in the most extraordinary manner, bounding over the heads of those who were before him, and alighting on the table in a theatrical attitude, perfectly *à la Kean*; his costume adding to the effect of the scene, being composed of crimson velvet and gold, with a mantle and cap to correspond, silk stockings of the same colour, and Turkish slippers, and though considerably handsome, also considerably disfigured by a super-abundance of moustache, etc.¹

¹ W. Harrison Ainsworth, in *Rookwood* (Book III. Chapter V.), gives a capital ten stanza ballad on "Sir William," entitled, *The Knight of Malta: A Canterbury Tale*. ("Come list to me, and you shall have, without a hem or haw, sirs.") The "Knight" thus describes his appearance in verses 2-4:—

To execute my purpose, in the first place, you must know, sirs,
My locks I let hang down my neck—my beard and whiskers grow, sirs:
A purple cloak I next clapped on, a sword tagged to my side, sirs,
And mounted on a charger black, I to the town did ride, sirs.

With my coal-black beard, and purple cloak, jack-boots, and broad-brimmed castor,

Hey-ho! for the Knight of Malta!

Two pages were there by my side, upon two little ponies,
Decked out in scarlet uniform as spruce as macaronies;
Caparison'd my charger was, as grandly as his master,
And o'er my long and curly locks I wore a broad-brimmed castor.

With my coal-black beard, &c.

The people all flocked forth, amazed, to see a man so hairy,
Oh! such a sight had ne'er before been seen in *Canterbury*!
My flowing robe, my flowing beard, my horse with flowing mane, sirs!
They stared—the days of Chivalry, they thought, were come again, sirs!

With my coal-black beard, &c.

The 9th stanza succinctly describes the circumstances which caused his conviction for perjury:

At the trial of some smugglers next, one thing I rather queer did,
And the justices upon the bench I literally *bearded*;
For I swore that I some casks did see, though proved as clear as day, sirs,
That I happened at the time to be some fifty miles away, sirs.

With my coal-black beard, &c.

Mr. Ainsworth in a note to his ballad gives an excellent account of this madman, extracted from "*An Essay on his Character, and Reflections on his Trial*," published at the theatre of his exploits;" Charles Mackay has an article on the subject in his work on *Popular Delusions*, and it forms the theme of a very full and most interesting paper in the First Series of Mr. E. Walford's *Traditions of Great Families*.

When the poll was closed on Dec. 12, Sir William had received 375 votes, the numbers for his opponents being—Hon. R. Watson, 834, and Lord Fordwich, 802. The author of the amusing pamphlet, *The Eccentric and Singular Productions of Sir W. Courtenay, K.M., etc.* (from page 6 of which the above extract is taken), remarks in his introduction (page 4):

“If it be asked how it happened that a stranger, and a stranger with so many evident marks of lunacy about him, could for a moment be thought of, or could find a proposer and seconder on the day of nomination, we must leave the question unanswered. We believe, however, we are not far from the truth, when we add, that there was more of joke than of earnest, more of whim than of serious intention in the business, from first to last. It was laughed at by all parties in the beginning, and while going on; and had the hoax turned out successful, we should like to know who could have refrained from laughing, and that, too, most immoderately.”

Sir William was convicted of perjury, on July 25th, 1833, at Maidstone, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, to be followed by seven years' transportation, but his insanity being certified by the surgeon of Maidstone Gaol, he was removed to Barming Heath, where it would have been better had he spent the remainder of his days, so that the county might have been spared the spectacle of disgraceful ignorance and superstition displayed in “the Courtenay riots,” terminating in the Blean Wood tragedy of May 31st, 1838. This madman assured his followers that he had come to earth in a cloud, and would be removed from them in the same manner; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had faith in him as their Saviour; and that if leader or followers appeared to be slain and their bodies were kept three days, being washed every night with water, on the third day they would return to life! We were assured by the niece of one of his dupes, that (in one case, at least,) the experiment was tried in full faith of success! From the pieces which appeared in “Sir William's” organ, *The Lion*, and their Election predecessors, we reproduce the following: *The Song*, and *A New Song*, are given on page 12 of the collection of Bills, Letters, etc., given in *The Eccentric and Singular Productions of Sir W. Courtenay*.

Song.

[On Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta.]

HEALTH to the brave, the gallant Knight,
 The Knight of *Malta* is our own ;
 Preserved thro' many a dang'rous fight,
 He comes to make our cause his own ; 4
 He comes to make our cause his own,
 To save us from oppression's grave,
 Your labours with success to crown :
 He comes, the poor, th' opprest to save. 8
 Then hail him, hail the lib'ral Knight,
 O ! make, my friends, his cause your own :
 He'll heal your wounds, assert your right,
 If with success his cause you crown. 12

Sir *William's* wise, religious, just,
 He wishes but to see you free ;
 My friends, in God then put your trust,
 And hail this star of Liberty. 16
 Hear him but speak, all doubt is lost,
 His manner confidence demands,
 Support him without fee or costs,
 And for him hold up both your hands. 20
 Then aid, O ! aid the gallant Knight,
 To drive corruption from the throne !
 O ! aid him in the glorious fight,
 I mean the fight of words alone ! 24

My friends, with firm persuasive words
 Boldly your mighty cause sustain ;
 Ne'er may the murd'ring strife of swords
 Be sought but on a foreign plain. 28
 O ! *England* ! O ! my native land,
 Still may'st thou flourish great and free,
 And may we all, with heart and hand,
 Support the cause of Liberty ! 32
 But while in Freedom's cause we pray,
 We'll hold the scales with even hand,
 That we may not be dup'd by *Grey*,
 The tool of wily *Tallyrand*. 36

A New Song.

TUNE, *God save the King.*

O LORD our God behold,
Our joys, how manifold,
At *Courtenay's* fame,
Freemen, let all unite,
And strive with all my ¹ might,
To bring him in this night,
Be it your aim.

7

Long has our *Courtenay* mourned,
Sighed for past joys—return—
Where are they flown?
Gone with corruption's sway,
Britons, ye'll rue the day,
Unite with *Courtenay* pray,
As 'twere thy own.

14

Yet may we see the day,
May God behold, and stay
Corruptive power.
Be not your hearts dismay'd,
Bravely your parts you play'd,
Neither desert your aid,
At the last hour.

21

With wisdom planted strong,
Dauntless he'll face the throng,
Whilst in his power;
And when this day shall close
With the corruptive dose,²
Let's bravely face our foes
To the last hour.

28

Thus may our God protect
Brave *Courtenay*, step by step,
Nor on him lour!
May laurels grace his brow,
In this our cause just now!
Then fervently we'll bow
At the last hour.

35

¹ *Sic* in original.

² Ditto.

[*The Lion*, No. 7, April 27, 1833.]**A Song.**TUNE, *The King!* God bless him!Composed in honour of Sir *Wm. Courtenay's* triumph of Truth over Injustice.

OH, now let us greet our Champion's return,
 With legal advice did we press him,
 That the Corporate body might have, in their turn,
 A just and a hearty good dressing. 4
 And now since our *Courtenay's* with victory crown'd,
 In the joy of our pride we address him ;
 Then with heart and with soul, let the bumper go round—
Here's a health to Sir William! God bless him! 8

We'll welcome to *Boughton* this friend of the poor,
 Who are anxiously waiting to cheer him ;
 He's faithful and just—what can we say more?
 Oh, no—we can never forget him. 12
 With four faithful friends—*James* and *Georges* combined,
 To them we did fearlessly trust him,
 Then with heart, and with soul, let the bumper go round—
Here's a health to Sir William! God bless him! 16

And now let us offer up gratitude's pray'r
 To the Divine Redeemer of all,
 For him, who now tastes of deliverance sweet,
 From foes who would wish to enthral. 20
 And may he continue, supported by truth,
 With friends who know how to caress him ;
 Then, with heart and with soul, let the bumper go round—
Here's a health to Sir William! God bless him! 24

April, 1833.

Sole Agent :

John Waters Banks, 46, Union Street, Northgate.
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We gladly take our leave of "Sir William" and his friends; returning to other and saner subjects. In our *Election Group* we have no desire to rake together the smouldering ashes of party feuds and prejudices, but only strive to preserve a few noteworthy "squibs," allowing each side to have its say: a fair field and no favour.

LIX.

Upon the Election in Kent.

THE following spirited election song (the 47th and 48th lines of which yet linger in the memory of many a Man of Kent) preserves the memory of the contest of 1727,¹ when Sir Roger Meredith, Bart., and Sir Robert Furnese, Bart., were returned as Knights of the Shire for the County of Kent. Their unsuccessful opponent, Sir Edward Dering, Bart., was elected, on the death of Sir Robert, in 1733, when the following squib was issued :—

[*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iii. 1733.]

Two Freeholders; or, the Candidate for Kent.

1st.

WHOSE interest, pray neighbour, shall you appear in?
For Sir Thomas D'Aeth, or Sir Edward Deering?

2nd.

Thy impertinent question my right'ous soul vexes,
Who wou'd not appear against death and taxes?

4

1st.

Your passionate warmth, friend, has exhausted your breath;
When loaded with taxes, who would not chuse death?
For *Deering*, you may pay dear all your days;
In electing of *D'Aeth* you'll find certain ease.

8

Sir Edward Dering also represented the County in the parliaments of 1741 and 1747. In 1734, his fellow-member, William Viscount Vane, died a few days after his election, and was succeeded by Sir Christopher Powell, Knt. Sir Roger Twisden, Bart., was the second County representative in 1741, and 1747. Sir Edward died in 1762, and was succeeded by his eldest son, who inherited with the family name its aspirations for parliamentary honours. One contest in which he was engaged—that of 1774—was most animated, and produced an unusual number of electioneering verses, which (as usual in such cases) were far more remarkable for the power than the politeness of the terms applied to the supposed motives of the rival candidates. Sir Edward was unsuccessful, the Hon. Charles Marsham, and Thomas Knight, Esq., junior, being returned.

¹ The tune mentioned as belonging to the Election Song of 1727, "All you that love mirth," is "Down in a Meadow." This probably refers to the first line of a ballad, entitled "True Love Revealed; or, The Coy Lady over-

[Brit. Mus. Harl. MS. 7318, f. 193.]

Upon the Election in Kent, 1727.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Down in the Meadow.*

ALL you that love mirth, to my Song pray give Ear :
 Of a Famous Election at *Maidstone* you'll hear,
 Where *Furness* and *Meredith* Interest Joyn,
 On the contrary *Dearing* and *Hart* do combine. 4
 When in shewing their Interest all sides were intent,
 But yet the best Party came out of *East Kent*.
 True blue was the Colour which never will stain,¹
 While *Oxenden* Head us our cause we shall gain. 8

See *Harry* appear at the head of his Men,
 With a countenance Grave as threescore and ten ;
 To discribe all his *Airs* it wou'd be much too long,
 Therefore I'll proceed to the rest of my Song. 12
 With a Face full as serious *Sr. Thomas* he comes,
 And swears he's quite deaf with the noise of the Drums.
Sr. James and the Captain so blythe and so gay,
 Crys "*Furness* and *Meredith* shall have the day." 16

come at last," beginning, "Down in a meadow where Nymphs are a playing." The tune of this was called "State and Ambition," and it belongs to a date little earlier than 1684. The music and words (the latter being by Tom D'Urfey) are in A Collection of *One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, 1685, p. 92, where the title is, "State and Ambition; a new song at the Duke's Theatre." It is also among *Several New Songs by Thomas D'Urfey, gent.*, 1684, and in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, editions 1707, and 1719 (vol. ii. p. 35), as "A Song to Sylvia." A broadside version is preserved in the Pepys Collection, v. 404, where it is marked "to a new Playhouse tune." It begins "State and Ambition, alas! will deceive you; There's no solid joy but the blessing of Love." Another version of "Down in a Meadow," is entitled "True Love Unvaild," with the same second title of "The Coy Lady overcome at last," but it begins "Down in a *Valley*, where Nymphs are a playing," and is marked to the "Tune of the French Minnim," probably meaning a French Minuet. Printed for P. Brooksby, therefore not later than 1695. It is in Douce Collection, ii. 138 *verso*, and ii. 227. The first-named version is in the same collection, ii. 231, issued by the same publisher, P. Brooksby.—J. W. E.

¹ Be it remembered that in those days "true Blue" was always Tory. How it comes that the so-called "Liberals" now wear a light blue as their colour we need not pause to examine. Buff-and-Blue were the Whig colours in Fox's days, and still adorn the *Edinburgh Review*.—*Ibid.*

Now when they were come upon *Packington Heath*,
 The show they made there was beyond all belief ;
 Their Saddles Embroidered with Silver and Gold,
 Which was a most wonderful sight to behold. 20
 'Some few then there was cried out, "*Dearing* and *Hart*."
 And others reply'd, "You need not be so smart,
 For *Furnese* and *Meredith* shall be our choice ;
 So pray hold your tongues, and don't make such a noise. 24

"We will have no School-boys us to represent,
 Strange figures to make in this new Parliament."
 "How now?" says *St. Edward* ; "if that's all your care,
 I don't doubt but you'll find many worse will be there ; 28
 If not being older is what you object,
 Sure, Ladies, you ne'er will think that a defect."
 "No, *Furnese* and *Meredith* shall be our choice ;
 So pray hold your Tongues, and don't make such a noise." 32

Now let Trumpets and Drums your attentions prepare,
 For the much greatest Party that ever came there,
 A Thousand and more were in this Gallant train. ,
 "Why, *Dearing*, you sure must be monstrous vain, 36
 To think with such Numbers as these to contend ;
 But your withering Lawrels will soon have an End !
 For *Furnese* and *Meredith* shall be our choice ;
 So pray hold your Tongues, and don't make such a noise." 40

At last with much bustle the Books they do close,
 And *Furnese* and *Meredith* fairly were chose ;
 And that they may merrily finish the day,
 A Ball they will give to the Ladies, they say. 44
 The Fiddles struck up, and to Dancing they went,
 All quarrels forgotten, and each one content :
East Kent at the Election, *East Kent* at the Ball,
 They Poll'd, they Huzza'd, and they out-Danc'd them all.¹ 48

The Election thus over, such Joy there was seen,
 It would have gladden'd the Hearts of our good King and Queen.
 So many brave Subjects their Cause to defend,
 Who for Liberty now did so strongly contend. 52
 While such numbers support the *Hanover* Line,
 Alas ! it's in vain against us to Combine ;
 Their Fruitless Endeavours we all will disdain,
 So God grant our gracious King *George* long to Reign ! 56

¹ A traditionary version of these two lines runs :

" *East Kent* at the Polling, *East Kent* at the Ball,
 They laugh'd, they out-voted, and danc'd down them all."

LX.

Sung in the Provincial Grand Lodge at Margate.

THE following pieces, while not exactly pointing to any particular Kentish Election, are not inappropriately placed in this Group, showing as they do the feeling with which his native county regarded one who took an active part in the principal political movements of his time. We refer to Alderman Sawbridge. If we can judge from contemporary local verses, his popularity remained unchanged amid all the waves of party feeling which passed over this county; in 1769 he was addressed by the proud title "*The Man of Kent*," and we intend reproducing some of the verses which appeared on him during the different stages of his career, and commence with some lines from the *Kentish Weekly Post*, June 12th, 1769.

To the Man of Kent.

YE *Men of Kent*, receive with loud applause
 The Man who does maintain the *British Cause* !
 Fearless of all the *ministerial* band,
 He, Truth and Justice holdeth in his hand.
 Go on, brave *Sawbridge*, and you'll live to see
 Freedom restor'd to *Albion's* sons, and me.

CANTENIS BRITANNIA.

[From the *Canterbury Journal*, November 17th to 24th, 1772.]

To Alderman Sawbridge.

HAPPY art thou, whose Bosom swells to see
 Each true-born *Briton*, honest, just, and free ;
 And happier still to serve the Public Cause,
 Exempt from sordid Views, or vain Applause, 4
 But from a purer Principle refin'd,
 The *Amor Patriæ*, in a noble Mind :
 Thou honest *Man of Kent*, then persevere,
 Thy cause is glorious, when the Hirelings fear ; 8
 Despise the mean Invectives of a Slave,
 Who bear[s] the Yoke his gilded Pelf to save.
 Let Knaves reflect,—or Ministerial Fools,
 Who'd leave their God, to serve some venal Tools, 12
 Your Conduct censure, 'twill but serve to prove
 Thy firm attachment to thy Country's Love :
Britons must thank thee for thy brave defence,
 With *Beckford's* Spirit, join'd to *Camden's* Sense, 16
 To save this Isle, where vile Corruption reigns,
 Which pois'nous Weeds hath spread thr'out its Veins.
 Continue loyal—strengthen Virtue's Cause,
 To stem the Torrent of oppressive Laws ; 20

Then will the *Lord*, who loves despotic Sway,¹
And bends his Thoughts his Country to betray,
Triumph no more :—But Justice will take Place,
And add to Dignity deserv'd Disgrace. 24

Ye Sons of Liberty, who grace this Isle,
Expiring Freedom, yet, will force a Smile.
In future Ages *England's* Friends will see
How great the Blessing to be greatly free ; 28
Then Gratitude will pen, in Rolls of Fame,
Our Friend, our Countryman's immortal Name.

Canterbury, Nov. 23, 1772.

J.

[From the "Poet's Corner" of *The Kentish Gazette*, Feb. 27, 1795.]

On the Death of John Sawbridge, Esq.

SAWBRIDGE is gone ! but not before the time,
When public virtue is become a crime ;
Mourn then, ye Men of *Kent*, a patriot lost ;
Almost the only one you e'er could boast.
No courtly honours did his brow disgrace,
By a foul *pension*, or a fouler *place*.
Sincerity may smile ; Hypocrisy may grieve ;
" He always wore his heart upon his sleeve."
May *Kentish* Senators receive their due,
Embrace his precepts, and examples too.

Canterbury.

J. BURNBY.

[From the "Poet's Corner" of *The Kentish Gazette*, May 22, 1795.]

Epitaph on the late John Sawbridge, Esq., of Ollantigh. By a Friend.

HERE *Sawbridge* lies :—a man of worth approv'd,
In virtue stern,—yet mild, rever'd, belov'd.
Yes ! one of genuine, long-tried worth lies here,
Here all who knew him pour th' impassion'd tear.
Yet though those tears emotions strong display,
May they ne'er wash that honour'd name away !
That name for others may the marble keep,
Like us to read it, and with us to weep !

Sawbridge was born at Ollantigh, on March 17th, 1732, and spent large sums in altering the house, which was built by Sir Thomas Kemp, towards the end of the reign of Henry VII., and in extending and improving the grounds. He was buried in Wye Church. The following song, written in his honour by "a free and accepted mason," introduces the ever-popular theme of the traditional meeting with the Conqueror.

¹ Probably Lord North, who then ruled the administration.—J. W. E.

[From the *Canterbury Journal*, June 13th to June 20th, 1786.]

Sung in the Provincial Grand Lodge at Margate, in Kent; Monday, June 12, 1786.

By Brother Robson, R.W.M.

TUNE,—*Rule Britannia.*

WHILE trifles lead the world astray,
And vice seduces giddy youth,
Rejoice, my Brethren, in this auspicious day,
That guides a steady few to truth : 4
Raise, raise your voices, ye *Kentish* Masons all,
'Tis *Sawbridge* rules, obey his call.
CH. *Raise, raise your voices, ye Kentish Masons all,*
'Tis Sawbridge rules, obey his call. 8

Shall Masonry through *Britain* spread,
And flourish ev'ry where but here ?
Forbid it Virtue ! While you our footsteps lead,
Kent foremost shall in worth appear : 12
Huzza, my Brethren ! To *Sawbridge* raise the song,
Our grateful strains to him belong.
CH. *Huzza, my Brethren ! to Sawbridge raise the song,*
Our grateful strains to him belong. 16

When *Harold's* crown the *Norman* gain'd,
In *Kent* a hardy race he found ;
Whose sons, to cherish their antient fame unstain'd,
Will keep it on Masonic ground : 20
True to your duty, your ancestors and land,
Let *Sawbridge* lead a worthy band.
CH. *True to your duty, your ancestors and land,*
Let Sawbridge lead a worthy band. 24

Away with politics and news,
Away with controversies all ;
We're here united, above all party views,
And gladly hail the social call : 28
Fill, fill your glasses ; let *Sawbridge* be the toast,
Long may we his protection boast.
CH. *Fill, fill your glasses ; let Sawbridge be the toast,*
Long may we his protection boast. 32

LXI.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, April 27, 1787.]

A Song.

Written for the Anniversary of the Election of the Members for the County of Kent, and sung by General Thompson, on Saturday, the 21st of April, 1787, at the Bull Inn, in Rochester.¹

I.

IN story we're told, that a man who was dying,
 And so bad that he could not mistake it,
 Gave a bundle of twigs to his sons, to be trying
 If by their whole strength they cou'd break it.
 This was not to be done ;
 Tho' they broke one by one ;
 So the moral is not to be slighted :
 For, if we disagree,
 Single twigs we shall be,
 But a bundle if we are united.

10

II.

An instance of this I can easily shew,
 When conquering *William* came over,
Kent kept her own laws ; and we very well knew
 That the rest yielded all to this rover.
 Each *Kentish* freeholder
 Grew bolder and bolder,
 When they all-in this maxim delighted,
 And they all did agree
 Single twigs not to be,
 But a firm and strong bundle united.

20

¹ The Kentish Members, for the anniversary of whose election this song was written, were the Hon. Charles Marsham, and Filmer Honeywood, Esq. The song has more merit than is customary in such effusions ; it is entirely devoid of acrimony and party spirit, and might be sung on any occasion without giving offence to the most fastidious wearer of the "Orange and Purple," or "Blue."

III.

May our actions for ever still constantly prove
 That we're sons of those yeomen of *Kent*,
 Let loyalty, liberty, join us in love,
 And our lives for our country be spent ;
 And whoever beside
 Will truckle to pride,
 Such a conduct by us must be slighted ;
 Let's with one voice agree
 Single twigs not to be,
 But a firm and strong body united.

30

IV.

May the *Kentish* freeholders hereafter be ty'd
 Like the old *Roman* fasces together,
 And again chuse those men whose truth has been try'd,
 Both in sun-shine and very foul weather.
 May the county all o'er
 Be an union *corps*,
 And shew that my maxim's not slighted ;
 May they ever agree
 Single Twigs not to be,
 But a firm and strong body united.

40



LXII.

County Election.

THE songs of *County Election*, and *Tally-Ho is our Man*, though treating the same subject from very different points of view, both possess all the qualifications necessary for a popular election ditty—vigour, spirit, and hard-hitting, besides being admirably adapted for singing. The palm for cleverness must decidedly be awarded to the *County Election*, though its irony would scarcely affect the ordinary “hardy, stout free-holders” so much as the sturdy English spirit which runs through *Tally-Ho is our Man*, whose hero in the result was returned, together with Filmer Honeywood, Esq.

[From "*The Kentish Chronicle*," April 6th to April 13th, 1790.]

County Election. A Ballad.

YE stout-hearted *Kentishmen*, valiant and bold,
 Who talk of Elections from morning to night,
 Ne'er mind what your ancestors prated of old,
 Poor blockheads, they knew not what's wrong, or what's right !
Sing Knatchbull for ever, huzza, my brave boys. 5

Of gratitude, honour, they've told you enough ;
 They adhered to the man who was honest and true ;
 But in times more enlightened such old-fashion'd stuff
 Is grown just as odious as poor Buff and Blue.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 10

'Tis said that in *Honywood's* generous breast
 No meanness, no selfishness any one sees ;
 But, then, what is freedom ?—A mere silly jest,
 If you can't turn him out just whenever you please.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 15

He tells you, and nobody yet has denied it,
 That corruption or int'rest ne'er met his devotions ;
 But this is all prejudice . . . you must be guided
 By no such exploded, ridiculous notions.
Then Knatchbull, &c. 20

As for *Knatchbull* himself, now pray tell me the truth,
 And survey him exactly, his air, and his feature ;
 Did you e'er see so lovely, so modest, a youth ?
 All *Kent* cannot shew you so charming a creature !
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 25

He'll ride you a fox hunt like *Meynell* or *Ward*,
 Dash o'er hedge and o'er ditch, never tardy or slack ;
 Then, be sure, in *St. Stephen's* he'll ride too as hard,
 To keep up in full cry with *PITT'S* Fox-hunting Pack.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 30

About Constitution in Church and in State,
 To hear how he prattles, must sure do you good ;
 Tho', as some say, such things never enter his pate—
 But you must not mind cavils so vulgar and rude.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 35

- Independence he boasts too ; that is, some declare,
 Independence of conscience and scrupulous whimsey ;
 This sage definition much trouble may spare,
 And removes all objections as trifling and flimsy.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 40
- Some turbulent people, more nice than they're wise,
 That he'll sell you to Government swear it's well known ;
 But such idle tales you must learn to despise,
 Since you're safer in any one's hands than his own.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 45
- As for eloquence, truth, he knows nought of the matter ;
 Nay, 'tis said, at plain grammar he is but so so :
 But he who [is] silent defies all such clatter,
 And *Pitt* will soon teach him to say Aye or No.
Then, Knatchbull, &c. 50
- Then, come forward, my lads, all united stand forth,
 In a cause that's so glorious be zealous and steady ;
 Never think about honesty, conscience and worth,
 But advance with a plumper for noble Sir *Teddy* !
And sing Knatchbull for ever, hussa, my brave boys. 55

March 31, 1790.



LXIII.

Cally-Bo is our Man.

“VOTE for Knatchbull !” we once heard an old Kentishman exclaim ;
 “Why, of course I'd vote for him, if I never saw him ! Who
 wouldn't vote for a family whose good deeds our fathers, and their fathers and
 grandfathers used to talk about, sitting at their own fireside ?” and the same
 spirit of devotion to an old and honoured name runs through the lines we now
 reprint. Dering and Knatchbull are names thoroughly interwoven with the
 parliamentary history of Kent, and it would have appeared to our ancestors
 a thing not only improbable, but impossible, that a contested election could
 take place without these great county houses taking a prominent, if not the
 principal part. Some of the songs on a recent Sir Edward Knatchbull still
 hold a certain degree of popularity, and we reproduce two of them, offering all
 apologies to our readers if these lyrical echoes of bygone feuds offend any of
 their political or personal susceptibilities. For the following, which is simply
 entitled *A Song*, we are indebted to Mr. Sparvel-Bayly, who lent us the
 original broadside.

A Song.

To be sung upon the occasion of the dinner to be given to Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., by his friends, on Wednesday, 3rd August, 1831, at Sittingbourne.

The Company are requested to continue sitting until the word "all" in the Chorus of the 4th verse.

COME, men of *Kent*, fill up the glass,
A bumper fill around.
Truth, Honor, Virtue claim our hearts :
Let loud Hurrahs resound.

CHORUS.

*Yes, men of Kent will fill the glass,
Will fill a bumper round.
Truth, Honor, Virtue claim our hearts,
Hurrahs shall loud resound.*

8

Our County boasts its many charms,
In wood, and hill, and dale,
But *Kentish* graces far, far more,
In men of *Kent* prevail.

12

CHORUS.

*Come, men of Kent, fill up the glass,
A bumper fill around.
Truth, Honor, Virtue claim our hearts,
Let loud Hurrahs resound.*

16

And who is He in *Kentish* land
Whom *Kentish* hearts love most ?
'Tis *Knatchbull*, loyal, true and staunch,
Let *Knatchbull* be our toast.

20

CHORUS.

*Come, men of Kent, fill up the glass,
A bumper fill around.
'Tis Knatchbull now who claims our hearts,
Let loud Hurrahs resound.*

24

Men, men of *Kent*, fill up the glass,
A bumper fill around ;
At *Knatchbull's* name let all arise,
And loud Hurrahs resound.

28

CHORUS.

*Yes, men of Kent will fill the glass,
Will fill a bumper round.
At Knatchbull's name we ALL arise,
Our loud Hurrahs resound.*

32

The Company to rise up at once, at the word "all" in the Chorus.

J. E. COULTER, Printer, Sittingbourne.

Another song on the same gentleman smacks so much of the old school of convivially political rhymes, that we are tempted to insert it, though each verse lacks its seventh line owing to a hiatus in the memory of our informant. The air is *The King, God bless him*.

A BUMPER of honest old Port fill for me,—
 Give to those who prefer it Champagne ;
 But whatever the wine, it a bumper must be,
 If we ne'er crack a bottle again. 4
 Then let us rejoice in the Man of our heart,
 Long, long may the County possess him,
 [*From the old Tory colours we ne'er will depart*]¹
 Here's a health to Sir *Edward*, God bless him ! 8
 The Yeomen of *Kent* to their motto still true,
 Still firm and unconquer'd remain,
 The Orange and Purple still waves o'er the Blue
 That flaunted so lately in vain. 12
 Then let us rejoice in the Man of our heart,
 Long, long may the County possess him,
 [*From the old Tory colours we ne'er will depart*]
 Here's a health to Sir *Edward*, God bless him ! 16

[*From the Kentish Gazette, June 22, 1790.*]

Tally-Ho is our Man.

To the Tune of "Hearts of Oak are our Ships."
 COME, cheer up, my lads, we to *Maidstone* will go,
 To give a plump vote for our staunch Tally-Ho ;
 'Tis our Country's Weal calls us, on that we're intent,
 For who are so free as the Yeomen of *Kent* ? 4

CHORUS.

Tally-Ho is our sport, Tally-Ho is our Man ;
Sir Edward we'll follow,
Hollow, Boys, hollow !
For Knatchbull and Freedom as long as you can. 8

We ne'er see his Foes but we laugh them to scorn,
 When'er they see us they appear quite forlorn ;
 If they talk, we will ask—is that maxim forgot,
 "May hemp bind the mortal whom honour will not ?"
 CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.* 16

¹ Conjectural.

We'll still make them fume, and we'll still make them fret,
In spite of their lies in the *Kentish Gazette* ;
Their abuse we'll despise : if they misrepresent,
By a plain state of facts we'll soon make them repent.

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

24

At the last nomination, we very well know,
When ask'd, " If return'd again how will you go ?"—
Fil. Honeywood plainly and fully replied,
" That measures, not men, shall my conduct decide."

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

32

But *Honeywood's* Agents may swear what they will,
He voted with *Fox*, and will vote with him still ;
For throughout the whole Session, nine times out of ten,
He has shrunk from good measures and stuck to bad men !

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

40

Let the Regency business demonstrate at once
How determin'd he was your best rights to renounce,
Your King to forsake in the hour of distress,
Your King, whom the Nation did pray for and bless.

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

48

When Dissenters combin'd to get rid of the Test,
What strange inconsistency his conduct confess'd !
Twice his vote did he give 'gainst the national Church,
Yet at last he slunk off and left them in the lurch.

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

56

Then make a right choise, now you have the resort ;
May *Knatchbull* our Laws and Religion support ;
Choose the Man independent of Faction and Party,
For the good of his Country most zealous and hearty.

CHORUS, *Tally-Ho, &c.*

64

May he stop all the earths of republican clubs,
May he hunt from the helm the old *Fox* and his cubs.
Tally-Ho ! . . his brush hangs, view him panting for breath,
Push him hard, boys, we'll soon cry whoo whoop at his death.

CHORUS.

Who whoop then our cry, Tally-Ho then our Man ;
Sir Edward we'll follow,
Hallow, Boys, Hallow,
For Knatchbull and Freedom as long as you can.

72

LXIV.

In an age when the Demon of Faction.

THE song which we designate by this title is simply styled *Song* in the original, and refers to one of the most exciting contests which ever took place in our good old county. The candidates in 1796 were Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., Sir William Geary, Bart., and Mr. Honeywood; the poll lasted for nine days, closing on June 16th, when the sheriff declared the two former duly elected, the numbers being:—Sir Edward Knatchbull, 5202; Sir William Geary, 4418; and Mr. Honeywood, 4280.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, June 24, 1796.]

In an age when the Demon of Faction.

“The Freeholders of the parish of *St. John, Margate*, supporters of the cause of *Sir Edward Knatchbull* and *Sir William Geary*, met on *Monday evening*, at *Benson’s Hotel*, to celebrate the election of those gentlemen as their representatives in the ensuing Parliament. The meeting was respectable, numerous, and orderly; everything was conducted with the greatest cheerfulness and harmony, mirth and good humour reigning triumphant. One soul, one sentiment seemed to pervade the whole—every person present being anxious to express his loyalty to his King and Country. Amongst many other loyal toasts and songs introduced upon the occasion, the following song was received with marked approbation.”

Song.

IN an age when the Demon of Faction unfurls
 His banner, and round us his firebrands hurls,
 When some, e’en of *Britons*, by *Gallia* bit,
 Take clamor for argument, treason for wit;
 Here met, let’s be merry, but merry and wise,
 Nor adopt the rude conduct our reasons despise.
Let’s be true to ourselves, and true to our cause,
’Tis the triumph of decency, order and laws.

4

8

When proud *France* imports us her laws o'er so fast
 (Tho' her laws like her fashions are not made to last),
 No wonder if some (disappointed still raves)
 Call themselves independent, and brand us as slaves ; 12
 But slight all their taunts, and on this truth rely,
 Meet Faction with firmness, the Demon will fly.
Then let us be steady, and true to our cause,
'Tis the triumph of decency, order and laws. 16

Still let us support those who firmly oppose
 The haughty demands of our insolent foes,
 Who know that her proud boastful language is vain,
 While *Britain's* bold sons ride the Kings of the Main : 20
 Yet ready, our welfare and wish to discern,
 When Peace comes with honour—we'll hail her return.
Till then, rais'd by courage in Loyalty's cause,
See our Volunteer Cavalry arm'd for our laws. 24

And hence when we part, to our sentiments true,
 Let's firmly, but calmly, our purpose pursue ;
 Let's ever maintain what each *Briton* holds dear,
 Sweet Liberty, but from wild anarchy clear : 28
 When *French* innovation would blast our design,
 Still true to our Sov'reign and Country we'll join.
And now let us toast while our hearts give consent,
The King! Boys, the King! . . and the Members of Kent! 32

Margate, June 21, 1796.

We conclude our *Kentish Election Group* with two songs belonging to the stormy period of the Catholic Emancipation Act. (The first "circulated in Kent;" the second was sung at the Star Inn, Maidstone, during an Anti-Brunswick Dinner; the Earl of Darnley in the chair, supported by Lord Sondes, etc.) We have already mentioned (in our introduction to *The Brave Men of Kent*) the adverse feeling with which this measure was generally regarded in the county, where the "Blue Banners with a Green Border" excited great enthusiasm. Without further note or comment we lay the following songs before our readers, and take our leave of the by-gone Kentish Elections.

LXV.

[*The Times*, October 21st, 1828.]**Kent Meeting.****Blue Banners with a green Border. A New Ballad.**AIR, *All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.*

MARCH, march, *Brydges* and *Winchelsea* !
 Why don't ye *Brunswickers* march in good order ?
 March, march, *Wells* "of the bloody knee,"
 All the blue banners have got a green border ! 4
 Many a Logger-head
 Thinks o' the day with dread,
 Crazed and amazed at his own undertaking ;
 But having rous'd the game, 8
 On they must go for shame,
 Flogg'd by a rod of their own clever making !
 March, march, *Brydges* and *Winchelsea* !
 Why don't ye *Brunswickers* march in good order ? 12
 March, march, *Wells* "of the bloody knee !"
All the blue banners have got a green border !
 Come from *Eastwell*, where the rabbits were smother'd !¹
 Come, too, from *Howlett's* cold griping domain ! 16
 Come from the Hatch of the Catholic Mother'd !
 Come from the *Beresford* bog of *Coleraine* !—
 Come from each lurking den,
 All "Hole and Corner" men, 20
 Soon you'll run back in disgrace and disorder !
Kent shall exulting say,
 That was her proudest day,
 When the blue banners put on the green border ! 24
 March, march, *Hammond* and *Winchelsea* !
 Why don't ye *Brunswickers* march in good order ?
 March, march, *Wells* "of the bloody knee,"
All the blue banners have got the green border ! 28

*Canterbury.***Finis.**

¹ Eastwell Park, the seat of the Finch-Hattons, Earls of Winchelsea: at present (Oct. 21st, 1880) the residence of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and H.I.H. the Duchess Marie. It abounds in game, and rabbits are not smothered there, except in onions by the under-keepers. We have a *Howlett's* Farm in Molash parish.—J. W. E.

Note.—In the following Election Song, probably the announcement that it had been “composed for the occasion” refers to the words only, for we have heard it sung to the merry tune of Tom Hudson’s “Did you never hear of one Richard Short’s history?” The tune already bore the name of “The Legacy:” = “When in death I shall calm recline.” Our earliest dated printed copy is of 1827. “It was very well known to the boys of our town:” *i.e.* the little village on Thames.—J. W. E.

[*Times*, Dec. 23rd, 1828.]

Song.

Sung by Mr. Beckwith. Composed for the Occasion.

HAIL, blest sight, here presented around us,
Of hearts now offered at Liberty’s shrine;
Vainly bigots may strive to confound us,
While linked in bands of a compact divine.
Here the eye beaming tells
No selfish thought impels;
Good to mankind through the world our intent.
Join then loudly
The cheer that shall proudly
Proclaim—at their posts—are the true men of *Kent*.
CHORUS—*Join them, &c.*

14

Though weak zealots, division creating,
Would break those bonds which mankind should unite,
Science’s sun, error’s clouds dissipating,
Shall bless our nation with wisdom and might.
Prejudice ceasing,
Our union increasing,
And proud of those deeds that ennoble descent!
Firm to each other
As brother to brother
Shall all *Britons* prove—like the true men of *Kent*.
CHORUS—*Firm to each other, &c.*

28

Opposers of anarchy or revolution,
The glory of *England* is ever our cause!
True friends to the people—the King—Constitution,
Let justice the basis be made of our laws.
Whate’er his creed or name,
Man be to man the same,
So shall the fetters of party be rent;
And thus its pow’r o’erthrown,
Ages to come shall own,
First in the cause were the true men of *Kent*.
CHORUS—*And thus its pow’r, &c.*

42

Finis.

Kentish Volunteer Group.



LXVI.

The Alliance.

OUR present Group places before us a striking picture of the spirit which animated our Kentish Volunteers during the French wars, when "Boney" was the object of hatred to every true Englishman. Whatever censures we may pass upon the "poetry" of most of the effusions which now present themselves, their patriotism must commend itself to our admiration. The Men of Kent prepared to meet the enemy with the same vigour their ancestors displayed when the Armada was expected. Every rank and condition was ready to yield person and purse for the country's cause, and it is questionable whether the rural districts or towns were most forward in their contributions of men and money. Indeed, to this day, it is impossible to look through the old local papers without a feeling of pride at the alacrity and liberality with which soldiers and supplies were placed at the disposal of the Government. Great care was taken to ascertain the number of men capable of bearing arms, and among the papers in the Folkestone town chest one is a return from every ward in the borough "of all males of sufficient age to bring anything into the field, and of every weapon they possessed, from a spade or a shovel, to a sword or a gun." (*Gossip from the Municipal Records of Folkestone, Archæologia Cantiana*, vol. x. p. lxxxv.) All the nation agreed in the spirit

of Fuller's declaration, "In a defensive war, when his country is hostilely invaded, it is a pity but his neck should hang in suspense with his conscience that doubts to fight" (*Holy State, Book 11, Chapter xx.*); and we have no doubt that if the French had landed, the Kentish rustics would have fought manfully, even if only provided with their agricultural implements, agreeing with *The Thrasher* :

Thus, while I work, and laugh, and sing,
And at my thrashing toil,
Unless I'm call'd on by my King,
To guard my native soil :
Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round the flail,
And thrash the proud foes to secure my brown ale.

The feeling of cheerful confidence animating the nation was greatly encouraged by the preaching of the clergy; the pastor of Lyminge forming a notable exception to the tone of his brethren, when he lugubriously reminded his congregation that "perhaps before the next Sunday dawned upon us, we might cease to be an independent nation."

We commence our *Kentish Volunteer Group* with a capital camp song in praise of the "Kentish long-tails" and "Yorkshire tykes." Its homely and yet vigorous lines are a worthy companion to D'Urfey's *Brave Men of Kent*, of which it is an evident imitation, and the fourth stanza gives an amusing hit at the traditionary punch-drinking parsons. Some of the following pieces (such as *Hail Liberty*, and the *Address of a Yeoman of Kent*) are not rigidly Volunteering Songs, but are so closely connected, both in subject and sentiment, that we have considered it best to place them in this Group.

[From *The Kentish Songster*, 3rd ed., Cant., 1784, 12mo. In Brit. Mus.]

The Alliance.

WHEN *Harwich Camp* was form'd,
And *Kent* and *York* did meet,
Like brethren they accorded,
And did each other greet ; 4
In friendship's bands they joined hands,
In token of alliance ;
And to all foes, that dar'd oppose,
They boldly bid defiance. 8
Then sing in praise of Harwich Camp,
In which we all agree ;
'Mongst soldiers brave, if one you'd have,
Of Harwich Camp is he. 12

We both have left our houses,
And countries far behind,
And now our vengeance rous'd is ;
We fear not storm or wind. 16
The *French* to fight we both unite,
Our country's rights maintaining ;
Whene'er they come, we'll send some home,
Most bitterly complaining.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c. 24

Under our gallant leaders
We'll fight while we have breath,
We'll go where'er they need us,
In scorn of wounds or death.

When *Dorset* bids, or *Harvey* leads,
 We'll prove our King's defenders,
 With bold *Thornton*, and *Dallison*,
 We'll baffle all pretenders.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c. 36

We love our Majors, Captains,
 Lieutenants, Ensigns too,
 Nor would forget our Chaplains,
 Could we their faces view, 40
 They cure our souls o'er flowing bowls,
 Their business is not fighting!
 At home they stay, receive their pay,
 Perchance their sermons writing.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c. 48

As *Men of Kent* so fam'd,
 And *Yorkshire* so renown'd,
 We will not be asham'd
 To boast our native ground; 52
 Our meat we'll dress, together mess,
 And know no prostitution;
 We'll drink and sing, God save the King,
 And eke our Constitution.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c. 60

And tho' we've lost our *Essex* friends,¹
 We never can forget them;
 We hope they'll make us some amends,
 Whene'er the wind will let them; 64

¹ *Essex* was always celebrated for being pre-eminently "backward in coming forward" in all loyal enterprise. Thus, in the Civil War, when brave *Lucas* and *Lisle* were basely murdered at *Colchester* by the rebels, the county rose not for the king and for freedom from that worst of all tyranny—the rule of bigoted sectaries and anarchists. *Essex* was always discontented and puritanical, disloyal to rulers, and afflicted with spiritual misgivings at the wrong times. It has improved of late.—J. W. E.

In the mean time we'll meet in rhyme,
And wish them mirth and pleasure,
With every sport, within the fort,
They can have without measure.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c.

72

And when the wars are over,
Again we'll tend the plough ;
From soldiers we'll turn lovers,
With laurels on our brow ;
Our wives we'll kiss, our friends caress,
And every toil forgetting,
We'll cure our wounds with the crash of hounds,
From sunrise to the setting.
Then sing in praise, &c., &c.

76

84

LXVII.

Hail to thee, Fair Liberty.

THE following is one of the (fortunately) few pieces which bears no title in the original. It might with equal propriety have been placed in our *Election Group*, as it appears to have been written in the interests of the *County* against the *Court* party. Being a Kentish song in praise of Liberty, of course it is absolutely impossible that the ever-favourite topic of the meeting of the Men of Kent with the Conqueror should be passed over in silence.

"The following Song, written by Mr. Cunningham, of Chatham, was sung by the worthy and ingenious Author, at a meeting of the Independent Freemen of Maidstone, on Thursday the 8th inst., September, 1785."

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Sept. 13, 1785.]

[Hail to thee, Fair Liberty.]

RECITATIVE.

To thee, fair Liberty, once more I bend,
 On me, thy humble Bard, thy influence send ;
 Do thou my Heart expand, my Muse inspire,
 And fill my soul with thy celestial Fire. 4
 Let venal Statesmen venal Courts adorn,
 Virtue despise, and treat thy Sons with scorn,
 Boasting their Titles, insolently vain,
 Mean servile Tools, who'd sell their God for gain. 8

AIR, *Rule Britannia*.

HAIL Liberty, thou Goddess all divine,
 With thee on Earth all Bliss is found ;
 Life without thee must quick decline,
 Bereft of thee no Joys are found.

CHO.

*For Britain's Sons are generous, brave, and free,
 'Bove Gold they prize their Liberty.* 14

Happy the man who unconstrain'd,
 Obeys but Nature's equal Laws,
 Who fears no power by Might maintain'd,
 But vindicates his Country's Cause.
 CHO. *For Britain's Sons, &c.* 20

What are the glitt'ring Toys at Court ?
 What's Love or Wine when Freedom's gone ?
 E'en Kings, without her Sons' support
 Are Slaves, tho' seated on a Throne.
 CHO. *For Britain's Sons, &c.* 26

'Mong *Men of Kent* fair freedom's found,
The Courtiers' Arts we all disdain ;
Firm to our choice, we nobly stood our ground,
Resolv'd our Birthrights to maintain.

CHO. *True Men of Kent, &c.*

32

Hail, happy *Kent*, whose valiant Band
No Power usurp'd would ever own !
When *Norman William* did invade our Land,
He found his hopes of Conquest flown.

CHO. *For Men of Kent, &c.*

38

Thrice happy Land, whose worth's renown'd,
Thy Sons preserve thy glorious name !
Long be thy Maids with matchless Beauty crown'd,
With Honour and unspotted Fame !

CHO.

*For Maids of Kent are generous, fair, and free,
They love the Friends of Liberty.*

44

LXVIII.

Address of a Yeoman of Kent. .

THE Kentish Yeoman, speaking as the Representative of his County, declares its traditionary sentiments in favour of Loyalty and Liberty, and, as an instance of its determination to preserve the latter at all hazards, enlarges on the vices of "the Norman Tyrant," whom he likens to a "Fiend," and the virtues of the Kentish Men who triumphantly withstood him. Ordinary type is insufficient to express the patriotic emotions with which he contemplates the deeds of his ancestors, and he breaks forth into a perfect stream of italics.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, April 30, 1793.]

The Following Address,

In the Character of a Yeoman of Kent, was delivered
with Applause at the Canterburp Theatre on
Saturday night last.

Written by J. Burnby.¹

PERMIT me, Criticks, in a homely strain
(A *Kentish* Yeoman cannot be too plain)
To own with Candour, I've been fairly sent
Th' impartial *Representative of Kent*;
Firm to my *Trust*, and neither *Red* or *Blue*,
I'll speak their *Sense* with pleasure *unto you*. 6

To me kind Nature gave a Mind content,
And stamp'd one here, an *Honest Man of Kent*;
Tho' *Gallic traitors* shoot their *deadly Sting*,
I *love* my *Country*, and I *love* my King. 10

Let us, my Friends, review th' Historic Page,
And learn to profit by a barbarous Age;
From antient times, when Anarchy and Strife
Imbitter'd every sweet of social Life. 14

The *Norman Tyrant* like a Fiend came o'er,
And pois'd his Lance against the *British Shore*;
Legions of Slaves he led to battle then—
But *Slaves* could never conquer *Kentish Men*. 18

¹ We have met this local versifier before, on p. 244, as the writer of a "Kentish Glee," printed in the same *Kentish Gazette*, twelve years earlier. No doubt he belonged to the Catch Club of Canterbury. His printers must have been put to sore straits for italic type, and his MS. must have resembled feminine "copy" of former days.—J. W. F.

Yeomen disdain'd to fly in shameful fright,
Or beg for Mercy, but prepared to fight—
They met the *Tyrant* in the *glorious field*,
Freedom their *Armour*, *Liberty* their *Shield*—
He tremb'ling saw them from his *marital Tent*,
And gave pure *Freedom* to the *Men of Kent*. 24

Age after age in quick succession flew,
And as the *Tyrants* rul'd in *Britain*, *Bondage* grew,
Till *William* came, and planted on this Isle
The *Tree of Freedom*, in a fruitful Soil, 28
A Soil, congenial to that godlike Plant—
Long may it flourish, every *Briton* grant!
May *Men of Kent*, whatever be their Station,
Enjoy the Blessings of the *British Nation*!
Uniting all with one accord to sing,
Our *Constitution*, and our Gracious King! 34



LXIX.

The British Volunteers.

THE exultant tone of the following song in praise of the British Volunteers on land, and Howe on the sea, is only natural, following by such a few months that gallant Admiral's great victory. The "Gentleman of West Kent" entering into the spirit of the declaration in the fine old sea song, *Naval Victories*, when, after chronicling all our nautical triumphs since 1588, the singer avows his belief:—

But all this to this war is nothing comparable,
Tho' we beat Dons, Monsieurs, and Mynheers to some tune,
My Lord *Howe* led the way by a victory tearable,
Off *Ushant*, in the morn, ninety-four, first of June.
Then, hooraw for the Tars of old *England* so free,
The pride of the World, and the Lords of the Sea!

[*Kentish Register* for Nov. 1794, p. 431.]

The British Volunteers.

A Song,

By a Gentleman of West Kent.

LOUDLY let the clarion blow !
Britannia scorns her bitt'rest foe ;
 Nor hostile fleets nor armies fears,
 Protected by her Volunteers. 4

Whilst gallant *Howe* commands the main,
 Nor *Gallia* dares the sea again,
 Each true-born *Briton's* heart it cheers
 To see her noble Volunteers. 8

Let youthful virtue grow in peace,
 Let age repose itself at ease,
 Let beauty wipe away her tears,
 Thus guarded by her Volunteers. 12

When *Men of Kent* protect our coast,
 We scorn the threat'ning hostile host,
 And freely cast away our fears,
 Whilst guarded by such Volunteers. 16

Loud then let the clarion blow !
Britannia scorns each envious foe ;
 Nor hostile fleets nor armies fears,
 Protected by her Volunteers. 20

Sedition foul shall hide its head,
 And lurking Treason vengeance dread,
 Since loyal *Kent* now proudly rears
 Her brave, her gallant Volunteers. 24

LXX.

The Kentish Volunteers.

THE Tunbridge trooper who wrote these lines has rudely but vigorously expressed the sentiments of dogged and uncompromising patriotism which animated the *Kent Volunteers*, who would have responded to their officers' orders in the 5th stanza, as readily as the famed Connaught Rangers themselves, on their march to St. Sebastian.

Oh! the major's crying, "Boys, are you ready?"
 "Yes, yer honour, firm and steady,
 Iv'ry man with his flask of powdher,
 And his firelock on his shoulder."

Love, farewell!

Note.—These old songs lose so much by being divorced from their tunes (having always been intended for "voices and ears," more than for eyes of critics), that, at the risk of my friend's readers deeming me intrusive, I gladly add a note occasionally, to identify the proper melody. "The Kent Volunteers," by Trooper Tom H., was sung to the rollicking tune of "Gee ho Dobbin!" of which there are two important versions, one beginning "As I was a driving my waggon one day" (before 1756); the other, by Isaac Bickerstaffe, 1762, "If you want a young man with a true honest heart." The tune had been earlier known as "Laugh and lie down."

One copy alone of the original ballad, which gave this title, has been preserved by Pepys, in his invaluable collection at Magdalen College, Cambridge, vol. iii. p. 35. It begins, "As I was a-walking one evening most clear." The tune there assigned is, "As I was walking one sunshiny day;" it is printed for J. Shooter. The full title is "Laugh and Lie down; or, A Dialogue between a young gentleman and his sweetheart, as they sat upon the banks of the *Kelder*, a little above the Bridge of *Brighouse*, in *Yorkshire*, on March the first, both being inhabitants within the said Township."—J. W. E.

[Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 21544, f. 104.]

The Kent Volunteers.

By T. H., A Trooper.

Respectfully inscribed to Captain Woodgate and the
Cambridge Troop.

SOUND the Trumpet, and call out your Soldiers to arms,
Whose bosoms true old *English* liberty warms.
See *France* rears her head, and with furey appears,
Let her come, we're prepared with the *Kent* Volunteers.
fol de rol. 5

She threatens our King, and she threatens our Court,
Her threats are in vain, let her bluster and boast,
Let her come, if she dares, there's no *Briton* that fears,
Kent shall rest her defence on her own Volunteers. 10

Shall *French* Men our spirits of freedom subdue,
Plant Guillotines here w[h]ere Liberty grew,
Our King to distroy with what'er we hold dear?
Bravely die first each *Briton* and *Kent* Volunteer. 15

Led on by our worthy Commanders we'll goe,
Intrepid and firm wee will brave every foe;
When our Chief gives Command, to obey him we'll fly,
And each *Kent* Volunteer return victor or die. 20

Form your line—pray be steady—dres[s] front and rear
rank,
To the right and left outwards, wheel, wheel on your flank,
Draw Swords—charge the Foe, dres[s], pursue them amain;
They've been oft dres'd before, and we'll dress them again!

May the Trew sons of *Kent* with respect ere be named,
Nor forfeit the title their fore Fathers gained,
But united and firm may defend the ould Cause
Their King and their Country, their Freedom and laws. 30

To the *Kent* Volunteers now a Bumper we'll fill,
Men of Kent, brave and Loyal, always were and are still,
 To our Captain, Lieutenant, and Cornet three cheers,
 Glorey, Health and success to the *Kent* Volunteers! 35

In our introduction we have quoted a verse from *The March of the Connaught Rangers* (88th), and for the benefit of those amongst our readers who love stirring old camp-ditties, bringing before them

The neighing of the war-steed proud,
 The rolling of the drum,

we reproduce it entire. We have never met with a printed copy, though doubtless there are such, but, as a proof of its popularity in the Emerald Isle, we have been told of a cook of an Irish relative, who, whenever she used to get drunk (which was pretty regularly), used to break forth into the touching strains of its concluding stanza. We received our copy owing to the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Pigott-Carleton, who obtained it from Captain Richard FitzGerald. This gentleman had received it from his brother, who got it at the house of Lady Morgan ("The Wild Irish Girl"). He was unaware whether it was absolutely employed as a march, by the distinguished regiment whose name it bears, but had a dim remembrance of its having been thus played by a Spanish Regiment on the Prado at Madrid, subsequent to the Peninsular War. "Good wine needs no bush," so we shall not further call our reader's attention to the merits of the song of that regiment, which bore such a glorious part

"In those grand old fields of *Spain*,"

but leave it to speak for itself.

The March of the Connaught Rangers.

COME, brave boys, we're on for marching
 Across the says for Saint *Sebastian*,
 Where cannons roar, and men are dyin',
 March, brave boys, there's no denyin'!
Love, farewell!

5

Oh's that the Curnel, gaily cryin',
 "March, brave boys, there's no denyin',
 Where colours are flyin', and drums are batin',
 March, brave boys, there's no retratin'!"
Love, farewell!

10

- Oh, the Major's crying, "Boys, are you ready?"
 "Yes, yer honour, firm and steady!
 Iv'ry man with his flask of powdher,
 And his firelock on his shoudher!"
Love, farewell! 15
- Oh, the mothers is cryin', "Boys do not wrong me,
 Do not take my daughters from me,
 For if yez do, I will torment yez,
 After death my ghost shall haunt yez."
Love, farewell! 20
- "Oh, *Molly* dear, ye're young and tindher,
 But when I'm gone, you won't surrindher,
 But hould out like an ancient *Roman*,
 And live and die an honest woman!"
Love, farewell! 25
- "Oh, *Micky* dear, leave off your sporting,
 Nor with thim princesses be courting,
 For I aften heard thim furrin ladies
 Was mighty fond of *Irish Paddies*."
Love, farewell! 30
- "Oh, *Molly* darling, don't grieve for me,
 I'm going to fight for *Ireland's* Glory,
 If I come back, I'll come victorious,
 If I die, my soul in glory is!"
Love, farewell! 35



LXXI.

Kentish Volunteers.

THE loyal inhabitant of Canterbury in this address to the *Kentish Volunteers* expatiates on the blessings of Liberty and Loyalty in the same enthusiastic tone which pervades the whole of the pieces in this group. The words "No Surrender" were written in the heart of the nation, and the Gallic partisan who had the hardihood to insinuate Britons *might* be conquered on their native soil, would inevitably have been answered with the irresistible logic of a horse-pond.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Nov. 25, 1796.]

Kentish Volunteers.

Addressed to the Commanders of the Volunteer
Companies throughout Kent.

WHEN haughty *Gallia* vainly made her boast,
 To wreak her vengeance on our sea-girt coast ;
 When *Frenchmen* threaten'd with contemptuous smile,
 To rear their standard on our blissful isle ; 4
 And on this rocky shore triumphant reign,
 "Whose rocky foot spurns back the envious main :"—
 At threats like these *Britannia* took the alarm,
 And call'd forth all her free-born sons to arm, 8
 To save their country and protect her laws,
 And nobly fight for *British* freedom's cause.
 With heart and hand her warlike sons appear,
 Arm'd with that courage which e'en foes revere ; 12
 Whose dauntless breasts with *British* freedom glow,
 And spurn the danger of a *Gallic* foe ;
 With heart and hand resistless force they bring,
 To save their country and protect their King : 16
 (A King whose virtues and whose glorious reign,
 From loyal subjects lasting honours gain ;
 Long, long, may he adorn the *British* Throne,
 And long his sway his loyal subjects own : 20
 An Isle where right and blessed freedom flow,
 Where rich and poor can equal justice know ;
 An Isle where liberty's diffusely spread,
 Where dire Oppression dare not lift its head.) 24
 No fleets nor armies then fair *Albion* fears,
 When thus protected by her Volunteers ;

Discord shall droop its democratic head,
 And foul Sedition its just vengeance dread. 28
 Whilst gallant *Men of Kent* protect our coasts,
 We smiling spurn vain *Gallia's* haughty boasts;
 Whilst *Neptune* here his seat of empire keeps,
 And on this isle repeated honor heaps, 32
Britannia's navies shall triumphant reign,
 And nobly keep the empire of the main.
 But if on *Albion's* isle they dare to tread,
 And o'er our fertile coast their ravage spread, 36
 The *Kentish* Volunteers would quickly fly,
 And nobly conquer, or else bravely die.
 Fam'd *Kent* ne'er did beneath the conqueror bow,
 But spurn'd the danger of each hostile foe; 40
 In loyal *Briton's* breasts can dwell no fears,
 Whilst thus we're guarded by our Volunteers.
 With heart and voice let every *Briton* sing,
 God save our Country and protect the King! 44

R. S. Canterbury, Nov. 12, 1796.

JUVENIS.

LXXII.

Brother comrades give ear.

THE following song (taken from the *Kentish Gazette*, Feb. 10, 1797), bears no title, and recounts the peculiar privileges of Englishmen in a manner savouring of an old-fashioned electioneering speech, ringing the changes on the magic words Church and State, Commerce and Arts, Trial by Jury, and the Army, Navy, and Volunteers, and the sturdy old Kentish Yeoman, the probable chanter of this song, ends by anathematising the "rebels" in the popular Britannic fashion.

Note.—The tune to which "Brother comrades give ear" was to be sung was a specially Kentish one, *Derry Down*; the earliest known words to it being the old ballad of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

[Brother comrades give ear.]

BROTHER comrades give ear and listen awhile,
 The blessings I'll sing of our favourite isle,
 Where Liberty's sacred banner's the charm,
 And we in support of that liberty arm. *Derry Down, etc.* 5

It's surely a blessing, true *Britons* must own,
 That religion and virtue encircles the throne,
 And may *Brunswick's* race long that sceptre enjoy,
 Which the sons of Sedition now aim to destroy. 10

It's surely a blessing each *Briton* should sing,
 That commerce and arts have on Liberty's wing
 Arriv'd to an height unexampled in story,
 Of *Frenchmen* the envy, of *Britons* the glory. 15

It's surely a blessing to live under laws,
 Where twelve honest jurors determine the cause,
 And where each subject's right with precision is known,
 It security gives both to cottage and throne. 20

My companions in arms! this is Liberty's tree,
 Whence the prince and the peasant are equally free,
 And would all be content with what falls to their lot,
 All would happily live from the court to the cot. 25

May our favourite isle e'er these blessings retain,
 And the tars of Old *England* ride lords of the main,
 Her Volunteer Troops with like ardour shall glow,
 And prove themselves equal to vanquish the foe. 30

Should a *Jacobin* faction attempt innovation,
 And disturb by fell malice the peace of this nation,
 The *Kent* Volunteers will soon take the alarm,
 And teach the damn'd rebels the length of their arm. 35

Then come, my brave comrades, let's join heart and hand,
 And may heaven give strength to our patriot band,
 To chastise those rascals by way of example,
 That shall dare on our rights or our liberties trample. 40

LXXIII.

The Voice of Britain.

THE strength and vigour of this song is not unworthy of its title. The author looks the dangers arising from Sedition and Foreign Invasion full in the face, and in a few bluff words exposes the "Fraternity" which was proffered the British people at this period. The Irish suffered heavily from the fondness with which they clung to the belief of the disinterestedness of the French plans for their "liberation," a belief which is shown in the Street Ballad of *The Wearing of the Green*, where the escaped "Croppie" relates how, on his arrival in Paris,—

They treated us like brothers
For the Green on the cape.

Then forward stepped young *Boney*,¹
And took me by the hand,
Saying, "How is old *Ireland*,
And how does she stand?"
"It's as poor, distressed a nation
As ever you have seen,
They are hanging men and women
For the wearing the Green!
For the wearing the Green!
They are hanging men, and women too,
For wearing of the Green!"

"Take courage now, my brave boys,
For here you have good friends,
And we'll send a convoy with you
Down by their Orange dens;
And if they should oppose us,
With our weapons sharp and keen
We'll make them rue and curse the day
That e'er they saw the Green!
That e'er they saw the Green!
That e'er they saw the Green!
We'll show them our authority
For wearing of the Green!"

¹ Some copies of this song (of which there are at least three versions) give the name of '*Napper Tandy*,' instead of 'young *Boney*.'

O may the wind of Freedom
 Soon send young *Boney* o'er,
 And we'll plant the Tree of Liberty
 Upon our Shamrock shore ;
 O, we'll plant it with our weapons,
 While the *English* tyrants gape
 To see their bloody flag torn down
 To Green on the cape !
 O, the wearing the Green !
 O, the wearing the Green !
 God grant us soon to see that day,
 And freely wear the Green !

We might have selected many a more elegant ballad as illustrating the popular idea, but chose the above, as its mischievous effect is, unfortunately, not yet eradicated, while poor Paddy's feelings are excited by respectable Scotch publishers, who reprint the song with the following note to young Boney's query: "Precisely the same question was addressed to John Mitchel by a distinguished French General, on the occasion of a sword of honour being presented to Marshal M'Mahon." Samuel Lover, in *Rory O'More* (Chapter xxiii.), gives an excellent description of the different condition of the English and Irish lower classes in the year '98, and the causes which occasioned the latter to look eagerly forward to any change which might arise from a successful French invasion. The following passage will illustrate some of the reasons for the content of one island and the dissatisfaction of the other. "De Lacy," sending his report to France, "urging immediate aid to Ireland, which was ripe for revolt," says:—

"One striking difference between the two islands is, that while in England society consists of many grades, sinking slightly the one beneath the other, but presenting no startling difference in the descent; in Ireland there are but two—the upper and the lower. There is a sort of mongrel middle rank, but consisting of too few to constitute anything like a class, in comparison with the others. In England there are many degrees between the peer and the peasant; but not so here: the *cementing* portions of society are wanting; the wholesome links that bind it together exist not here; in short, Ireland may be comprised under two great heads—those who inflict, and those who suffer."

Naturally the latter class looked upon any revolution with very different eyes to those of the yeomen of Kent or Cumberland statesmen.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, June 19, 1798.]

The Voice of Britain.

A Song.

TO THE TUNE OF, *Hearts of Oak.*

AWAY, my brave boys! haste away to the shore ;
Our foes the vile *French* boast they're straight
coming o'er

To murder and plunder, and ravish and burn—
Let them come: we'll take care they shall never return. 4

For round the White Cliffs, hark! the notes loudly ring,

Brave Britons are ready,

Steady, boys! Steady!

To fight for Old England, our Laws, and our King. 8

They know that, United, we Sons of the Waves
Would never bow to *Frenchmen*, nor grovel like slaves ;
So, before they durst venture to touch on our Strand,
They strove with Sedition to poison our land. 16

But round the White Cliffs now the notes loudly ring, etc.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone ;
That a *Jacobin* Nostrum, as sure as a gun,
Would make us all equal, and happy, and free ;
'Twas only to dance round Their liberty's tree.
No! No! round our Cliffs let the notes loudly ring, etc. 24

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd Fraternal,
(A kiss which all *Europe* has found most infernal) ;
And then they maintain'd the effect could not miss—
We should all be as Blest as *Venetians* or *Swiss*.
No! no! round our Cliffs let the notes loudly ring, etc. 32

But their note is now chang'd, and they threat'ned to pour
Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour ;
To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
Nor cease to destroy till *Old England's* no more. 40
Let them come if they dare—hark! the notes loudly ring, etc.

My sweet rosy *Nan* is a true *English* wife,
And loves her dear *Dick* as she loves her own life ;
Yet she ties on my knapsack, and smiles while I glow
To meet the proud *French*, and to lay their heads low ;
And chaunt round the Cliffs, let the notes loudly ring, etc. 48

And *Ned*, my brave boy, with a true *English* heart,
Has entirely forsaken his plough and his cart ;
His farm he has quitted to dig in a trench,
And all for the sake of a cut at the *French* ;
While he sings all day long, let the notes loudly ring, etc. 56

Away, then, my boys ! haste away to the shore ;
Our foes, the vile *French*, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder and plunder, and ravish and burn :
They may come—but, by G—d, they shall never return. 60
For round the White Cliffs, hark ! the notes loudly ring,
Brave Britons are ready,
Steady, boys ! steady !
To fight for Old England, Our Laws, and our King. 64



LXXIV.

John Ploughshare's Ode.

“JOHN Ploughshare” looks upon the blessings of peace
with an eye that is more practical than poetical. He
does not care so much that

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :

as he does for the probability of there being cheap food, and
plenty of it, and contemplates with a broad grin of satisfaction
the ideal and historical pig, squeaking his invitation of “Come
and eat me !”

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Nov. 27, 1801.]**John Ploughshare's Ode,****Upon the Peace.**

*J*AN PLOUGHSHARE greets the volks of *Kent*,
 Upon the Peace which Heav'n hath zent,
 And not expected zoon ;
 When *Ploughshare* viddles out his notes,
 The Muses hold out petticoats,
 And daunce to his gay tune. 6

Now vete and vine vunification,
 Is gen'ral droo the great *Vrench* nation,
 Because the war is over ;
 And *Britons* zav'd vrom zad ztarvation,
 With money wanting tribulation,
 Shall henceforth live in clover. 12

Millers, varmers, butchers, bakers,
 No more shall help the undertakers,
 But with good vict'als treat ye ;
 And roasting pigs shall run the street,
 A zqueaking out to all they meet,
Come, come, come, come, and eat me. 18

Wives shall be koind, and husbands zivil,
 Nor wish each other to the devil,
 And maids have zweethearts plenty ;
 Vor where a lass had got but one,
 And zome poor maids had gotten none,
 Lo, now they shall have twenty ! 24

The chimney tops shall shoine with gold,
 And all the lawyers shall be sold,
 Because of little use ;
 The docters shall be put i' th' stocks,
 And all the phyzic ta'en by volks
 Shall be a good roast goose. 30

How blest with *Dolly* and her cow,
Fan now shall reap what a did zow,
 Ne'er fearing *Vrench* invasion.
 Zo here's a health to Maister King,
 Vor whom he'll always pray or zing,
 Or laugh, if there's occasion.

36

Clodhopping Varm, Nov. 15, 1801.

"And roasting pigs shall run the street, A zqueaking out to all they meet,
 'Come, come, come, come, and eat me!'"

Jan Ploughshare was entirely unaware (and, even in these days of School Board spread of useless knowledge amongst the masses, probably many are so still) of the vast antiquity and widespread popularity of the phrase describing ideal luxury and laziness which he used in the above lines. Thomas Wright, in the second chapter of his very interesting essay on *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*, traces at length (illustrated with Norman-French, Early English, and Greek quotations) the various phases through which the expression has passed, and those of our readers who are unacquainted with this entertaining volume will readily pardon our analysis of pages 52-59. The Paradise of the monks, and the good things it contained, and a witty satire on the lives of these gentry, were shown in a Norman-French poem on the land of Cocaigne, "a word," says Mr. Wright, "which may perhaps be best translated by 'cookery land.'" The poet, in the course of his wanderings, while sent on a pilgrimage by the Pope, meets with a land where the houses are surrounded with barbots, salmons, and shad-fish, the beams of the roofs are sturgeons, the roofs bacon, and the laths sausages. Fat geese go through the streets roasting and turning themselves, followed by choice sauces. The delights of Mahomet's Paradise, Wine and Women, are not wanting, and there is a "fountain of youth, which will restore to bloom and vigour all who bathe in it, be they ever so old and ugly." Wright pronounces the most witty and spirited poem on the subject to be an English one, "apparently written in the latter half of the thirteenth century," where the land of Cocaigne is described as being far out at sea "by West Spain." This piece he considered agreed more with a Low Dutch poem than with the French, though the latter contains the passage describing how, "Along the streets come roasting fat geese, and turning all by themselves, and immediately after follows white garlick," while the English relates how the monastic cloister was built of gems and spices, and all about were birds merrily singing:—

Yite I do yow mo to witte,¹
 The gees i-rostid on the spitte,
 Flegg² to that abbay, Good hit wot,³
 And gredith,⁴ "gees al hote, al hot."
 Hi⁵ bringeth garlek gret plenté,
 The best i-digt⁶ that man mai se.

¹ Yet I cause you to know more.

² Flee.

³ God knows it.

⁴ Cry out.

⁵ They.

⁶ dressed.

The English, German, and Dutch poems on the subject are printed in the *Alt-Deutsche Blätter* (vol. i. pp. 163 and 396). Athenæus preserves passages from lost poets of the best age of Grecian literature, bearing so striking a resemblance to the descriptions of Cœcaine, Wright declares, "we might almost think, did we not know it to be impossible, that in the one case whole lines had been translated from the other." For instance, the poet Cratinus mentions when Kronos was king they played at bowls with wheaten loaves, tables came, and table cloths spread themselves, cups came voluntarily, and decanters poured spontaneously. Then might be heard such converse as, "Fish, come hither!" "But I am not yet fried on the other side." "Turn yourself, then, and baste yourself with oil." In a play by Teleclides, the god tells of the days when "every stream flowed with wine; and barley cakes were fighting with wheaten loaves about men's mouths, praying people to devour them, if they would choose the whitest." "And roasted larks, with sweet-breads, flew down people's throats." Pherecrates, in a play called the "Miners," glowingly describes the time when goodly beef smoked and steamed as it sailed along the streets, "with islands of fat dumplings, and fleets of sausages sticking to the banks like oysters, and salt fish here and there, highly seasoned, swimming along;" when "Hot roasted larks, ready dressed, flew about your mouth, beseeching you to devour them, strewed over with myrtle and anemones." We now take our leave of Mr. Wright, with his wealth of classical illustration, and proceed to a modern Cœcaine, perchance even less known to our readers, delineated in bright colours by a most unsentimental "Irish Emigrant," who thus vividly describes the auriferous paradise he expects to find in Australia. The lines are given, as *Pat's Welcome to the Reaping Machine* ["Och, I'm sick of the sickle, *Molly* dear"], in Cameron and Fergusson's *Bould Soger Boy, Irish Comic Song Book* (p. 30).

Then we'll throw the sickle aside, *Molly*,
 And go and try our luck
 On the banks of the far *Australian* strames,
 Where the otter has bills like a duck ; 36
 For there's mate, and drink, and clothes, *Molly*,
 And riches and rank to be won,
 At the *Anti*—— what d'ye call the place
 On t' other side of the sun ? 40
 And there'll be no land agents,
 Nor middle men, nor *Jews*,
 But ye'll see me stoning lumps of gold
 At the thieving *Kangaroos* ; 44
 And we'll bid a long good day, *Molly*,
 To a dale of bloody fun,
 At the *Anti*—— what d'ye call the place
 On t' other side of the sun ? 48
 And no more masses to pay for !
 Good-bye to you, Father *O'Bladd*,
 The last confession from me, faiks,
 And the very last penny ye've had ; 52

It's little your Riverence leaves behind The day ye pardon sin— As the prophet sez, ye purge our dross, And take away all our tin !	56
Ye've a bandage on your wrist, <i>Molly</i> , That wrist with gems I'll deck, And a string of nuggets like mill-stones I'll hang around your neck. And we'll live in a nate retirement, Where our nearest neighbour 'll be The Emperor of <i>China</i> , who Will sometimes jine us at tea.	60 64
Och, the world we're leavin', <i>Molly</i> , Is a world of bitter care, For even the pigs and the praties are not The angels that once they were ; But the world we're goin' to, <i>Mol</i> , Is where the giants of ould Buried, for want of a better bank, Their stockin'-legs filled with gould.	68 72
It's a world of wonders, <i>Molly</i> , A world without a peer ! And what it has, and what it wants, We've nothing like it here. But of all its wondrous things, <i>Molly</i> , The strangest thing to me Is that there the working man's the man Gets first to the top of the tree.	76 80

LXXV.

Song for the Holmesdale Volunteers.

THE present song is in a far different key to *John Ploughshare's Ode*. The Kentish farmer's brief visions of a long peace have disappeared; the valiant Holmesdale men looking back to their successful opposition of the Conqueror, and forward to a final struggle with "Boney," join in the cry,—

Forth, dear Countrymen ; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance !

[From the *Kentish Chronicle*, Dec. 27, 1803.]

Song for Holmesdale Volunteers, assembled at the Presentation of Their Colours.

HEAR *Britannia's* thunder roar,
See her valiant sons arise,
To subdue the Tyrant Consul,
Who all other pow'rs defies. 4

While the abject States around him
Fear his sanguine sword to brave,
England scorns the proud Invader,
Who dares calls a *Briton* slave? 8

Foremost of provincial bands,
Stand the *Holmesdale* Volunteers,
To renew their former fame,
Which on History's page appears. 12

Shall unconquer'd *MEN of KENT*,
Who withstood the *Norman* pow'r,
Bow before a vile Usurper,
Rais'd in mad Rebellion's hour? 16

No! let *Britannia's* loyal subjects
Still their rightful Monarch hail!
Still maintain the Ocean's Empire,
And by Sea and Land prevail! 20

H. C.

Note.—Nearly five years later, this song was pirated in *The Kentish Gazette* of June 7th, 1808, by a person who signed himself W. B., and dated it from "*Harbledown*, 4th June, 1808," after omitting the fourth verse and making a few verbal changes, *vis.* : as "To repel the *Gallie* Tyrant," "*abject Nations*," "Shall th' undaunted Men." Was there no Holmesdale Volunteer ready to expose the unblushing fraud, or was it left to us at this late day?

LXXVI.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, July 27, 1804.]**Song by Maistre Ploughshare.¹**

WHY, friends, are you really mad,
 To believe on this foolish invasion?
 There's no doubt but you're sorry and sad,
 A! afraid without an occasion. 4

For these two years you've been in a scare
 At the threats of the Monkey of *France*;
 Of his coming I'm sure there's no fear,
 Believe ME there's not the least chance. 8

When our ships are all sunk in the sea,
 And our tars are food for the fish;
 Why then, perhaps, it May be
 That *Nap.* may accomplish his wish. 12

As that time's a good way from hence,
 There's no need to make such a fuss;
 Indeed, we might go to them,
 But, by G—, they can ne'er come to us. 16

If you won't believe your friend *Ploughshare*,
 Go and ask the boatmen at *Dover*;
 I dare say you'll make them all stare,
 If you hint that the Rogue can come over. 20

No! No! 'tis a parcel of hums,
 So I'll put an end to my rhyme;
 If I sing till *Bonaparte* comes,
 I think I shall sing a long time. 24

¹ The invasion of England being threatened, "Maistre Ploughshare" demonstrates to his friends the impossibility of the schemes of "the Monkey of France" being successful. No tailor's news can disturb his equanimity, although he may be

Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Aug. 3, 1804.]**The English Country Dance.****Composed for the Corsican and his Invading Army.**

FRENCHMEN! since you're fond of *dancing*,
 We will give you many a *Ball*;
 Lo! to meet you we're advancing,
 Then obey our *Music's* call. 4

Calais is a *step* from *Dover*,
 Strike up, and the *dance* begin;
 Yet, though eager to *cross over*,
 Ye shall never *figure in*. 8

For our *Balls*, when ye are riper,
 And ye *dance* upon the waves,
 We shall see *who pays the piper*,
 As ye sink in watery graves. 12

Gallic cock-boats! dread our thunder,
 They who're *footing* on the sea,
 Are not slaves whose God is plunder,
 But who *fight for Liberty*. 16

If, our gallant tars escaping,
 Some should land upon our shore,
 Then, instead of *fiddles scraping*,
Deep-ton'd instruments shall roar. 20

Then, with *light heels nimbly capering*,
 Ye shall *skip* till out of *breath*,
 And the *cadence* to this vapouring
 Shall be "*Holbein's dance of death*." 24

To your threats of proud invadings,
 While your *movements* ye prolong,
Frenchmen! such our *serenadings*,
 Such the *burthen of our song*. 28

And in chorus oft repeated,
Echo shall resound the strain,
" *Britain on a rock is seated,*"
Her's the Empire of the Main.

32

The invitation proffered to our Gallic neighbours to figure in *The English Country Dance* partakes of the grim humour of Harold's tender to his namesake Hardrada, "Seven feet of English ground." A warm reception was prepared for the expected guests, had they arrived

Where the broad bosom of majestic *Thames*
Presents his stream, which near a mile embraces,
To *Kent's* athletic sons and courteous dames,
To brew their ale, and wash their ruddy faces.

They would have been so heartily welcomed that few would have returned to their native shores; their hosts eagerly pressing them to tread the same measure as one afterwards (described by Sir Walter Scott) taking place on the field of Waterloo—*The Dance of Death*.

Wheel the wild dance!	Approach, draw near,
Brave sons of <i>France</i> ,	Proud Cuirassier!
For you our ring makes room;	Room for the men of steel!
Make space full wide	Through crest and plate,
For martial pride,	The broadsword's weight
For banner, spear, and plume.	Both head and heart shall feel.

We have now reached the conclusion of our *Kentish Volunteer Group*: the pieces throughout partook of the characteristics of strong patriotism, an abundant use of italics, small poetical power, and the reference to William the Conqueror, which runs in most of our County songs. "Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true," and the challenge given by their tongues would have been seconded by their hands had occasion required. May their sons excel their songs, and equal their zeal! We regret that the extreme length of some pieces celebrating George III.'s review of the Kentish Volunteers at Mote Park, Maidstone, August 1st, 1799, has necessitated their omission from the Group. William Pinn's *A Novel Description of His Majesty's Review of the Kentish Volunteers* is almost good enough to be reprinted in a separate form.

“Kentish Bowmen” Group.

THE “Kentish Bowmen,” some of whose lyrics are here collected, formed one of the most popular societies of the eighteenth century, and flourished from 1785 till 1802. The original founder was Mr. J. E. Madox, of Mount Mascal, in North Cray parish, and at first it consisted of only eleven members. The following year the numbers increased to thirty, and in 1787 the Society removed its meetings to Dartford Heath, and consisted of sixty gentlemen. Receiving the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the numbers rose to one hundred and twenty-three; including Earl Darnley, Sir H. Mann, Sir P. Burrell, the Duke of Dorset, the Duke of Leeds, and Viscount Lewisham. Every member paid ten guineas on election, besides an annual subscription of £1 11s. 6d., and in addition each ‘Bowman’ was to pay a guinea yearly “for his four largest dinners,” moreover engaging to pay a fine of £100 on marrying! The number of ex-county members was limited to thirty-six, and a freehold of £10 a year, or a leasehold of £20 in Kent, formed the qualification. The Prince of Wales became the Society’s President, which assumed the additional appellation of ‘Royal,’ and received in January, 1788, from their man-milliner chief, orders for a uniform to be worn by each member, particulars of which are given in Dunkin’s *History of Dartford*, p. 360, together with the rules for shooting, and much interesting information relating to the Society. Captains and Lieutenants were to wear a gold or silver arrow embroidered on their collars; clergymen, a uniform button of *papier-maché*; and the following was the regulation costume:

A grass-green coat with buff linings, a buff waistcoat and breeches; black collar of uncut velvet in winter; tabby silk in summer, with yellow buttons according to pattern sent to Nuttings, 16, King Street, Covent Garden. By the established rules, a white dimity waistcoat and breeches might be worn at all meetings, but the uniform coat was indispensable, together with an R.K.B. button with a gold loop to a black round hat, and small black feather, without which no member was allowed to shoot, besides being fined 7s. 6d.

Amongst the Society's officers were four standard-bearers, a treasurer, a chaplain, an antiquary, a laureate, and a "Volunteer Laureate." The poems of the laureate, the Rev. James William Dodd, we shall have occasion to refer to hereafter; his 'volunteer' coadjutor was Thomas Nichols. Two Standards were presented to the Royal Kentish Bowmen, one by the Hon. H. Fitzroy, and the other by George Grote, Esq., and that used at the great Blackheath Archery Meeting of May 29th, 1793 (see *The Bowman's Prize*, in this Group) bore: "*Or, in a canton the Arms of Kent, the field charged with three piles of Arrows.* CREST:—*An arm arising from a wood: INVICTA.* MOTTO:—*Leges teneamus avilas.*" The Society thus marched under the same device that Drayton describes, as having been used by the Kentish troops embarking for France, in his *Battle of Agincourt*:

First in the *Kentish* streamer was a wood,
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,
As their right emblem; and, to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was *UNCONQUER'D*, as that freest had stood.

The standard-bearers had to attend all the meetings of the Society in full costume, with an epaulet of gold, cross-belt of black leather, and swivel affixed. The "Bowman's Lodge," on the borders of Dartford Heath, was the head-quarters of the R.K.B.; its interior was adorned with symbolic and appropriate devices, a room was fitted up for theatricals, and it was surrounded with extensive and beautiful grounds, a committee of members was specially appointed to provide wines and other entertainments; and a Mr. Dickenson resided in the house, which, says Mr. Dunkin, "is traditionally said to have been the scene of many midnight revels and orgies." From commencement to conclusion the Society's meetings were in the highest degree successful, but the disturbed state of affairs caused its dissolution, and in a short time their highly-cultured grounds were allowed to relapse to their former wildness.

The Rev. J. W. Dodd's *Ballads of Archery, Sonnets*, etc., contain a variety of amusing pieces, which he states, in the preface to his 1818 edition, "were written between twenty and thirty years past, at various times, for the entertainment of a Society of Archers, called the Royal Kentish Bowmen, at their occasional meetings on Dartford Heath, Kent, from May to August." The volume opens with a poetical description of *The Lodge in 1790*, which we reserve for the *Dartford Group* in our Second Volume.

LXXVIII.

The Little Bowman.

WE commence our *Kentish Bowmen Group* with an effusion by their laureate, the Rev. J. W. Dodd. This gentleman was one of the original members of the Society, and Second Master at Westminster School. A volume of his poems was dedicated, by permission, to the Prince Regent, and his style is thus described in an amusing paper by "Weatherman" on *The Lyrics and Poetry of Archery*, which appeared in Sharpe's *Archer's Register* for 1877-78:

The refrains of Mr. Dodd's songs are of the hearty, boisterously-merry, and convivial character so peculiar to the ditties written and sung about the beginning of the present century. Yet for all this, some of them are very quaint and pleasing, and one—"The Little Bowman"—gives us a fair specimen of the author's style. It was sung to Dibdin's "A Sailor's Life."

The Kentish Bowmen certainly led a very pleasant life, if we may trust their bard's description. The song has also been reprinted in Charles Armiger's *Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, 1830, pp. 20-23. (The final seven lines of each stanza are printed as four on our pages.)

We have in our possession a copy of the "laureate's" volume, which is now very scarce. It is illustrated with queer little woodcuts, and the music for some of the songs is printed at the end of the lively little book, which we are somewhat surprised has not received more notice from Kentish writers. We intend returning to it in our Second Volume, hoping to include in the *Dartford Group* some of the songs Mr. Dodd wrote for the Lodge meetings.

Note.—The music was, as usual, of Charles Dibdin's own composition, to accompany his verses, entitled, "The Flowing Can," beginning "A Sailor's life's a life of Woe, He works now late, now early." It was first sung at the Lyceum, in 1789, in "The Oddities," one of his entertainments *Sans Souci*. It is in Davidson's ed. of *The Songs of Charles Dibdin*, 1848, i. 218.—J. W. E.

[Dodd's *Ballads of Archery, Sonnets, etc.*, ed. 1818, pp. 49-52 ; Sharpe's *Archer's Register*, 1877-8, pp. 42-43.]

The Little Bowman.

A BOWMAN'S life's the life to court,
 There's nought can charm so dearly,
 As roving, butting, all in sport,
 To the sound of the Bugle cheerly. 4
 When morning smiles o'er hill and dale
 Away he wends,
 His bow he bends,
 His shafts will seldom fail ; 8
 Full thirteen score,
 And something more,
 To steadily hold their flight :
 Anon at the butt, 12
 With a delicate cut,
 He pops them in at the white.
 And then to hear them—whack,
 And the gazers cry, "Good lack ! 16
 Well, he does it in such a knack."
 Then he laughs a little,—And quaffs a little,
 And sings a little,—And shoots a little,
 And fiddles a little,—And foots it a little.
 And sings himself home in a crack. 24

Whene'er, without, or wind or rain
 Forbid us to touch a feather,
 Then snug within we all remain,
 Unruffled by blust'ring weather. 28
 For blest with a convivial set,
 Howe'er it blow,
 Or overflow,
 No pastime we regret ; 32

Spite o' the day, We feast away, And Nectar crowns the board. We bumper it up With a chirp'ing cup, To the Lass by each adored. And then the toasts go round, Our mirth is ne'er a-ground, We have all such a comical knack, That we laugh a little,—And quaff a little, And joke a little,—And shoot a little, And fiddle a little,—And foot it a little, And sing ourselves home in a crack.	36 40 48
Carousing thus, we close the day, Nor of sport shall evening cheat us ; For hey for the fiddles ! and foot it away, When our smiling partners greet us, Arrayed like <i>Diana's</i> sylvan train, In white and green, Each rural queen Bounds nimbly to the strain, Hey from Town, Then caper it down To rustic liberty. Here is found The varied round Of pastime, dance, and glee :	52 56 60
With a merry old ballad anon, Of <i>Robin Hood</i> and <i>Little John</i> , We finish our snug little plan. For to laugh a little,—And quaff a little, To sing a little,—And shoot a little, To fiddle a little,—And foot it a little 's The Life of a Little Bowman.	64 72



[Ashby's MS. *Anecdotes of Archery*, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 29791, p. 12.]

In times now grown old.

"The following song was written at the institution of the Society of *Kentish Bowmen*, by a Member (tho' no Poet), who is honoured by its being sung at each meeting."¹

IN times now grown old, 'tis by history told,
 When the *Norman* this land did invade,
 That when *Harold* was slain, his troops left the plain
 And all fled, they were so much dismay'd : 4
 That grown bold with success he onward did press,
 Till to *Swanscombe* he chanc'd to draw nigh,
 When the *Bowmen of Kent* declar'd their intent
 That "*UNCONQUER'D*" they'd stop him or die. 8

Duke *William* well saw, if their bows they should draw,
 That he ne'er could his footing maintain ;
 So he wisely did grant, what he could not prevent,
 And their laws were allow'd to remain. 12
 Now, e'er since that great day, *Kent's* first in th' array,
 When her banner she foremost doth raise,
 Which, in battle, *sans* fear, in front doth appear,
 And "*UNCONQUER'D*" her motto displays. 16

Our Ancestors then, having prov'd gallant men,
 Such examples we never will lose ;
 But our laws to secure, each arrow aim'd sure,
 We will all make good use of our bows. 20
 When put to the test, let each man do his best
 From their principles never to swerve ;
 Still, as *Bowmen of Kent*, we'll show our intent,
 And "*UNCONQUER'D*" our motto preserve. 24

¹ We consider the author of this song was probably T. Nichols, though the reference to 'Duke William' and the *Kentish Bowmen* is in a different spirit to the second verse of his *Bowmen of Kent*, given later in this Group.—EDITOR.

LXXX.

[*The Sporting Magazine*, i. 107, November, 1792.]**The Bowmen of Kent.**

Written and Composed

By CHARLES DIBDIN, the Elder.

1791.

'TWAS one day at a *fête*, giv'n at *Jove's Sans Souci*,
 The gods drinking nectar, the goddesses tea,
 While many a whim did their pleasures beguile,
 They at last talk'd of *Britain*, their favourite isle : 4
 Of its loyalty, whence all its blessings increase,
 Of its glory in war, of its splendour in peace ;
 Cried *Jove*, " We'll revive one accomplishment more,
 Thro' which *Britain's* sons gather'd laurels of yore ; 8
 When Fame led her archers wherever they went,
 Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of *Kent*."

" Come, name your endowments," cried *Mars* ; " for my
 meed,
 I courage could give, if of courage they'd need." 12
 " And I," cried out *Vulcan*, " will gladly bestow,
 Of well-temper'd steel, an old tough *English* bow."
 The bold archers all offer'd some gift to adorn :
Cynthia gave, as her meed, a superb bugle-horn ; 16
Mercury, skill and address ; *Momus*, mirth ; *Bacchus*, wine ;
 " The care of their dress," cried gay *Iris*, " be mine."
 Thus, no trophy that fancy or taste could invent
 Was neglected to grace the bold Bowmen of *Kent*. 20

Cried *Venus*, her words sweetly kissing the air,
"Gift you your bold Bowmen, while I gift the fair,
And, first, of my cestus, each fair shall be queen
Who sports a gay sash of *Toxopholite* green ; 24
Next, my son from his quiver an arrow shall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when *Adonis* I saw ;
His bow shall he lend, and a lesson impart,
Expertly to shoot at that target the heart. 28
Thus the trophy of Love, that by *Venus* was sent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the Bowmen of *Kent*."

Thus bestow'd each celestial some tribute of worth,
And *Mer'cry* descended triumphant to earth ; 32
New *Edwards* and *Henrys*, that swarm'd on the plain,
New *Cressys* and *Agincourts* conquer'd again ;
And many a fair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers soon bore off the prize. 36
Favour'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye *Britons* have peace ; yet should trumpets speak
war,
Of a nation united beware—the bow's bent :—
Then make from the shaft of the Bowmen of *Kent*." 40

Charles Dibdin's song of *The Bowmen of Kent* was deservedly popular, and has been often reprinted. It was included by Pierce Egan in his *Book of Sports*, and by Charles Armiger in *The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet* (ed. 1830, pp. 18–19), and was extensively circulated on a broadside, the centre of which was occupied by a large illustration, representing a group of the Kentish Bowmen, and "many a fair, darting love from her eyes," arrayed in toxopholite costume. Dibdin entitled his own entertainments *Sans Souci*: hence the allusion in his opening line. This song was first sung in "The Quizzes," at the Polygraphic Rooms, in 1791.

LXXXI.

The Bowman's Prize.

By T. N., Laureate to the Royal Kentish Bowmen.

IN our introductory remarks we mentioned the great Blackheath Archery Meeting of May 29th, 1793, a full account of which will be found in Pierce Egan's *Book of Sports*, pp. 242-3. It was in every respect a most brilliant success; the prizes were contested for by the Royal Surrey Bowmen, Saint George's Bowmen, Royal Kentish Bowmen, Toxopholites, Woodmen of Arden, Robin Hood's Bowmen, Woodmen of Hornsey, and Bowmen of Chevy Chase; and "the beauties," says the reporter, "in the circle of carriages which surrounded the enclosure upon the Heath, out-numbered and out-shone those of any assembly we ever saw." The general company ended by becoming far too numerous, broke the line of order, and so interfered with the shooters that towards the conclusion the Royal Surrey Bowmen could seldom see their own targets. The successful competitors at this meeting, which lasted from 11 to 5.30, were Mr. Anderson, Robin Hood Bowman, captain of numbers; Dr. Leith, Royal Kentish Bowman, captain of target; and Mr. Jarvis, Woodman of Hornsey, lieutenant of target. The Earl of Aylesford and the stewards had great difficulty in deciding between the rival merits of the two latter gentlemen, but "after a nice investigation" the Duke of Leeds, president of the day, awarded the prize "for having split the central mark of the goal at the distance of 100 yards with the greatest exactness" to the Royal Kentish Bowman, whose success is exulted over by the Society's laureate in the following lines.

[*Sporting Magazine*, June, 1793, i. 194; *Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, 1830, p. 112.]

The Bowman's Prize.

Written by Dr. Leith, on Blackheath, May 20, 1793.

SURVEY the gay Heath, what bright beauties are here,
 And hark to the musical horn !
 The Archers are coming, behold, they appear
 As brilliant as *Phæbus* at morn. 4
 Near *Surrey* advances the Bows of *St. George*,
 Old *Hornsey* her Woodmen has sent,
 And next *Chevy Chase* boys, see *Aylesford's* kind Lord
 Lead up the bold Bowmen for *Kent*. 8

The *Toxophilites* come with the *Robin Hood's* bows,
 Next *Suffolk*, there's *Arden* so neat,
 With gay Royal Artillery Archers they close,
 And make the procession complete ; 12
 Who Captain of Targets and Numbers shall be,
 Full quickly their bows shall be bent ;
 Here's *Jarvis* for *Hornsey*, none better to see,
 And *Leith* for the Bowmen of *Kent*. 16

Hark ! the signal is given, to targets they run,
 E'en swift as the arrow that flies ;
 Their bows are all bent, and the pastime begun,
 A bugle of gold is the prize. 20
 The Woodman¹ of *Arden*, how graceful he draws,
 For the goal his arrow was vent ;²
 Hark ! hark ! from above, what a burst of applause,
 'Tis hit by a Bowman of *Kent*. 24

¹ "The Earl Morton, who led the Woodmen of Arden, and shot with great skill."—*Original Note*.

² Armiger reads "meant," but "vent" may be correct."

How eager around for the honours they strain,
 Ah! pr'ythee, dull Poet, forbear;
 For the brightest of honours they strive to obtain,
 The smiles of applause from the fair. 28
 See *Anderson*¹ triumph, like *Robin* of old,
 His arrows with judgment are sent;
 And *Jarvis*, like *Midas*,² turns all into gold,
 While *Leith* fills the targets for *Kent*. 32

The measures of harmony³ sweeten the toil,
 While *Phæbus*, the archer above,
 At the twang of the bow, looks down with a smile,
 And that cunning Toxopholite *Love*: 36
 Now *Sol* quits the gay scene for his *Thetis's* bed,
 When *Leith*,⁴ his unerring bow bent,
 The shaft seem'd exulting to cry, as it fled,
 "I win for the Bowmen of *Kent*." 40

The day's sport is over, the targets are told,
 When *Anderson* mounts o'er the rest;
 While *Jarvis* of *Hornsey*, for merit enroll'd,
 And *Green*⁵ win the gems⁶ for the breast. 44
 The signal is given—to dinner each flies,
 Where *Willis*⁷ gives hunger content;
 When the good Duke of *Leeds*⁸ presented the prize
 To *Leith*, the bold *Bowman* of *Kent*! 48

T[HOMAS] N[ICHOLS].

Archers' Volunteer Laureat.

¹ "Anderson, Robin Hood's Bowman, declared Captain of Numbers."

² "Alluding to his frequently piercing the golden goal."

³ "The band of music."

⁴ "Dr. Leith of Greenwich, Captain of Target."

⁵ "Mr. Green, St. George's Bowman, Lieutenant of Numbers."

⁶ "The Medals."

⁷ "Master of the Rooms."

⁸ "President for the day."

LXXXII.

Bowmen of Kent.

THE ensuing piece by Thomas Nichols appeared in *The Sporting Magazine*, December, 1792 (and was reprinted by Armiger in *The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, pp. 334-5), with notes, which we have used in our copy. At Agincourt Sir Thomas Erpingham led three hundred Kentish Bowmen of his own training, and observing a narrow defile through which the French cavalry would have to pass, he drew up his men under shelter of a vineyard, ordering them to keep the strictest silence and await three signals from him. When he raised his warder, they were to wax their bow strings; when the signal was repeated, they were to prepare for the onset; and when given a third time, they were to attack. Drayton tells what ensued (*Ballad of Agincourt*, 1605) in lines as vigorous as the deeds he celebrates:

Well it thine age became, O noble <i>Erpingham</i> , Which did the signal aim To our hid forces ;	4
When from a meadow by, Like a storm suddenly, The <i>English</i> archery Stuck the <i>French</i> horses.	8
With <i>Spanish</i> yew so strong, Arrows a cloth-yard long, That like to serpents stung, Piercing the weather ;	12
None from his fellow starts, But playing manly parts, And like true <i>English</i> hearts, Stuck close together.	16
When down their bows they threw, And forth their bilbows drew, And on the <i>French</i> they flew, Not one was tardy ;	20
Arms were from shoulders sent, Scalps to the teeth were rent, Down the <i>French</i> peasants went : Our men were hardy.	24

[*Sporting Magazine*, Dec., 1792; *Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet*, p. 334.]

Bowmen of Kent.

YE good men of *Kent*, so trusty and true,
 The fame of your fathers beams lustre on you.
 Invaded by foes, unaccustomed to yield,
 They were first in the battle, and last in the field;
 Dismay spread her panic where e'er their bows bent,
 For no arm sent the shaft like the Bowmen of *Kent*. 6

When *Harold* of *Goodwin* oppress'd ye in sport,¹
 And the clergy² in all vice kept pace with the Court,
 Bold *William* the *Norman*³ for *England* arose,
 First taught you the bow, as he conquered your foes:
 The weapon, so fatal, with pleasure you bent,
 And the foremost in fame are the Bowmen of *Kent*. 12

At *Agincourt* field, how you drew the tough yew,
 The legions of *France* to their miseries knew;
 By *Erpingham*⁴ headed, what bowmen so bold,
 With the vigour of youth, tho' in years very old?
 His band but three hundred, yet still where he went,
 The cavalry fled from the Bowmen of *Kent*. 18

When civil commotion thro' *England* was spread,
 And the *Lancaster* lads dyed the White roses red,
 By *Cobham*⁵ called out, you were led to the field,
 And *York*, through your means, made the Red roses yield;
Plantagenet saw, and would sorely lament
 To meet with such foes as the Bowmen of *Kent*. 24

¹ "After the battle of Stamford, Harold grew insolent, retaining the spoils without distribution to the soldiers."—*Sir W. Raleigh*.

² "The clergy licentious, and only 'Literatura tumultuaria contenti, scolæ, non vitæ discebant.'"—*Malmesbury*.

³ "The Normans, at the battle of Hastings, did great execution with the long bow, of which weapon the English were altogether unprovided."—*Sir W. Raleigh*.

⁴ "The fame of old Sir Thomas Erpingham and his three hundred bows, particularly mentioned in the *Battle of Agincourt* by Drayton."

⁵ "The Kentish bows, led out by Lord Cobham, did wonders against the Lancaster party."—*Drayton*.

Most happy was he who had you on his side,
 They all knew your worth and caress'd you with pride ;
 O'er their cups they would sing of the feats you have done,
 You were equall'd by few, and out-number'd by none ;
 And the richest of blood in the isle ever spent
 Was drawn by the shafts of the Bowmen of Kent. 30

Thus famed for your prowess, let bowmen once more
 Pursue that which honoured your fathers of yore ;
 If not for extension of conquests or wealth,
 For the best of all blessings,—for pleasure and health.
 And this plaudit we'll yield, as your long bows are bent,
 No lads can compare with the Bowmen of Kent! . 36

THOMAS NICHOLS.

LXXXIII.

Our Bows in France.

THE feelings of national pride and exultation with which the
 Battle of Agincourt was regarded, are well expressed in
 Thomas Heywood's *Agincourt, or the English Bowman's Glory* :

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Huzza for Agincourt!
 When that day is forgot
 There will be no men.
 It was a day of glory,
 And till our heads are hoary
 Praise we our Bowmen.

Considering the prominent part taken by the archers in the
 battle, we can easily enter into Thomas Nichols' enthusiasm in
 the following lines, "all for the honour of the Kentish Bows,"
 and their gallant leader, whose exploits are thus mentioned in
 Drayton's longer poem, 1627, on *The Battle of Agincourt* :

Till old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, at last,
 With those three hundred archers coming in,
 Which laid in ambush not three hours had pass'd,
 Had the defeat of the *French* army bin :
 With these that noble soldier making haste,
 Lest others from him should the honor win ;
 Who, as before, now stretch'd their well-wax'd strings,
 At the *French* horse, then coming in the wings.

[*Sporting Magazine*, June, 1793; ii. 193.]

Our Bows in France.

THE gamesome lark now warbled on the wing,
 When vaunting *Alençon*¹ in arms arose,
 And bid his herald tell the *English* king,
 "France comes to make a breakfast for the crows." 4
 "Let him," quoth *Hal*, "a hot one it shall be,
 Tho' they in power twice treble are to me."
 The trumpets' clangor spoke the coming foes,
 The while in ambush lay the *Kentish* Bows. 8

When full-orbed *Luna* swells the rolling tide,
 And Northern blasts disturb the ample waste,
 Mark how the surges lash the rough cliffs' side,
 Swiftly recede, and then return in haste ;— 12
 So charged the impetuous foe at *Agincourt*,
 Till gallant *Erpingham*, to spoil their sport,
 Cry'd, as amidst his vet'ran bands he rose,
 "Now for the honour of the *Kentish* Bows!" 16

The archers² swift their deep entrenchments quit,
 A cloud of arrows pierced the chargers' flanks ;
 Aloft they rear, in torment champ the bit,
 Back hurled their riders, and confound their ranks. 20

¹ *Original Note*.—"Duke *Alençon*, previous to the battle, treated the *English* with great contempt, calling them a rout of starved and tattered rascals, of whom they would quickly make food for the crows, etc."—*Michael Drayton*.

² *Original Note*.—"These three hundred archers quitted their ambush, wounded the flanks of the *French* horse, and were, in a great measure, the cause of the success of the day."—*Michael Drayton*.

Drowned in gore there lay a crested knight,
Here a torn plume, and there a helmet bright;
Where once the head, the riders' heels arose,
All for the honour of the *Kentish* Bows! 24

Trampled in mire, beneath the iron shoe,
Alike the peasant and the noble died;
Here the barbed arrow no distinction knew,
But coupled Prince and subject side by side. 28
Here *Morrisby*¹ and *Gam* like tygers fought,
There *Norfolk Woodhouse*² reputation sought,
And now most dreadful was the battle close,
All for the honour of the *Kentish* Bows! 32

When earthquakes burst the raging rivers' bounds,
Wide spreading waters rush to find repose,
Scarce leave a trace about their former grounds,
Where they so oft to please the tempest rose. 36
Thus fared the *French*, nor cast a look behind,
While *Erpingham* displayed the victors' sign:
Still fled the foe, like clapper-frighted crows,
All for the honour of the *Kentish* Bows! 40

King *Henry* saw the direful havoc made,
"Sir *Erpingham*," quoth he, "has wonders done."
Then cried, as forth he drew his beaming blade,
"Arise a Baronet, my favourite son." 44

¹ *Original Note*.—"Morrisby, a brave young knight, David Gam, a bold Welch captain, who replied to Woodhouse, when he spoke slightly of his courage, that 'He dared prop the sun if it were falling, grasp the thunder of Jove, or leap through a cannon into an enemy's town.'" Such "swaggerers" were as distasteful to a noble Woodhouse, as they were to mine Hostess Quickly.

² *Clarum et venerabile nomen*. Drayton's *Original Note* tells: "*Woodhouse of Norfolk*, for his service, was rewarded with an addition of honour to his arms, which was a hand grasping a club, with the words, '*Frappez fort*,' and this is borne by the family of *Woodhouse*, of *Norfolk*, to this day."

And now the dreadful battle ceased to roar,¹
 The morn returns, and Fame, from shore to shore,
 Spoke of the number of the vanquished foes,
 All for the honour of the *Kentish Bows*!

T[HOMAS] N[ICHOLS].



LXXXIV.

[*The Kentish Register* for August, 1794; ii. 313.]

Inbicta; or, Gabelkind.

As sung by Mr. Dignum, on the 4th August, 1794, at an Entertainment given by His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Patron, and the rest of the Society of Royal Surrey Bowmen, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Patron, and the rest of the Society of the Royal Kentish Bowmen. Tune, *Vicar of Bray*. The words by one of the Royal Kentish Bowmen.²

LET abler Bards rich trophies raise,
 To heroes *Greek or Roman*,
 Pure native themes employ my lays,
A ROYAL KENTISH BOWMAN.

4

¹ *Original Note*.—"Though there was a dreadful slaughter among the enemy after the battle, the *French* prisoners outnumbered the *English* soldiers, who were under the disagreeable necessity of killing them for their own safety, etc." [A vile deed, which leaves a foul blot for ever on the record. It was alleged to be in reprisal for the French having slain our Suttlers.—J. W. E.]

² This song (probably by T. Nichols) appeared in the *Kentish Register* (ii. 313) for August, 1794, also simultaneously in the *Sporting Magazine*. It was afterwards reprinted in Armiger's *Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet* (pp. 36-7). Our copy is taken from the *Kentish Register*. The tune is, "In good King Charles's golden days, When loyalty no harm meant."

Our Sires supported gavelkind,
 With steel and trusty yew, Sir,
 And rightful Princes all shall find
 We're Loyal, Firm, and True, Sir. 8

*Then let the foes upon our coast
 Attempt a fresh invasion,
 "Invicta" still, brave Kent shall boast,
 When'er they give occasion. 12*

When *Norman William's* Curfew bell
 O'er *England* caused a rout, Sir,
 The Fire of Freedom, annals tell,
 In *Kent* was ne'er put out, Sir ; 16
 And when the fierce usurping Duke
 Held warlike *Britons* under,
 In *Kent* he met with such rebuke
 As fill'd the realms with wonder.

Then let the foes upon our coast, etc. 24

Tow'rds *Dover*, as on vengeance bent,
 He march'd in dread array, Sir,
 The valiant Yeomen, pride of *Kent*,
 Oppos'd him on the way, Sir ; 28
 So bold and free, our fathers yet
 With crafts of war prov'd gifted,
 Who *William's* mightier host beset,
 With oaken boughs uplifted.

Then let the foes upon our coast, etc. 36

Hence, ancient *Kent* for sword and bow
 Extoll'd in martial story,
 Proud ensigns bore, that we might know
 And emulate *her* glory. 40
 The Men of *Kent* distinction gain'd,
 When conqu'ring *William* landed ;
 Which, left to *us*, should be maintain'd,
 As down from them 'twas handed.

Then let the foes upon our coast, etc. 48

Now, Bowmen, join with heart and voice
 To bless our Constitution ;
 Content with ease and social joys,
 We wish no Revolution ; 52
 We fear no foreign hostile band,
 Nor home-bred vile commotion ;
Kent's Royal Patron guards the Land,
 May *Surrey's* rule the Ocean. 56
Then let the foes upon our coast
Attempt a fresh invasion,
"Invicta" still, brave Kent shall boast,
When'er they give occasion. 60



LXXXV.

The Fairy Queen and the Royal Kentish Bowmen.¹

WHAT *Chaucer* sung of Leaf and Flower,
 Arch'd grove and verdant field,
 Of *Philomel* and greenwood bow'r,
 'Twas *Kent* alone cou'd yield. 64
 As then, e'en now,
 The oaken bough²
 Blooms richer here for the Victor's brow.
Sing hey ho, nonny no, 68
Merry be and bonny O,
Hail! to the Kentish Bow.

¹ We conclude our notice of the Royal Kentish Bowmen with the chant in their praise sung by *The Fairy Queen* and her train. The air is, *To all you ladies now on land*, and the words will be found in Dodd's *Ballads of Archery* (see our p. 381, note), pp. 66-73, where the date is given as Aug. 12, 1789.

² "Kent has ever been particularly famous for its oaks."

The Fairy Queen and the Royal Kentish Bowmen. 399

"Though Tilt and Tourney are forgot, Yet manly sports are here, To woo each Fairy to the spot, And revel half the year. We'll trip and go, To the twang o' the bow, And the Founder ¹ bless in the Vale below. <i>With a hey ho, nonny no, Merry be and bonny O, Hail! to the Kentish Bow.</i>	72 76 80
"Though first upon the op'ning <i>May</i> We form our revels here ; Yet higher honours will we pay To the fav'rite of the Year, Your Patron's day ² With ev'ry ray Of sunshine clear, sing a roundelay <i>To hey ho, nonny no, Merry be and bonny O, Hail! to the Kentish Bow.</i>	 84 88
"We'll nerve each arm with ancient pow'r To bend the toughest Yew ; And consecrate that happy hour, When <i>Kent's</i> first arrow flew. Be it mine alone, From my airy throne, To chaunt the Victor's high renown, <i>To hey ho, nonny no, Merry be and bonny O, Hail! to the Kentish Bow.</i>	92 96 100
"'Twas thus on <i>Arthur</i> and his Knights We smil'd in days of yore ; 'Tis thus we'll furnish new delights To grace your order more. Farewell !" quoth she, "Remember me, And bear this to thy Yeomanrye ! <i>With a hey ho, nonny no, Merry be and bonny O, Hail! to the Kentish Bow."</i>	 104 108

¹ "J. E. Madocks, at that time lived in Vale Mascal, Foot's Cray, Kent."

² The Birthday of the Prince Regent.

At this she vanish'd with her train,
 (The notes trill'd on mine ear) 112
 Obedient I repeat this strain
 To ev'ry Bowman here.
 And I call on Mirth,
 By our Founder's worth, 116
 To cheer our hearts for our Patron's birth,
With a hey ho, nonny no,
Merry be and bonny O,
The Prince of the Kentish Bow. 120

J. W. DODD.

A woodcut of the Prince of Wales's plumes occupies the space following. (Instead of copying it, we insert a woodcut lent to us by Mr. Ebsworth, from his *Bagford Ballads*.) Dodd has a song on this crest—*The Plumes*—to the air of *Rule Britannia* (pp. 6-9), which ends with the prediction :

Long as these guardian Plumes appear
 To nod majestic on this plain ; 32
 Kent will her oaken standard rear,
 And bid her Sons repeat this strain.
 Hail ! triumphant honours hail !
Britannia's Bow shall never fail. 36



Kentish Tour Group.

FEW pleasanter journeys (if any) can be taken than those of which the poetical descriptions are now placed before our readers; given fine weather, with agreeable companionship, and a Tour in Kent forms a green spot in one's life. "The Garden of England" throughout is unsurpassed for natural beauty, and unequalled for historic associations; though we will not go to the same length in its praise as was once attempted by a very eccentric old gentleman residing at Swanscombe, who placed near the road passing his residence an inscription stating it to be "The Garden of Eden:" with incoherent and rambling moralizations in Latin and English, sufficient to have secured his presentation, gratis, to the nearest lunatic-asylum. He was possessed of a large garden, and in case the fruit should tempt the weary wayfarer into a temporary oblivion of the rights of property, he concluded his admonitions with the following verses,

In *Eden's* Garden plants like these were plac'd,
 And sacred vengeance came on those who once defac'd
 The Forbidden Tree, and pluck'd the golden fruit.
 Now, traveller, mark ! that vengeance is not mine,
 Awful Justice comes, though slow, yet sure in time :
 Therefore, beware, nor tempt his vengeful arm,
 Lest men-traps catch; or spring-guns give th' alarm ;
 Lest nightly watchmen seize the guileful hand,
 And *Britain's* laws transport thee from the land !

The talented author used to relate that a sailor having taken great pains to spell through the inscription, exclaimed with an oath, "I have been so long reading your d——d nonsense, old gentleman, that I have not time to rob your orchard !" (See Fussell's *Journey round the Coast of Kent*, 1818, pp. 33-34, "*Swanscombe*.") Every season in this favoured county has its own charms for the lover of Nature; whether Spring, when the woods are carpeted with violets and primroses, or Summer, when corn-fields, hop-gardens, and cherry orchards are in their glory: though we question whether the last named in these times bring their owners the profit they did in the days of Hartlib.

I know [he says] in Kent that some advance their grounds from 5s. per acre to £5 by this means [planting orchards], and if I should relate what I have heard by divers, concerning the profit of a cherry orchard about Sittenburne, in Kent, you would hardly believe me, yet I have heard it by so many, that I believe it to be true, *vis.* that an orchard of thirty acres of cherries produced in one year above £1000, but now the trees are almost all dead. It was one of the first orchards planted in Kent. Mr. Camden reporteth, that the Earle of Leicester's gardiner, in Queen Elizabeth's time, first began to plant Flemish cherries in those parts, which in his time did spread into sixteen other parishes, and were at that time sold at greater rates than now, yet I know that £10 or £15 an acre hath been given for cherries, more than for pears or apples.—*Samuel Hartlib his Legacie; or, an enlargement of the Discourse upon Husbandry, &c.*, 1651. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, N.S., vol. xi. Feb. 1839, pp. 140–145.

To our mind, the county is at its fairest (especially for pedestrians) in the autumnal season, when it is seen with

Overhead the breezy sky,
Rustling woodlands all around,
Fragrant steams from oak-leaves sere,
Peat and moss and whortles green,
Dews that yet are glistening clear
Through their brown or briery screen.

The delights of a Kentish ramble in the Winter have been described in such beautiful and touching words by Charles Dickens, that we cannot refrain from quoting the passage—well known though it is likely to be:—

I was going to walk by Cobham Woods [after leaving Rochester while “yet scarcely daylight”] as far upon my way to London as I fancied. When I came to the stile and footpath by which I was to diverge from the main road, I bade farewell to my last remaining Poor Traveller, and pursued my way alone. And now the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoar-frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday. Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I was surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, “in the sure and certain hope” which Christmas time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them? No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that “she, supposing him to be the gardener,” had said, “Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.” In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen mending their nets, who arose

and followed him,—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the multitude,—of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him might fall as they passed along? Thus Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled through the mists now closing in once more, towards the lights in London.—(*The Seven Poor Travellers*, 1854.)

We here invite our readers to follow the adventures and misadventures which befell the gentry, in whose company they now find themselves, in the course of their Kentish Tours.



LXXXVI.

A Trip from Kingsdown, in Kent, to London.

THE Rev. Thomas Austen, with whose "Trip" we commence our *Kentish Tour Group*—appears to have been a gentleman of varied talents and acquirements, and must have been a worthy compeer of his brother Kentish clerics, the Revs. John Duncombe, and John Lewis. He has left behind him two folio volumes (MSS.) of *Collections for the Natural History and Antiquities of Kent*, compiled in 1759-1767, interspersed with much amusing original verse, giving us a capital description of some of the scenes of country life in the eighteenth century, from which we shall liberally draw in our Second Volume. The rev. Vicar of Allhallows in Hoo appears to have thoroughly entered into everything that was going on. One time he is giving a rollicking description of the Fair at Sevenoaks; he is next wittily lashing some of the people at Chatham; we then meet him at a large party and dance at Whorne's Place; we receive from him a dismal account of the state of Cobham Hall, and peruse a letter he gets from a friend, with a laughable sketch of the manners and customs of Ramsgate in 1760. He sends numerous poetical epistles to his friends, and his style is varied and agreeable. We consider the following piece a somewhat unfavourable specimen, but it forms a good opening to the present series. We feel some apology is needed for omitting from our Kentish Tour Group Gosling's oft-reprinted but always popular *Account of Hogarth's Tour*: our excuse is the great length which would be occupied by even an analysis of this amusing production: the 951 lines, printed in the minutest type in double columns, are easily accessible in Hone's *Table Book* (vol. ii. col. 303-319), 1827, where Forrest's original prose version will also be found (col. 292-303). The *Kentish Tour* of 1732 has again been reprinted, recently, with copies of Hogarth's illustrations, by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

[Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 24269, f. 60.]

**a Trip from Kingsdown, in Kent, to London.
1728.**

FROM <i>Kingsdown</i> , where I vital Breath first drew, Have Spiritual Charge, and had a temporal view ; Sprung from the <i>Finches</i> by the Female side, An antient Race, and wealthy without Pride ;	4
In long succession standing on Records, As Patrons of the Church, and Manor Lords, Or rather Kings ; for causes here were tried, And sons of violence by ¹ Justice died ;	8
I brush to <i>Murston</i> , my next Pastoral care, Presented every season of the year With Heaven's best Fruits, tho' not the best of air ;	}
And as sound Clerks (was only one eras'd From that bright List) by <i>Hales's</i> in these last, And <i>Cromer's</i> noble Hands in Times long past.	} 12
Near <i>Roffa's</i> Mountain-Bridge of stone, gay, high As Tops of ships, like Rainbow in the sky, On rising ground, I fac'd about to eye Young Squadrons not yet launched from her ² side, And old ones dancing in the <i>Medway's</i> Tide ;	} 16
Those to Perfection grown, by slow advance, To curb proud <i>Spain</i> , as these had curbed <i>Franca</i> . Here floating Towers, to foreign Parts inclin'd, There fix'd, brought distant ages to my Mind ;	20
Huge <i>Gothic</i> ³ Structures, whence the twanging Bow Swift Death in pointed Arrows us'd to throw ; And still the Righteous, with their Priest, in course, Fire from the Altar, and take Heaven by Force.	24
On the fam'd Hill, ⁴ where Gangs of Robbers lay, Conceal'd in Thickets, and thence seize their Prey ; Thro' <i>Gladly</i> woods, great <i>Neptune's</i> shining walk, The <i>Hope</i> appear'd stretching its course to <i>Chalk</i> , Through a green Level, straight, deep, clear, strong,	28
A League in length, near half as broad as long :	32

¹ "As appears, not only from Tradition, but from a Field called *Gallows Field*, from a Gallows, which some not long since dead have seen, and from a Prison or Dungeon, which many now alive can remember."—*Original Note*.

² "The Docks on the River's side."—*Original Note*.

³ "The Cathedral and Castle."—*Original Note*.

⁴ "Gad's Hill."—*Original Note*.

Abounding with delicious Fish below,
 Bred in fresh streams, and in the briny flow ;
 And Trade above, consisting of all Arts, 36
 And Nature's Products from remotest Parts.
 Whilst trusty *Sorrel* feasted was with Oats,
 Loud *Tritons* hail'd his Rider to their Boats :
 No Rage of winds and waves so fierce as theirs, 40
 And we're past Danger, when past *Gravesend* Stairs.
 Thrice had the Sun perform'd his annual Round,
 And no firm cure for *Daggenham* Breach was found ;
 Where all look'd out, and one spoke to this End, 44
 'Twas not well done of th' *Hollander*, our Friend, }
 To fish our Coasts, and not to help us mend.
 For Sons of Thunder, worn out in the wars
 Of winds and waves, and maim'd in those of *Mars*, 48
 Upon their Bodies wrote in foreign scars. Etc.

From "Manuscript Collections for the Natural History and Antiquities of Kent, by Thomas Austen, M.A., Vicar of Allhallows in Hoo. 2 vols. fol. compiled in 1759-67." Now numbered "Additional Manuscripts, 24269 and 24270." (Compare our p. 110, note). The remainder of this extract (ending at line 82) consists of an attack on the abuse of the noble national asylum of Greenwich Hospital. It is from *Iterculum Cantio-Cestriense ; or, a Trip from Kent to Chester. A Poem.* folio. London, 1728.

LXXXVII.

A Short Trip into Kent.

THE *Short Trip* which we now place before our readers is stated by Mr. J. Russell Smith (*Bibliotheca Cantiana*, p. 79), to be "very rare." The only copy he was able to trace is in Gough's Collection, in the Bodleian (from which our reprint is taken), and this he considers to have been probably the one mentioned in Brand's Catalogue. The author appears to have been an acrimonious politician, if we may judge by his reflections on "King Charles the Martyr" (lines 241-60) ; and his vivid narration of his friend's experience one Sunday at Tenterden (lines 269-312) gives us an unpleasant impression of the state of clerical discipline in that neighbourhood. This passage we now omit. The author throughout writes as a bigoted narrow-minded sectary, and our space may be better occupied than in retailing his unctuous description of an inebriated ecclesiastic. In this instance we have broken our custom of reprinting no poem which required any expurgation, by omitting some lines (120-132, 238-241, and 269-312) of the original. We were unwilling to sacrifice such a scarce piece, because it contained a few objectionable lines.

A Short Trip into Kent.

Containing the Occurrences of four Summer Days ; calculated
as an Antidote against the Gloominess of the Winter
Months, and particularly that which is occasion'd by the
Observation of the 30th of January. In *Hudibrastick* Verse.
By PHILELEUTHERUS BRITANNUS.

*At fessi tandem Cives, infanda furentem
Armati circumsistunt, ipsumque Domumque
Obtruncant Socios.*—VIRGIL.

London : Printed for the Author. MDCCXLIII.

DAY I.

	L	IFE'S but a Burden when confin'd, 'Tis travelling improves the Mind ; Stagnated Water soon grows foul, And 'Bide-at-homes hoodwink the Soul.	4
p. 4.		He that to Wisdom's Port wou'd steer Must often Things with Things compare ; Beauty and Wisdom best are known When Objects opposite are shown :	8
		So homely Girls enhance the Fair, Dull Nonsense makes true Wit appear ; ¹ And none Life's different Scenes can tast, But he that thro' both Parts has pass'd.	12
		He that from Infant grown to Man, Living to threescore Years and ten, Ne'er knew what Sickness meant or Pain, Enjoys perpetual Health in vain.	16

¹ The author has, in his tenth line, offered the only acceptable excuse or justification of his sorry Muse. His "dull nonsense" makes the true *Hudibras* appear brighter in wit by contrast. It has been well written, regarding this *Short Trip into Kent*:—"This is a stupid 'poem.' It is a pity that it was ever published. It might well have been 'printed for the author!'—no decent publisher would care to have seen his name on the title-page. The thing may be in 'Hudibrastic verse,' but there's no wit, rhyme, or reason in it." Coarse and libellous in the omitted passages, evidently untrustworthy, and never communicating any sparkle of fancy, we perceive no charm in it except the book-antiquary's attraction—rarity. The opening lines, especially the fourth, are clumsy substitutes for Shakespeare's "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:"—from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. One John Heildrop wrote under the pseudonym of *Phileleutherus Britannicus*.—J. W. E.

	The Man to Wealth and Riches born, Who ne'er experienc'd Fortune's Scorn, As Trees in fertile Soil will grow, So may he thrive, but nothing know.	20
p. 5.	Greatly alike is constant Health To never interrupted Wealth : In Aches, who ne'er bore a Part, Nor raging Pulse, nor fainting Heart :	24
	Knows not to pity sick'ning Friends, Nor prize the Health that Heav'n sends ; Of Relish void, he barely lives, Nor his own Happiness perceives :	28
	The Man who sails with prosp'rous Gales, Whom adverse Fortune ne'er assails, But smoothly all Affairs proceed, His Enterprizes well succeed ;	32
	With Gust insipid views his Store, As cloy'd with Food we want no more ; Pain is the Foil that sets off Health, The same Misfortune is to Wealth :	36
p. 6.	So diff'rent Flowers, of various Dyes, In Gardens, or in Meadows rise ; In Landskips thus, both Sea and Land An entertaining Prospect stand ;	40
	Flat Levels soon the Eye will tire, Hills, Woods, and Vales Delight inspire : Nature with Light has mingled Shades, Variety her Works pervades ;	44
	To Day succeeds alternate Night, And Darkness Beauty gives to Light. Labour for pleasant Rest prepares, And Rest with Vigour new repairs :	48
	From mutual Contrasts Order flows, And the whole World with Beauty glows.	
p. 7.	The Mind on Bus'ness long intent, Should by Amusement be unbent ; Some Friends and I, with this Design, In a late <i>Kentish</i> Trip did join :	52
	At two i' th' Morning, quiet Hour, From <i>Billingsgate</i> began our Tour.	56
	The River calm, the Air serene, All Nature gay, reviving Scene ; At <i>Gravesend</i> when arriv'd, well pleas'd, Coffee and Rolls our Hunger eas'd,	60
	Recruited then with Spirits good, For <i>Rochester</i> we took our Road ; In two Hours walk, or something more, We safely reach'd the <i>Silver Oar</i> :	64

	Immediate Orders given were A handsome Dinner to prepare.	
p. 8.	The Spit with speed was laid to Fire, Which soon accomplish'd our Desire ; With Stomachs right prepar'd we greet In proper Manner the well-dress'd Meat. To chear our Hearts, and Thirst to quench, With one Consent we call for Punch ; As good as Rum and Orange Juice Did e'er for Travellers produce. The Glass goes round, our Spirits rais'd, With common Voice our Host we prais'd.	68 72 76
	" 'Tis good, 'tis excellent," said we, " Whoe'er for Price so much did see?" Our Pipes we smook'd, and took our Glass, With chearful Mirth in every Face ; Then, our Intention to pursue, Of <i>Chatham Dock</i> we took a View ; Our wooden Castles there we saw,	80 84
p. 9.	By which we keep the World in Awe : Some on the Stocks repairing stood, Others at Anchor in the Flood ; Masts, Timber, Anchors, lie around, All sorts of Naval Stores abound ; A thousand Hands employ'd we see, To keep themselves and <i>Britain</i> free ; Perfidious <i>France</i> , thy Schemes are vain, Whilst <i>Britain's</i> Sovereign of the Main : Their Taxes chearful <i>Britons</i> pay, To curb thy thirst of boundless Sway. See, see, <i>Britannia</i> lifts her Spear, And bids her Sons their Arms prepare ; Behold her Troops in Order stand, To save from thine oppressive Hand :	88 92 96
p. 10.	O faithless Nation ! Faithless Priest ! Of sacred Truth who make a Jest ! Tho' late, your Day of Reck'ning's come, Once more from <i>Britain</i> take your Doom. Such Thoughts as these my Muse inspire, And kindle up the <i>British</i> Fire. But hold, my Muse, in humbler Lay, Tell the Misfortunes of the Day. At one oblig'd to leave my Bed, And into Boat with heavy Head, And there when light I nothing view'd But Men, like Hogs, around me strew'd, Order revers'd, lay Tail to Head ; Had they not snor'd, they look'd as dead.	100 104 108 112

- p. 11. But next an *Irish* Cobler's Tongue
For three full Hours' its Nonsense rung ;
We all attack'd him, one by one,
And by his Prate were all outdone. 116
Well did the Tide at *Greenhithe* cease,
And gave a general Release :
* * * *
- p. 12. Impertinence such like detain'd
My Friends, 'till I some Ground had gain'd :
To finish this most odd Affair,
They follow'd me, she went to Pray'r. 136
Thus runs th' Account of our first Day,
Pleasure, you see, has its Allay.
- p. 13. DAY II.
EARLY next Morn we quit our Rest,
The Morn for Expedition's best ; 140
The Rising sun diffus'd its Light,
New Hills and Dales salute our Sight :
Fresh beauteous Landskips entertain,
And distant Prospect of the Main. 144
By eight at *Sheerness* Fort we land,
Which *Thames* and *Medway* does command.
An hearty Breakfast there we took,
Then went about the Fort to look. 148
- p. 14. An hundred Cannon, mounted there,
The Enemy to enter dare.
Hence wafted by the flowing Tide,
We're soon to *Rochester* convey'd : 152
To Dinner down together sat,
All our Fatigue we soon forgot ;
The Bowl, replenish'd, adds new Life,
And no Man fear'd not ev'n his Wife. 156
Unanimous, then, one and all,
We visited the fine Town-hall :
There view'd the Pourtraits¹ of the brave,
Who fought our Properties to save. 160
- p. 15. To the Cathedral then proceed,
Where Gothick Ornaments exceed.
Next to the Castle we ascend,
Where nodding Turrets threatning stand, 164
And gaping Walls confirm the Truth,
All things decay by Time's sharp Tooth.

¹ " *Pourtraits*.—The Council-Room is hung round with a Number of Admirals who have been Members for the City of *Rochester*, and are very good Pieces."—*Original Note*.

	Then this Day's Business to conclude, Old <i>Watts's Alms-house</i> last we view'd.	168
	Where o'er the Portal you may read "Six Travellers that really need," ¹ Not through Infection wanting Doctors, Excepted also Rogues ² and Proctors, ³	172
p. 16.	This House till Morn will entertain, When further they a Groat will gain." Back to our Inn we then repair, In ev'ry Face a chearful Air.	176
	My method now requires to tell, The Ruffles that this Day befel. And first, again oblig'd to rise At one, unusual Exercise ;	180
p. 17.	In Boat reclin'd my heavy Head, Slept on a Plank, uneasy Bed, And when awake, constrain'd to hear Two brutish <i>Fellows</i> curse and swear,	184
	A lighted Match for such as smok'd, Both burnt my Coat, and me provok'd.	
p. 18.	DAY III. THE third Day lay a-bed till five, And six Hours sleep does well revive :	188
	Wish'd Fellow-travellers a good Day, Who back for <i>London</i> took their way ; Repair'd my Coat, my breakfast took, Then went the <i>Maidstone</i> Boat to look.	192
	The Boat went off about eleven, With flowing Tide, and Water even : Fine Hills the distant Prospect bound, And charming Meadows all around.	196

¹ Kent remembers that Charles Dickens took "*Seven poor Travellers*," who are entertained at the Rochester alms-house of good old Watts, as the title and subject of his Christmas Tale in *Household Words* for 1854.—J.W.E.

² "*Rogues and Proctors*.—The Reason of the Old Gentleman's unfavourable Idea of Proctors, was owing to a Rogue of a Proctor, who having been employ'd by him in a dangerous Illness to make his Will, he had given the whole Estate to himself ; which Mr. *Watts* discovering upon his Recovery, it induc'd him to couple up Rogues and Proctors together, as excepted from the Benefit of his Donation."—*Original Note*.

³ An ingenious writer has suggested that the word *Proctor* or *Procurator* was the designation of those itinerant Priests, who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had dispensations from the Pope to absolve the subjects of that Princess from their allegiance.—ED. But Watts's dislike was expressed to the legal fraternity of Doctors' Commons.

A Short Trip into Kent.

411

- p. 19. At *Maidstone* landed after four,
Then din'd, and took a little Tour,
To *Farley Bridge*, there view'd the Sluice,
Which much Advantage will produce, 200
By carrying on the Navigation,
For export and for Importation :
With Pleasure now the Planters round,
May see their Lands with Hops abound ; 204
The '*Squire* to Sale his Oaks conveys,
Nor fears wet Summers, nor rotten ways.
The Crosses of the Day were few,
Which I'll relate with Justice due. 208
Too long the Taylor kept my Coat,
And long I waited in the Boat ;
p. 20. Taylors and Boatmen both will lie,
And oftentimes our Patience try. 212
Then in the Boat five Hours I sat,
Confin'd to hear five Women prate.

DAY IV.

- NEXT Morn to Church I went, to see
The Pieces of Antiquity. 216
A Latin Sentence much perverted,
More than a little me diverted ;
The Sentence this, if you will have it,
p. 21. *Martyrio quodam expiravit.*¹ 220
Which, with the rest of the Narration,
Relates a Woman's Propagation.
Three Sons she had, and Daughters seven,
Which made, of ten, the Number even. 224
Good times she had to number eight,
But the ninth touch, doubling her Freight,
She did not bring it safely home,
But dy'd a Kind of Martyrdom. 228
Soon as I had the Sentence read,
This Thought came strait into my Head :
p. 22. It may be said more properly,
That Women, that in Labour die, 232
Are Martyrs than that Tyrants are,
Who Fetters for Mankind prepare ;
And whilst they strive to put them on,
Are in the vile attempt undone. 236
* * * * *

¹ "The whole sentence runs thus :—*Tandem gemello partu Martyrio velut quodam expiravit.* In English, thus :—At length she expir'd, as it were, in a sort of Martyrdom, in Child-bed with Twins."—*Original Note.*

- When Princes lawless Power crave,
 And strive their Subjects to enslave ;
 Rule without Equity or Right,
 In Force and Tyranny delight : 244
 Should, as they ought, the Subjects rise,
 To vindicate their Properties ;
- p. 23. And should the Tyrant meet his Fate,
 Can this a Martyr nominate ? 248
 Shall treach'rous Priests ¹ prophane a Word,
 Due to the Faithful in the Lord ?
 And keep a Day to canonize
 A Man that fain wou'd tyrannize. 252
 But in his vain Career was stopt,
 And from his Body his Head was lopt,
 Write on his Tomb, "a Sacrifice
 To lawless Power here buried lyes : " 256
- p. 24. Hence future Kings Example take,
 The Laws your Rule and Guide to make ;
 Martyr to what ? to vile Ambition,
 This brought the Tyrant to Perdition. 260
 Din'd on a Mackarel, and delighted,
 To hear a Story well recited ;
 "In *April* last, towards the End,"
 Begins my Friend, "I chanc'd to spend
 Sunday at *Tenterden* in *Kent*, 264
 And to the Church in Morning went.
 A neighb'ring Priest supply'd the Place,
 With Belly large and ruby Face ; 268
 * * * * *
- Now homeward bound for *Rochester*,
 At five o'clock our Course we steer.
 Some Crosses too this Day befel,
 Which in their Turn I now will tell ; 316
- p. 28. Forc'd half an Hour in Boat to wait,
 Which made our Passage long and late ;
 Plagu'd with a drunken Fellow's chat,
 And worse, with a young crying Brat ; 320
 I could not well my Anger smother,
 But reprimanded thus the Mother :
 "Mistress, I think, I may make bold
 To say, a Child of ten Weeks old, 324
 Is fitter much at home to tarry,"
 Says she, enrag'd, "Then who wou'd marry ?

¹ " *Treacherous Priests*.—A very just and proper Epithet ; for in vindicating Tyrants they basely betray the Cause of Christianity, as well as the Cause of Civil Liberty."—*Original Note*.

- Must I at home for ever dwell ?
 The Child will bear it very well : 328
 Must I all Pleasure quite resign ?
 And still myself at home confine ?
 Not I, in truth ;" she scolds, she raves,
 "You Men would make us Women Slaves." 332
- p. 29. Too late I wish'd I'd held my Peace,
 I thought her Tongue wou'd never cease.
 When I returned to the *Oar*,
 'Twas not so pleasant as before ; 336
 The House with ten Dragoons was cramm'd,
 Who eat and drank, and swore, and damn'd,
 But, what we lik'd, were going to *Dover*,
 To *Flanders* to be carried over ; 340
 There let them fight, and Honour win,
 And mortify the Man of Sin.
 Now homeward bound, next Morn I bend
 My Steps again tow'rds *Gravesend* : 344
 For Breakfast I was well prepar'd,
 Took it, and to the Boat repair'd ;
 And out of sixty had but three,
 But what were pleasant Company : 348
- p. 30. Landed by three at *Billingsgate*,
 Where Oyster-Women scold and prate ;
 Now pardon Tediousness, my Friends,
 Where it began, my Journal ends. 352

Finis.

The Tourist may well crave pardon for "Tediousness." Yet his dullness and loquacity are not his worst faults. He is objectionable all round, like a hedgehog.—J. W. E.

LXXXVIII.

A Tour through Kent.

THE following rambling piece is not devoid of humour, and the misadventure which befell the too-zealous Gauger at Dartford is told with evident enjoyment. Although "Richard Ranger" appears to have been a tolerably acute observer, he had evidently no antiquarian tendencies, and we should have thought it impossible for the most matter-of-fact tourist to have passed the verdict that nothing was seen in Rochester

——— worth minding,
 To grace a tale or ditty.

As happened before, we run some of the short lines together into one.

[From the *Canterbury Journal*, vol. iv., Oct. 8, 1771.]

A Tour through Kent. By a West-country Bartp. An irregular Ode.

THE tenth of May, At break of day, Our *Joe* and I, and zister *Dolly*,
And uncle *George*, and couzen *Polly*,
Down we went, Helter, skelter, Into Kent :
Hurry, Scurry, Down we went.

The road was dusty ; hedges white ; And zuch a cloud Along the road,
You could not zee us out of zight.

My couzen *Poll* And zister *Doll* Rode gallop, heigh, ge, ho !
And uncle *George*, and I and *Joe*, Vull of laughter, Rode vast after :
So we went Hoity, toity, Into *Kent*, Into *Kent* :
Whisky, Vrisky, Down we went.

10

At *Zhooter's*-hill we made an halt, For *Polly's* Zaddle was in vault ;
And *Joe* was dry, And zo was I, But *George* was wonderous testy ;
Then *Dolly* zaid, " As I'm a maid, I'ze travel not zo hasty "—
We call'd a pot Of piping hot, But Couzen wodna taste it ;
Zo *George* and she Had gin and tea, And zister call'd for rattiffee,

But I warrant they didna wast it :

Zo we went, Cherry, merry, Into *Kent*, Into *Kent*,
Winking, blinking, Down we went.

At *Dartford* we heard how a *Gauger* was skeer'd,

20

Who to zearch in a hearse had a vancy ;

Thof the driver did zwear he had only a *Bear*,

That could handle a musquet and dance-y.

Then poor master *Gage* flew outright in a rage,

And zowre like a zailor at *Whapping*,

If the *Mubob* was there, with old *Scratch* and a *Bear*,

He'd zeize every zoul of 'um napping ;

Zo *Whipcord* alighted and open'd the door,

While the *Gauger*, cock-zure of a hundred,

Pop'd into the hearse—*Whipcord* zhut it zecure,

And away with his carriage he thunder'd.

30

A *Greenland* Bear with zaucer eyes Was in the bearse zecreated ;
Gage view'd the monster with zurprize, And dropt a zent most vetid.

He hallo'd aloud, Proteztet and vow'd

If *Whipcord* would open the door

And once set him clear From the paws of the Bear,

He'd ne'er zearch his vehicle more.

But deaf as a stone Old *Whipcord* was grown

To the cries of the woeful Exzise-man ;

Nor did he release Poor *Gage* from disgrace
Till he promis'd to act like a wise-man. 40
Dolly laugh'd at the joke Till her lacing was broke ;
Joe laugh'd till he waundy near split was,
Uncle zhook his vat zide, Couzen laugh'd till she cry'd,
But I conna zee where the wit was.¹
Thus we went, 'Touzy, blouzy, Into *Kent*, Into *Kent*,
Tattle, prattle, Down we went.

At *Rochester* a bridge we past, Zo high no rain can vlood ye,
And underneath a river vflows With rapid stream, and muddy.
A narrow turn, and winding, Leads hence into the Zitty,
Where we zaw naught worth minding To grace a tale or ditty. 50
But when we came to *Chatham*, Zure ! how we wonder'd at 'um !
There was zuch a racket With trouzer and jacket,
With zhipwrights, and blackzmiths, and ropers,
We thought we were got in A place vull of zotting,
'Mongst mariners, mermaids, and topers.
Zo we went, Hurly burley, Thorough *Kent*, Thorough *Kent*,
Vlaring, staring, Thus we went.

Joe zed he never zaw a dock, Zave Varmer *Ploughshear's* villy,
And that the Varrier (being drunk) Cut off amazing zilly.
Zo we agreed, without dispute, That *Joe* zhud zee the dock-head, 60
And when he view'd the wond'rous zight, He gap'd like any block-head.
A zhip there was of hugey zize, Upon the stocks a building,
As bigger than a country barn As elephant than gelding.
They zhow'd us cannons zmall and great, With grape-zhot, bombs, and mortars,
And zed that these were made to kill The heathen Jews and Tartars.
Joe thought it was a burning shame, With those destructive things,
To murder *Martyrs*, *Turks*, and *Jews*, And all to pleasure Kings.
Here was hemp in zuch stores (They zed, beaten by)
As would vurnish out plenty of halters,
To hang in *terrorem* Great villains, and *Quorum*, Are — and public Defaulters.
Zo we went, Prying, spying, Thorough *Kent*, Thorough *Kent*,
Wond'ring, blund'ring, Thus we went. 72

RICHARD RANGER.

¹ For fear any modern reader should be in the same predicament, let it be here mentioned that "Mr. *Gage*, the Exciseman" was a favourite allusion (his name being borrowed from his vocation) to an amorous busybody. A popular comic song, now forgotten, told of his discomfiture when loving fancies interfered with his professional instinct. It begins, "Oh ! Cupid has enough to do, Between low folk and high folk," and while fulfilling the promise, "I'll tell you how he touch'd the heart of Muster *Gage* the Exciseman," it runs to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me." It was often printed, e.g. in *The Melodist*, 1829, p. 97, with an illustration. — J. W. E.

LXXXIX.

A Song for Kent.¹

By Henry Gardiner Adams.

PLEASANT are the hills of *Surrey*, pleasant are her gliding streams;
Sussex hath historic memories, glorious as sunset gleams;
 But to thee, my native county, fondly, gladly, do I turn,
 And with breathing thoughts would crown thee, uttered in the words that burn.

Proudly dost thou stand, my county, beating back the foaming brine,
 Rise thy chalky cliffs like ramparts, strength and beauty both are thine;
 Stately oaks are in thy woodlands, bright flowers spring their roots among,
 And thy maids as these are lovely, and thy men as those are strong. 8

Oh! thy soil is very fruitful, thick thy valleys stand with corn,
 Orchards rich, and cultured gardens, all thy length and breadth adorn;
 Herds are in thy grassy meadows, on thy hills the white flocks feed:
 Thou dost give of food abundance, to supply man's every need. 12

Thou hast old ancestral mansions, girt with trees of mighty bole;
 Thou hast parks where deer are trooping, streams where glide the finny shoal;
 Thou hast many a stately ruin, rich with relics of the past,
 Many an ivied tower and steeple, where the grey owl sitteth fast. 16

¹ We conclude our *Kentish-Tour Group* with "*A Song for Kent*," enumerating the many excellences of the grand old county which never failed a friend nor feared a foe, proceeding from the pen of Mr. H. G. Adams, a native of the soil he celebrates; many of our readers will remember the *Kentish Coronal* he edited, and which contained some excellent papers. The *Song for Kent* appeared on a slip, in stanzas of eight lines. We have taken the liberty of running two lines into one, as the original division appears to have been owing to the claims of space; its "swing" in its present form resembling Bennett's *Pleasant Fields of Kent*. The alteration may be justified by the example of hymnal editors, who generally sin in the opposite direction—dividing one long line into two short lines. Unfortunately, they take still greater freedoms with their text, often perverting its meaning and ruining its metre.

Thou hast harbours safe, and roadsteads wherein fleets may safely ride,
And a river broad which floweth inland far with briny tide ;
And cathedral fanes majestic, monuments of human skill,
And dismantled piles monastic, where the beating heart grows still. 20

Thou hast monuments *Druidic*, huge grey piles that mock at time,
Records of the *Dane* and *Saxon*, theme of many a *Runic* rhyme ;
Norman William's keeps are frowning grimly on thy sons of toil,
And the tread of *Roman* legions is imprinted on the soil. 24

Thou hast worn the yoke, yet conquered even those who conquered thee,
With thy sturdy, stern endurance, and the will that would be free ;
Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, singly with the past are blent,
All that's worthiest of either we behold in "Men of *Kent* !" 28

'Twas of Christ and His salvation, first to thee the tidings came,
On thy hills the Cross was lifted, to the land a beacon flame—
Warning, guiding unto safety, teaching sinners where to fly :
Better this than deeds of prowess, *Kent*, thy name to glorify. 32

County of the old INVICTA, "Civilest place of all this Isle,"
Home of learning and of genius, "Land of *Cantii*" called erewhile ;
Bards and sages out of number have thy praises said and sung,
Till in earth's remotest corners thy great name hath loudly rung. 36

I have wandered in thy meadows, plucking daisies when a child,
Played beneath thy cliffs, and listed to thy ocean music wild ;
I have lingered in thy woodlands, on thy breezy uplands walked,
And amid thy halls and ruins with the past and echo talked. 40

Whatsoe'er of mental stature, whatsoe'er of strength of frame,
I possess,—all earthly blessings, under God, from thee they came ;
'Tis a *Kentish* maiden goeth hand in hand with me through life :
Never gave another county truer, or more faithful wife. 44

Kentish-born are my dear children, I would have them *Kentish*-bred,
Wiser, better than their father, each with sounder heart and head ;
In the *Kentish* soil are sleeping many loved ones passed away,
And in one of her green church-yards I would rest with kindred clay. 48



Kentish Cricket Group.

NO words of apology, and but few of introduction, are needed for placing a group of songs in praise of Kentish Cricket before an Englishman. High and low, rich and poor, alike rejoice in our national pastime, and wherever abroad the Union Jack is planted, Cricket follows as a matter of course. During the eighteenth century the Kentish lads seized bat and ball with the same avidity, and plied them with the same skill, that their ancestors had displayed with bow and blade; and, at news of a good neighbouring match, corn and hay were forsaken for the delights of the cricket field. Some enthusiasts even laid violent hands on D'Urfey's song, and made it praise

"The hops, the beer, the *Cricket* here."

Greatly do we regret our inability to obtain the words of an erst famous ditty, relating how

Each good old *Kentish* farmer
Had a good old *Kentish* grin
Upon his jolly countenance
When the brothers *May* went in.

After attaining great distinction in the noble game, Kent declined from its high estate. Of late, thanks to the energy of Lord Harris, it is gradually winning back its old fame, and under his able leadership it has gained laurels

In lands where bright blossoms are scentless,
And songless bright birds;
Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
Insatiable Summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
And faint flocks and herds.

(A. L. Gordon's *Bush Ballads*, &c.)

Shame it was that some roughs and rowdies should have blotted the colonial reputation for hospitality and warm welcome to strangers, celebrated (together with the charms of "The

ladies of Sydney and girls of Belmaine") in many a rude "Blackwall" stave. If we have "American cousins," surely our other kinsmen over the water are even nearer and dearer to us all, while "Advance, Australia," is the wish of every Englishman. In our present Group we purposely omit John Duncombe's *Surrey Triumphant, or, the Kentishman's Defeat. A new Ballad, being a Parody on Chevy Chase*, written on the unfortunate result of the match for £2000 (which seems to have been distinguished for the bad play on both sides) by the County of Surrey against the County of Kent. We do not pass it because of its subject, but its length (260 lines, or with the additional stanzas 268), and the frequency with which it has been reprinted; since its original publication in 4to. 1773, it has appeared in Nichols' *Select Collection of Poems*, (viii. 45) 1782; Evans' *Old Ballads*, 1784 (iv. 323-335); and Freeman's *Kentish Poets*, 1821 (vol. ii. pp. 364-373). The last-named work we heartily commend to our readers, if only for the enjoyment to be derived from Duncombe's capital parody *An Evening Contemplation in a College* ["The curfew tolls the hour of closing gates"]. Moreover, "Surrey Triumphant" belongs properly to a *Surrey Garland*. It thus began:—

God prosper long our harvest-work,
Our rakes and hay-carts all !
An ill-tim'd Cricket-match there did
At *Bishopsbourne* befall.



XC.

The Noble Game of Cricket.

WE here meet what professes to be the first song written in praise of the national game, which (according to a recent writer) forms, together with horse-racing, a constituent part of English civilization. The Duke of Dorset and Sir Horace Mann were active patrons of the sport from its first appearance, and the latter was instrumental in drawing up the earliest code of rules for the game, while Miller, Lumpey, White, and May, are names constantly recurring in the Cricket chronicles of the period. The following was reprinted in *The Songs of the Chase*, 1811, p. 39. It is to the favourite tune of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

["*Kentish Songster*," p. xxii., 3rd Ed., Canterbury, 1784. 12mo.]

The Noble Game of Cricket.

Written in consequence of a Match between *Hampshire* and *Kent*,
August 19, 1772, which was decided in favour of the latter.

ATTEND all ye Muses, and join to rehearse
 An *Old English* sport never prais'd yet in verse,
 'Tis Cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,
 No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.
 Derry Down, &c. 5

Great *Pindar* has bragg'd of his heroes of old,
 Some were swift in the race, some in battle were bold,
 The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd,
 Hark ! they shout ! and *Olympia* returns the glad sound. 10

What boasting of *Castor*, and *Pollux* his brother,
 The one fam'd for riding, for bruising the other ;
 Their lustre's eclips'd by the lads in the field,
 To *Minshall* and *Miller* those brothers must yield. 15

Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and tossing,
 And bowling and striking, and running and crossing ;
 Each mate must excel in some principal part,
 The *Pentathlon* of *Greece* could not show so much art.¹ 20

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
 Fam'd *Elis* ne'er boasted so pleasing a sight,
 Each nymph looks askew at her favourite swain,
 And views him half stripp'd, both with pleasure and pain. 25

The wickets are pitch'd now, and measur'd the ground,
 Then they form a large ring, and stand gazing around ;
 Since *Ajax* fought *Hector*, in sight of all *Troy*,
 No contest was seen with such fear and such joy. 30

Ye Bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend,
 On you the whole fate of the game must depend ;
 Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all your strength,
 But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length. 35

Ye Strikers observe when the foe shall draw nigh,
 Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eye :
 Your skill all depends upon distance and sight,
 Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright. 40

¹ To Πένταθλον, the exercise consisting of Five Games.

Ye Fields-men look sharp, lest your pains ye beguile ;
Move close, like an army, in rank and in file ;
When the ball is return'd, back it sure, for I trow
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow. 45

The sport is now o'er, *Io* victory rings,
Echo doubles the chorus, and *Fame* spreads her wings ;
Let us now hail our champions, all steady and true,
Such as *Homer* ne'er sung of, nor *Pindar* e'er knew. 50

Minshall, *Miller*, and *Parmore*, with *Lumpey* and *May*,
Fresh laurels have gained by their conquest to-day ;
Wood, *Pattenden*, *Simmons*, with *Fuggles* and *White*,
With *Boreman* we'll join, and we'll toast them all night. 55

With heroes like these, even *Hampshire* we'll drub,
And bring down the pride of the *Hambleton* club ;¹
The *Duke*,² with *Sir Horace*,³ are men of true merit,
And nobly support such brave fellows with spirit. 60

Then fill up the glass, he's the best who drinks most,
The *Duke* and *Sir Horace* in bumpers we'll toast ;
Let us join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,
And sing in full chorus the Patrons of Cricket. 65

And when the game's o'er, and our fate shall draw nigh,
(For the heroes of Cricket, like others, must die ;)
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vex,
And give up our wickets to those that come next.
Derry Down, &c. 70

¹ Windmill Hill, at Hambleton, Hants, was famed for being the principal resort of the choice players of Hants, Surrey, and Sussex, and the Hambleton Club remained for many years famed for its skill at the 'Noble Game.' While on the topic of the hospitable county of Hampshire, we pause to correct an error we made in *The Wizard* on the subject of "Elv'tham's shows"; the name occurring in a poem devoted to Kent, we concluded it was a mistake for the renowned palace of Eltham, but have since discovered the reference is to the splendid entertainment and pageant presented by the Earl of Hertford to Good Queen Bess at Elvetham, Hampshire, in 1591. The festival lasted for three days, and was of the most magnificent description; an excellent account of the masques and rejoicings, and the verses in which her Majesty's departure on the fourth morning was bewailed by Neptune, Sylvanus, the Fairy Queen, and all the tritons, mermaids, fawns, satyrs, and other inhabitants of the deep and woods there assembled, is given in *Moody's Antiquarian and Topographical Sketches of Hampshire*, 1846, pp. 137-140. (The error, p. 300, was mine.— J. W. E.)

² Of Dorset.

³ Mann; we suppose this to be the correspondent of Horace Walpole.

XCI.

The Kentish Cricketers.

THE Rev. John Duncombe, in chronicling the defeat Kent sustained from Surrey, records how a brother cleric, Dr. John Fowell, rector of Bishopsbourn and Barham—undaunted at the county defeat, declares that

Yet *Surrey*-men shall never say,
But *Kent* return will make,
And catch or bowl them out at length,
For her lieutenant's sake. 248

Duncombe hoped this would be performed

Next year on *Laleham* down ; 250

but before even that short space of time he was able to add to his poem the exulting lines (unaccountably omitted by Freeman, but given by Thomas Evans in place of the two stanzas with which the original copy concluded).

This vow full well did *Kent* perform,
After, on *Sevenoak Vine* ;
With six not in, the game was won,
Though *White* got fifty-nine.
For *Miller*, *Wood*, and *Dorset* then,
Display'd their wonted skill ;
Thus ended the fam'd match of *Bourn*,
Won by Earl *Tankerville*.

We have been unable to obtain a complete copy of the following poem: *The Kentish Cricketers*, a *Poem by a Gentleman, with a Reply to the Parody of Chevy-Chase*. It originally appeared at Canterbury, "price one shilling," in 1773.

Note.—This Stephens, *alias* "Lumpey," was a Surrey cricketer, reputed to be the best Bowler in England. Sevenoak Vine, where the contest was held, belonged to the Duke of Dorset, so often mentioned as "his Grace."—J. W. E.

[From the *Canterbury Journal*, Sept. 21 to 28, 1773.]

The Kentish Cricketers.

A Poem.

IN *July* last, at *Bishopsborne*,
 Before the golden shocks of corn
 Were rear'd by the laborious hind,
 To ease the anxious farmer's mind, 4
 The matchless Cricketers were seen
 In milk-white vestments tread the green ;
 Where the smooth grass was laid compleat,
 Before Sir *Horace Mann's* retreat ; 8
 Where the sweet lawn, with shady trees
 Encompass'd round—Sensations please !
 The rural prospect of the grove,
 Nature so kindly made for love— 12
 The tow'ring hill, and neighb'ring vale,
 The gliding stream of the canal.

From distant counties many came
 To see the *Herculean* game : 16
 Nobles, Squires, Captains view,
 Physicians, Lawyers, Rectors too ;
 Flying with haste the sport to see,
 Which Rustics term their Jubilee. 20

Viewing the shelter'd, shady tent,
 I spy'd the pleasing MAID of *KENT*,
 In whom the mental beauties shine,
 And candour speaks her all divine ; 24
 External beauties seem to me
 Like blossoms with'ring on the tree.

Lumpey appears, whose steady eye
 And nervous arm makes wickets fly, 28
 Call for the *Kentish Men* to play :
 For *Miller, Simmons, Louch, and May*.

Fortune the power to <i>Surry</i> gave, The ground to chuse they'd wish to have ; Far from the usual place of play, They pitch'd the wickets for the day ; Tho' reason urg'd her plaintive song, To prove the <i>Surry</i> sportsmen wrong.	32
And now, kind Truth, thou candid maid, Oh, give me thy descriptive aid ! Teach not my genius to disgrace The noble song of <i>Chevy Chase</i> ; But let my steps thy paths pursue, And give to merit all her due. . . .	36
And now the Umpires take their stand, To aid decision's timid hand, And underneath the shady tree The Scorer's fix'd the Runs to see.	40
<i>Palmer</i> , a skilful <i>Surry</i> man, With genteel <i>Stone</i> , the Game began : Long did they hit, when <i>Stone</i> grew pale To see his Grace ¹ dislodge the bale— And soon was heard a general shout, For <i>Davis</i> had caught <i>Palmer</i> out ; The Whole of <i>Surry's</i> skilful 'leven Were out for notches Seventy-seven.	44
But when the <i>Kentish Men</i> went in, Reason confess'd they could not win ; For honest <i>Lumpey</i> did allow He could not pitch but o'er a brow : And <i>Kentish</i> sportsmen said that they Deep in a Hole could never play. So <i>Surry</i> did the victory gain, By <i>Lumpey</i> , Fortune, Art, and Rain.	52
His Grace convinc'd, on level ground, No <i>Surry</i> sportsman could be found To triumph o'er the Sons of <i>Kent</i> , Bravely another challenge sent,	56
	60
	64

¹ The Duke of Dorset.

To play them still the matchless game,
And once more seek the lists of fame. 68

The *Surry* Heroes, who remain'd
Flush'd with the conquest they had gain'd,
And doubting not, but fortune still
Would pitch the wickets to their will, 72
Refus'd the challenge to decline,
And dar'd to meet them at the *Vine* ;

But when the approaching time grew near,
Each gallant man shew'd signs of fear : 76
So the fam'd heroes of renown,
Before the attempt to storm the town,
Turn pale, and almost quarter crave,
Till action proves the warriors brave. 80

And now the parties take the field,
Eager to make each other yield.
But, Oh, dire omen ! *Surry* found
Fortune gave *Kent* the choice of ground, 84
And *Simmons* sallied forth to pace
The level turf, the fairest place ;
Candour, the *Kentish* Sportsman taught
To pitch the wickets as he ought. 88

The Heroes stripp'd, for play prepare ;
Victorious fame's their anxious care ;
Conscious the match must sure decide
'Twixt *Kent* and *Surry's* manly pride. 92
The game for some time even ran,
And ev'ry art of skilful man—
As Bowling, Batting, Catching, Running,
Throwing, Stopping,—County cunning,— 96
Were us'd by all the *Surry* train
The glorious victory to gain.

Now *Miller* shew'd his genuine skill,
By hitting *Lumpey's* balls at will, 100
Who, sore fatigu'd, could hold no longer,
But sought a Bowler somewhat stronger :

- One who by practice was enur'd
 To that dear Virtue—*Job* endur'd— 104
 And *White* was he—Predictive fate
 Pronounc'd that Patience was too late!
 For *White* declar'd, with features sad,
 "Whene'er he bowl'd the game was bad." 108
 Prediction prov'd his words were true,
 For soon his brethren's courage flew,
 And sought no more the sporting plain,
 Where long they bowl'd, but bowl'd in vain. 112
Miller determin'd not to quit
 His Bat, while he had strength to hit,
 Vow'd that no *Surry's* skilful Son
 Should put him out, till He had won 116
 The noble Match—and prove, with ease,
 That *Kent* can conquer if they please.
 Soon did proud *Surrey's* short-liv'd fame
 Strike to the Victors of the game, 120
 Who with huzzas did pierce the sky,
 In shouting, "*Kent* and Victory!"
 "*Surry* to *Kent* must ever yield,"
 Were loudly echo'd thro' the field. 124
 The vanquish'd sportsmen now retreat,
 And lay the laurel at the feet
 Of *Kentish* Cricketers; who gain
 Immortal credit on the plain, 128
 Whene'er they play the matchless game,
 Which gives them Triumph, Honour, Fame.
- Ye manly, skilful sons of *Kent*,
 Who seek diversions and content; 132
 Say! What delight can fill the breast,
 Where innocence lives confest?
 Your noble exercise will stand
 The First amusement in the land. 136
 While *KENTISH* CRICKETERS of fame
 Immortalize their conquering name!

XCII.

[From the *Canterbury Journal*, May 7 to 14, 1776.]**The Jobial Cricketers.¹**TUNE, *Come, chear up, my lads, &c.*

COME, fill up the glass, ye gay sons of the plain,
 Let *Comus* and *Bacchus* unite in the strain ;
 Now jocund we've play'd, shall loud echo repeat
 That *Cricket's* the game for the low and the great.
Full of play are our youth, full of glee is our game,
We ever are merry, merry, boys, merry,
We beat, and are beat, unambitious for fame. 7

Should the contest be warm, perhaps *Chloe* is nigh,
 And our spirits are rais'd by the beams of her eye ;
 We feel the warm impulse ; ye deities say,
 Could you feel it, and not condescend to our play ?
Full of play are our youth, &c. 14

Had *Homer*, or *Horace*, or *Virgil* but seen
 This best of diversions, the pride of the green,
 To this famous game they'd have tun'd all their lays,
 And sung little else but the Cricketers praise.
Full of play are our youth, &c. 21

Ye bucks and ye bloods, from the field now return'd,
 Come taste of the liquor so playfully earn'd ;
 I'll give you a toast : May each Cricketer's name,
 For honour stand high in the annals of fame.
Full of play are our youth, full of glee is our game,
We ever are merry, merry, boys, merry,
We beat, and are beat, unambitious for fame. 28

¹ This cricketing song was evidently written by an ardent admirer of the "Noble Game," and its line telling how "We beat and are beat," has met with many an illustration in the ups and downs of county cricket.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Nov. 20 to 23, 1782.]**The Cricketers. A Catch.¹**

The Words by Mr. Burnby. And set to Musick by Mr. Porter.

SEE the Cricketers of <i>Kent</i> , All in white, With delight, Play before the shady Tent.	4
Mind the Bowler in the vale ; Pitch'd with strength, There's a length, Mark the shiv'rings of the Bale.	8
Now the Batsman stands compleat, Sends the Ball Over all, Scores six Notches for the feat.	12
Eager now to gain the prize, Mounted high, Just a tie, Heaves the Captive to the skies.	16
There the Wicket-Keeper stands, See his Eye, See him fly, The leathern Globe's between his hands.	20
Look ! the Bowler's taking aim ; Now he's out, Hark, they shout ! Closed is th' athletic Game.	24

CHORUS.

*Then of Cricket, of Cricket, we'll chearfully sing ;
For a Game of such Innocence, pleasure must bring.*

¹ The great cricket match of June 27th and 28th, 1780, between the Duke of Dorset's Eleven and that of Sir Horace Mann, for 500 guineas, which was won by the latter by seven wickets, was becomingly celebrated on its hundredth anniversary at Sevenoaks, in 1880, by teams chosen by Earl Amherst and Lord Stanhope. The game took place on the historic Vine ground, and was won by the Amherst twelve by five runs on the first innings. An account of the two games appeared in the *Standard* of June 27th, 1880.

Kentish Hop Group.

THE "Kentish vine" forms an important part in the weaving of a Kentish Garland, and the fragrance of a Hop Garden is pleasant to all save those who would "make it felony to drink small beer." We open our present Group with copious extracts from the *Hop Garden* of poor Christopher Smart, whose career was well nigh as chequered as that of the Kentish Cavalier poet, Lovelace. Considered to be the wit and laureate of Cambridge, and equally eminent for his classical attainments, poetical powers, and social qualities, his company was eagerly sought, and he possessed the gift of securing the friendship of characters the most opposite to his own; the rugged Dr. Johnson speaking with affection of the poor, reckless, thriftless poet. As in the case of many an abler man, his convivial qualities contributed largely to his ruin. "Indolent, profuse, and drunken," Freeman harshly terms him; forgetting the loveable qualities there must have been in the man whose company, we are told by Dr. Hawkesworth, "as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius," was not considered less desirable after undergoing the miseries of poverty and insanity. He died at the early age of forty-nine, on May 21st, 1771, and his native county, shedding a compassionate tear for his failings, may yet look on him with a saddened pride. *The Hop Garden* first appeared in Smart's *Poems on Several Occasions* in 1752, dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, "not as a writer, or as a scholar," but as "a man of Kent." It has since been reprinted, incorrectly, in Anderson's *Poets of Great Britain* (1793, xi. 144), and Freeman's *Kentish Poets*, 1821 (ii. 279). Dr. Anderson took it upon himself to censure the poem for "roughness and want of dignity in the blank verse, and the want of previous information in the art of which he treats," though admitting it to contain "a great many truly poetical strokes," and "whole pages that abound with beauty." Kentish readers will pass over these blemishes for the sake of the love and pride for the county shown in every line. Mr. Ebsworth, as usual, collates the text with the earliest edition.

The Hop Garden.

A Georgic. In Two Books.

“Me quoque Parnassi per lubrica culmina raptat
 Laudis amor : studium sequor insanabile vatis,
 Ausus non operam, non formidare poetæ
 Nomen, adoratum quondam, nunc pæne procaci
 Monstratum digito.”—*Van. Præd. Rust.*

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE land that answers best the farmer's care,
 And silvers to maturity the Hop ;
 When to inhume the plants, to turn the glebe,
 And wed the tendrils to th' aspiring poles ; 4
 Under what sign to pluck the crop, and how
 To cure, and in capacious sacks infold,
 I teach in verse *Miltonian*. Smile the Muse,
 And meditate an honour to that land 8
 Where first I breath'd, and struggled into life,
 Impatient, *Cantium*, to be call'd thy son.
 Oh ! could I emulate Dan *Sydney's* Muse,
 Thy *Sydney*, *Cantium*—he from court retir'd, 12
 In *Penshurst's* sweet *Elysium* sung delight,
 Sung transport to the soft responding streams
 Of *Medway*, and enliven'd all her groves ;
 While ever near him, goddess of the green, 16
 Fair *Pembroke*¹ sat, and smil'd immense applause.
 With vocal fascination charm'd the Hours ;²
 Unguarded lest Heav'n's adamant gate,
 And to his lyre, swift as the winged sounds 20
 That skim the air, danc'd unperceiv'd away.
 Had I such pow'r, no peasant's toil, no hops
 Should e'er debase my lay ; far nobler themes,
 The high atchievements of thy warrior kings, 24
 Should raise my thoughts, and dignify my song.
 But I, young rustic, dare not leave my cot,
 For so enlarg'd a sphere—ah ! muse beware,
 Lest the loud 'larums of the braving trump, 28
 Lest the deep drum should drown thy tender reed,
 And mar its puny joints : me, lowly swain,

¹ “Sister to Sir Philip Sydney.”—*Original note.*

² Ἀντόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, ἅς ἔχον ἄραι. —HOM. *Iliados*, v. 749.

Every unshaven arboret, me the lawns,	
Me ¹ the voluminous <i>Medway's</i> silver wave,	32
Content inglorious, and the hopland shades !	
Yeomen and countrymen, attend my song,	
Whether you shiver in the marshy <i>Weald</i> , ²	
Egregious shepherds of unnumber'd flocks,	36
Whose fleeces, poison'd into purple, deck	
All <i>Europe's</i> kings ; or in fair <i>Madum's</i> ³ vale	
Imparadis'd, blest denizens ! ye dwell ;	
Or <i>Dorovernia's</i> ⁴ awful tow'rs ye love ;	40
Or plough <i>Tunbridgia's</i> saluiferous hills	
Industrious, and, with draughts chalybate heal'd,	
Confess divine <i>Hygia's</i> blissful seat ;	
The Muse demands your presence, ere she tune	44
Her monitory voice ; observe her well,	
And catch the wholesome dictates as they fall.	

The best situation for a hop-ground is then described, followed by a long but very beautiful eulogy on Bexley Hill and Kentish scenery (lines 88-129) :

Yon craggy mountain, ⁵ whose fastidious head	
Divides the star-set hemisphere above,	
And <i>Cantium's</i> plains beneath ; the <i>Appennine</i>	
Of a free <i>Italy</i> , whose chalky sides	
With verdant shrubs dissimilarly gay,	92
Still captivate the eye, while at his feet	
The silver <i>Medway</i> glides, and in her breast	
Views the reflected landskip, charm'd she views,	
And murmurs louder ecstasy below.	96
Here let us rest a while, pleas'd to behold	
Th' all beautiful horizon's wide expanse,	
Far as the eagles' ken. Here tow'ring spires	
First catch the eye, and turn the thoughts to heav'n.	100
The lofty elms in humble majesty	
Bend with the breeze to shade the solemn groves,	
And spread an holy darkness ; <i>Ceres</i> there	
Shines in her golden vesture. Here the meads,	104
Enrich'd by <i>Flora's</i> dedal hand, with pride	
Expose their spotted verdure. Nor are you,	
<i>Pomona</i> , absent ; you 'midst th' hoary leaves,	
Swell the vermilion cherry ; and on yon trees	108

¹ "Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.—*Virg. Georg.*" ii. 485-6.—*Orig. Note.*

² "Commonly, but improperly, termed 'the Wild.'"—*Original Note.*

³ Maidstone.—*Original Note.* ⁴ Canterbury.—*Original Note.*

⁵ "Bexley Hill, which extends through great part of Kent."—*Original Note.*

Suspend the pippin's palatable gold.
 There old *Sylvanus*, in that moss-grown cot,
 Dwells with his wood-nymphs : they with chaplets green,
 And russet mantles oft bedight, aloft 112
 From yon bent oaks, in *Medway's* bosom fair,
 Wonder at silver bleak, and prickly pearch,
 That swiftly through their floating forests glide.
 Yet not even these—these ever-varied scenes 116
 Of wealth and pleasure can engage my eyes
 T' o'erlook the lowly hawthorn, if from thence
 The thrush, sweet warbler, chants th' unstudied lays,
 Which *Phæbus*' self, vaulting from yonder cloud 120
 Refulgent, with enliv'ning ray inspires.
 But neither tow'ring spires, nor lofty elms,
 Nor golden *Ceres*, nor the meadows green,
 Nor orchards, nor the russet-mantled nymphs, 124
 Which to the murmurs of the *Medway* dance,
 Nor sweetly warbling thrush, with half these charms
 Attract my eyes, as yonder hop-land close ;
 Joint work of art and nature, which reminds
 The Muse, and to her theme the wand'rer calls. 128

This leads to the preparation of the soil and selection of the plants, and a burst of patriotism :

to *Kent* direct thy way,
 Where no one shall be frustrated that seeks
 Ought that is great or good. Hail, *Cantium*, hail, 156
 Illustrious parent of the finest fruits !
 Illustrious parent of the best of men !
 For thee, Antiquity's thrice sacred springs,
 Placidly stagnant at their fountain-head, 160
 I rashly dare to trouble (if from thence
 I ought for thy utility can drain),
 And in thy towns adopt th' *Ascrean* Muse.
 Hail, heroes ! hail, invaluable gems ! . . . 164
 Fav'rites of Heav'n ! to whom the general doom
 Is all remitted, who alone possess
 Of *Adam's* sons, fair *Eden*—rest ye here 172
 Nor seek an earthly good above the hop ;
 A good, untasted by your ancient kings,
 And almost to your very sires unknown.
 In those blest days, when great *Elisa* reign'd 176
 O'er the adoring nation, when fair peace
 O'er-spread an unstain'd olive round the land,
 Or laurell'd war did teach our winged fleets
 To lord it o'er the world ; when our brave sires 180
 Drank valour from uncauponated beer ;

Then th' hop (before an interdicted plant,
Shun'd like fell aconite,) began to hang
Its folded floscles from the golden vine, 184
And bloom'd a shade to *Cantium's* sunny shores
Delightsome, and in cheerful goblets laught
Potent, what time *Aquarius'* urn impends
To kill the dulsome day—potent to quench 188
The *Syrian* ardour, and autumnal ills
To heal with mild potations ; sweeter far
Than those which erst the subtle *Hengist* mix'd
T' intrhal voluptuous *Vortigern*. . . . 192

The tale of Hengist, Vortigern, and Rowena, occupies till the 254th line, when advice how “to plant, to dig, to dung, to weed,” follows ; which is succeeded by bombastic lines on the ever-favourite county topic—the meeting with the Conqueror. To them we may apply Professor Reed's criticism on Falconbridge's concluding speech in *King John* :—“It is in a high spirit of that national self-confidence which, though it may degenerate into national vanity, or swell into intolerable national pride, is part of the power which makes a people unconquerable.”—(*Lectures on English Poetry.—The Reign of King John*, p. 78.)

Now are our lab'rouns crown'd with their reward,
Now bloom the florid Hops, and in the stream
Shine in their floating silver, while above 348
Th' embowering branches culminate, and form
A walk impervious to the sun ; the poles
In comely order stand ; and while you cleave
With the small skiff the *Medway's* lucid wave, 352
In comely order still their ranks preserve,
And seem to march along th' extensive plain.

In neat arrangement thus the men of *Kent*,
With native oak at once adorn'd and arm'd, 356
Intrepid march'd ; for well they knew the cries
Of dying Liberty, and *Astræa's* voice,
Who, as she fled, to echoing woods complain'd
Of tyranny, and *William* : like a god, 360
Refulgent stood the Conqueror, on his troops
He sent his looks enliv'ning as the sun's,
But on his foes frown'd agony, frown'd death.
On his left side, in bright emblazonry, 364
His falchion burn'd ; forth from his sevenfold shield
A basilisk shot adamant ; his brow
Wore clouds of fury ! on that, with plumage crown'd
Of various hue, sat a tremendous cone : 368
Thus sits high-canopied above the clouds,

Terrific beauty of nocturnal skies,
 Northern *Aurora* ; ¹ she through th' azure air
 Shoots, shoots her trem'lous rays in painted streaks 372
 Continual, while, waving to the wind,
 O'er night's dark veil her lucid tresses flow.
 The trav'ller views th' unseasonable day
 Astound, the proud bend lowly to the earth, 376
 The pious matrons tremble for the world.
 But what can daunt th' insuperable souls
 Of *Canium's* matchless sons ! On they proceed,
 All innocent of fear ; each face express'd 380
 Contemptuous admiration, while they view'd
 The well-fed brigades of embroider'd slaves
 That drew the sword for gain. First of the van,
 With an enormous bough, a shepherd swain 384
 Whistled with rustic notes, but such as show'd
 A heart magnanimous ; The men of *Kent*
 Follow the tuneful swain, while o'er their heads
 The green leaves whisper, and the big boughs bend. 388
 'Twas thus the *Thracian*, whose all-quick'ning lyre
 The floods inspir'd, and taught the rocks to feel,
 Play'd before dancing *Hæmus*, to the tune,
 The lute's soft tune ! The flutt'ring branches wave, 392
 The rocks enjoy it, and the rivulets hear,
 The hillocks skip, emerge the humble vales,
 And all the mighty mountains nod applause ;
 The Conqueror view'd them, and as one that sees 396
 The vast abrupt of *Scylla*, or as one
 That from th' oblivious *Lethæan* streams
 Has drank eternal apathy, he stood.
 His host an universal panic seiz'd, 400
 Prodigious, inopine ; their armour shook,
 And clatter'd to the trembling of their limbs ;
 Some to the walking wilderness 'gan run
 Confus'd, and in th' inhospitable shade 404
 For shelter sought.—Wretches ! they shelter find,
 Eternal shelter in the arms of death.
 Thus when *Aquarius* pours out all his urn
 Down on some lonesome heath, the traveller, 408
 That wanders o'er the wintry waste, accepts
 The invitation of some spreading beech,
 Joyous ; but soon the treach'rous gloom betrays
 Th' unwary visitor, while on his head 412
 Th' enlarging drops in double show'rs descend.

¹ "*Aurora Borealis*, or lights in the air, a phenomenon which of late years has been very frequent here, and in all the more northern countries."—*Or. Note.*

And now no longer in disguise, the men
 Of *Kent* appear ; down they all drop their boughs,
 And shine in brazen panoply divine. 416
 Enough—Great *William* (for full well he knew
 How vain would be the contest,) to the sons
 Of glorious *Cantium* gave their lives, and laws,
 And liberties secure, and to the prowess 420
 Of *Kentish* wights, like *Cæsar*, deign'd to yield.
Cæsar and *William* ! hail, immortal worthies,
 Illustrious vanquish'd ! *Cantium*, if to them,
 Posterity, with all her chiefs unborn, 424
 Ought similar, ought second has to boast,
 Once more (so prophesies the Muse,) thy sons
 Shall triumph, emulous of their sires : till then
 With olive, and with Hop-land garlands crown'd, 428
 O'er all the land reign Plenty, reign fair Peace.

Book II. treats of the operations proper to the hop-picking season ; the rise and progress of a storm is described with considerable spirit ; the various processes through which the hops pass are described, and the planter is warned against the factor ; the hop-poles are safely stacked, and the poem concludes thus :—

And now, ye rivals of the Hop-land state,
Madum and *Dorovernia* now rejoice, 672
 How great amid such rivals to excel !
 Let *Grenovicum*¹ boast (for boast she may),
 The birth of great *Eliza*.—Hail, my queen !
 And yet I'll call thee by a dearer name, 676
 My countrywoman, hail ! Thy worth alone
 Gives fame to worlds, and makes whole ages glorious !
 Let *Sevenoaks* vaunt the hospitable seat
 Of *Knoll*² most ancient ; awfully my Muse, 680
 These social scenes of grandeur and delight,
 Of love and veneration, let me tread.
 How oft beneath yon oak has amorous *Prior*
 Awaken'd echo with sweet *Chloe's* name ! 684
 While noble *Sackville* heard, hearing approv'd,
 Approving, greatly recompens'd. But he,
 Alas ! is number'd with th' illustrious dead,
 And orphan merit has no guardian now ! 688
 Next *Shippourne*, though her precincts are confin'd
 To narrow limits, yet can show a train
 Of village beauties, pastorally sweet,

¹ "Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was born."—*Original Note.*

² "The seat of the Duke of Dorset."—*Original Note.*

And rurally magnificent. Here <i>Fairlawn</i> ¹	692
Opes her delightful prospect ; dear <i>Fairlawn</i> !—	
There, where at once at variance and agreed,	
Nature and art hold dalliance. There, where rills	
Kiss the green drooping herbage ; there, where trees,	696
The tall trees tremble at th' approach of heav'n,	
And bow their salutation to the sun,	
Who fosters all their foliage—these are thine ;	
Yes, little <i>Shipbourne</i> , boast that these are thine :	700
And if—but oh !—and if 'tis no disgrace,	
The birth of him who now records thy praise.	
Nor shalt thou, <i>Mercworth</i> , remain unsung,	
Where noble <i>Westmoreland</i> , his country's friend,	704
Bids <i>British</i> greatness love the silent shade,	
While piles superb in classic elegance	
Arise, and all is <i>Roman</i> , like his heart.	
Nor <i>Chatham</i> , though it is not thine to show	708
The lofty forest, or the verdant lawns,	
Yet niggard silence shall not grudge thee praise.	
The lofty forest, by thy sons prepar'd,	
Becomes the warlike navy, braves the floods,	712
And gives <i>Sylvanus</i> empire in the main.	
Oh that <i>Britannia</i> , in the day of war,	
Would not alone <i>Minerva's</i> valour trust,	
But also hear her wisdom ! Then her oaks,	716
Shap'd by her own mechanics, would alone	
Her island fortify, and fix her fame !	
Nor would she weep, like <i>Rachel</i> , for her sons,	
Whose glorious blood in mad profusion	720
In foreign lands is shed—And shed in vain !	
Now on fair <i>Dover's</i> topmost cliff I'll stand,	
And look with scorn and triumph on proud <i>France</i> ,	
Of yore an isthmus, jutting from this coast,	724
Join'd the <i>Britannic</i> to the <i>Gallic</i> shore ;	
But <i>Neptune</i> on a day, with fury fir'd,	
Rear'd his tremendous trident, smote the earth,	
And broke th' unnatural union at a blow.	728
“Twixt you and you, my servants and my sons,	
Be there (he cried) eternal discord. <i>France</i>	
Shall bow the neck to <i>Cantium's</i> peerless offspring,	
And as the Oak reigns lordly o'er the Shrub,	732
So shall the Hop have homage from the Vine.”	

Finis.

¹ “The seat of Lord Vane.”—*Original Note.*

[*Poetical Broadside*, in British Museum, p. 209.]**The Hop Garden.¹****A Borm.**

WHEN the blest time of harvest is all o'er,
 And CERES bears her golden sheaf no more,
 The wealthy farmer joyful locks his barn,
 Then looks with pleasure on the smiling gar'n,² 4
 Where clustering hops, of a bright silver hue,
 Entwine each pole, present a pleasing view.
 In the mean time, it is the good man's care
 T' provide his pickers, and the bins repair ; 8
 The oast-house too is fitted up for drying,
 His coals are stow'd, and bagging wants no buying.
 All things are ready, and the hops are ripe,
 He strides his nag, he rides, and thus invites : 12
 "Come, my good dames," says he, "to-morrow rise,
 As soon as *Sol* illumes yon eastern skies,
 My ripen'd hops again require your aid,
 I'll use you well, and well you shall be paid ; 16
 There's sturdy HAL again shall pull yon poles,
 The hops, as usual, measured by JACK COLES."
 Thus spake the farmer, and each one consented,
 Each one was pleased, and each one contented ; 20
 Then straight to work their garden food to bake,
 Pies for their children, and themselves, they make ;
 Their hopping garments, they were patch'd before,
 Were darn'd, and quilted, till they need no more ; 24

¹ This poetical piece gives us a much livelier description of the animated scene presented by a Hop Garden than we find in Christopher Smart's blank verse, while (strange to say) the picking appears to have terminated without one of those fights which form a popular amusement in hopping time, when the natives and the Irish range themselves in opposite ranks, utilizing poles, or whatever comes handy.

² "Gairn, a garden. A hop gairn—a plantation of hops."—GROSE.

Nor were they nice about the patches' hue,
 If red, it did, if yellow, green, or blue ;
 That when complete, with *Joseph's* Coat might vie,
 And strike with wonder each beholder's eye. 28

Soon as the glowing east is ting'd with red,
 They rise, and quickly leave the drowsy bed,
 Where in soft slumbers of the night they dreamt
 Of this, of that, and how the hopping went. 32

The fire's made, the kettle o'er it plac'd,
 The table is with cups and saucers grac'd ;
 Around they sit, and with the Tea regale,
 Yet all in haste, no time for idle tale ; 46

They soon arise, the tea-traps put aside,
 The lapsy hat beneath the chin is tyed,
 The stocking glove upon the arm is drawn,
 The children, hooded, wish for to be gone. 40

Then the fond mother takes the infant young,
 On *Sally's* arm the dinner basket's hung,
 While daddy, he, who now must act a part,
 Mounts up the cradle, and away they start. 44

The young ones pleas'd, with nimble steps trudge on,
 And proud they are to lug the stool along.
 Soon as they do attain the wish'd-for spot,
 With prying eyes they view the branching hop, 48

Range o'er the garden, as they think it fitting,
 To see where is the best, where the worst picking ;
 Yet as each one their chance by lot must take,
 No quarrels, brawls, or cavils now they make, 52

But each content, unto the station where
 Dame *Fortune* has directed, they repair.

Now all are fixed, how swift their fingers go,
 Yet their glib tongues their fingers shall out-do ; 56
 A noise confused throughout the garden runs,
 Sounds indistinct, in each direction comes.

Here goody *Clackitt* at the children brawls,
 There in a shrill-toned voice another calls 60

Aloud for POLES ! an infant here does cry,
To quiet which, a fourth sings lullaby ;
The cheerful maids in pleasing chorus sing,
Their well-tuned voices make the garden ring ; 64
While with the woven bine the mother jirks,
And thus compels the idle child to work.

The lasses now, in merry glee, unfold
Fond tales of love, by each fond lover told ; 68
They laugh, they prattle, while their heaving breast
Will scarce permit the secret there to rest.

While thus employed, with cautious steps and sly,
From the next village the spruce swain draws nigh, 72
He creeps, he stops, then, with a sudden spring,
The lass he seizes, and into the bin

He quickly puts her, where he steals a kiss,
Aid, though she squalls, she takes it not amiss. 76

At the next bin old crippled men do prate,
And 'mongst themselves fix matters of the state ;
One blames the King, another Parliament,
They know not why, but 'tis they're discontent 80
With their own lot ; a third then boldly says,
" I: I was King, you should see better days !

None but the brave should have command at sea,
The valiant only in the army be ; 84

The statesman I'd dismiss, this I'd retain,
And soon all matters set to rights again."

For far from this is fix'd the housewife's station,
Whose talk concerns not matters of the nation ; 88

The female tongue is seldom known to roam,
But talk of things that happen nearer home ;
Of economy in washing, brewing, baking,
Of leath, of marriages, and cuckold-making. 92

On thus begins, " Pray, neighbour, do you hear
That BETTY WANTON'S big ? 'tis true, I fear ;
'Tis by sly DICK, her mistress found it out,
So of the truth, you know, there is no doubt." 96

" Dame, have you heard that neighbour WIMSET'S dead,
And goody SIMPSON, she is brought to bed ?"—

" Is WIMSETT dead ? Alas ! how short is life !

Poor man, I'm very sorry for his wife : 100

I hope that goody SIMPSON she is well,

What has she got—is it a boy or girl ?"

" A girl they say, but this morning dame PARRET

Told me its cheek was mark'd all o'er with claret ; 104

O dear, I'll tell you what I heard to-day,

I think it's true, 'tis what the people say,

And goody TATTLE told one here just now,

That JOBSON'S caught in bed with goody SPROW." 108

See now a different scene, the clouds look black,

The wind it whistles, and the hop-poles crack,

Red lightnings glare, above hoarse thunders roar,

The clouds surcharged, in hasty torrents pour ; 112

With hasty steps the bin each hopper leaves,

Some to the hedge, some to the spreading trees,

To find a covert from the wind and rain,

Till the storm is past, and all is fair again. 116

When each repair unto their dripping bins,

And forth the master his *October* brings,

For to regale the wet,—the weary too,

That they with spirit may their task pursue, 120

Till eve draws on, and the broad setting sun

Proclaims to each the time of going home.

Now let us view them as they homeward go,

Women and children, yea, and cripple too ; 124

With weary steps they slowly trudge along,

Nor more is heard the cheery tale or song ;

Some rest their wearied limbs upon each stile,

Others on broken hop-pole lean awhile ; 128

Some out of temper, 'cause the petty hop

That would not rise, had fallen to their lot ;

Others do scold the idle boy, and say

They'll beat him well if thus another day. 132

Thus day by day the hopping it goes on,
 New scenes each day until the hopping's done,
 When jocose all home with the master go,
 To take their earnings, and to sup also. 136
 Now on the table the hot sirloin's smoking,
 And speckled puddings from the pots come roaking;
 Here's roast, here's boiled, with garden stuff a plenty,
 All may make free, and none arise up empty. 140
 The glasses next come rattling on the table,
 All now must toast and sing as they are able;
 While the women, they, in merry mood do join,
 To make the pole-puller an Andrew fine, 144
 With ribbons red and blue his hat they deck,
 Some platted round, some hanging down his back;
 And, thus equipped, he being full of glee,
 With a salute he pays each honest she. 148
 Then home in peace the men and women steer,
 Thanking their master for their Hopping cheer, }
 And wish him plenty the succeeding year. }

C. ROFE.

Ransom, Printer, 42, George-Street, Hastings.

Note.—We regret that the reservation of all rights excludes our inserting in this Group Miss Tuckey's charming poem *Kent; or, the Hopping-Time* ("When the summer-time is gone, and the races all are run,") from *English-Gipsy Songs in Rommany, with metrical English translations, by Charles G. Leland, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey, 1875.* The Rommany version *O Livintengri Tem* ("Talla grya sār shan prāstered, te o tättopens avri,") is given on pages 55-56 of this most interesting work, and the English on pages 57-59. All those who are acquainted with the beauty of our Kentish hop-grounds, will acknowledge the truth of Miss Tuckey's vivid description in her third stanza:—

There the poles stand in line, like the men that serve the Queen,
 And the bines twist around them, and cover them with green;
 There's no prettier sight, let the rest be what they may,
 Than a fine *Kentish* hop-field on a sunny autumn day.
 Come, Gipsy boys so tall,
 Come, Gipsy children small—
 There's money waiting yonder for us all!

XCVI.

[From the *Kentish Gazette*, Sept. 4, 1776.]**Hops.****A New Song, for the Year 1776.¹**Addressed to the Farmers of *Kent*.TUNE, "*As I was a driving my Waggon one day.*"

YE Farmers of *Kent*, who are jolly and gay,
 Come listen a while, and pray mind what I say;
 May this season be crowned with plentiful crops,
 And off from an acre a load of good hops.

Geho Dobbin, &c.

5

Oh! may they prove fine too, and fetch a great price,
 That ye, my brave boys, may get rich in a trice;
 For, as ye are ever both hearty and free,
 Success to ye all, for to fill ye with glee!

Geho Dobbin, &c.

10

To crown your repast in the hopping this year,
 I wish that the weather may be fine and clear;
 For when it is wet, it is wretched and sad,
 From morning till night in a hop-ground to pad.

Oh! sad hopping, &c.

15

¹ This song is fraught with good wishes for Hops and Hop-growers, mingled with a caution against endeavouring to defraud the King of the duty. Charles Dickens tells us how, so recently as 1853, large amounts of money changed hands in bets upon the amount of duty which will be declared by the Excise. "In Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone, are the Kentish 'Tattersalls,' which, together with a few of the ancient inns in Southwark (where the hop-factors live, and hold their principal market), comprise the head-quarters for hop betting; although this gambling is not confined to the trade, but extends to all classes in the hop districts. Almost every tradesman and boy has his 'book' or his chance in some Hop-club."—(See Article on *Hops*, in *Household Words*, vi. p. 113, and in *Edinburgh Review*, cxvi. 491.)

Then to see the poor hoppers, alas ! what a sight,
 'Tis enough to put modesty into a fright ;
 For they are so draggl'd and wet to the skin,
 They're much to be pity'd, their clothing's so thin.

Oh ! poor creatures, &c.

20

In case of this weather, let there be no flaw,
 Take care to provide them with plenty of straw,
 That when the poor wretches retire to their nest,
 They may lie in comfort, and all take their rest.

Oh ! poor hoppers, &c.

25

But, above all that's said, pray don't cheat the King ;
 For if you do that, it is sure a sad thing :
 As he'll have his duty by hook or by crook !
 Beware, oh ! beware, lest you're in the black book.

Oh ! sad doings ! &c.

30

Tho' ye have more honour, at least so I trust,
 (I'd have ye be always quite upright and just,)
 For honour and honesty carries the sway,
 Then from these great maxims ne'er venture to stray.

Oh ! rare hopping ! &c.

35

So here ends my theme, for I've no more to say,
 Only wish that each guest will attend to my lay,
 For, faith, no exceptions are meant in my song,
 And them that cries yes . . . by my soul, they are wrong.

Geho Dobbin, &c.

40



XCVII.

Hop Pickers' Song.

“THE Kentish vine” has inspired some good songs, and,
 to our thinking, none of them surpasses that by Charles
 Dibdin the elder, though in our own day John Oxenford has

praised the hop and disparaged the vine in a manner not unworthy of that vigorous song-writer. The lines to which we refer are these in Mr. William Chappell's *Old English Ditties* (p. 64, no date), by their author entitled "When Autumn Skies are Blue," but more appropriately named —

The Jovial Man of Kent.

[To the Sixteenth-Century Air, "*Joan's Ale is New.*"]

"A WAY with all Wine-drinkers,
And such new-fangled thinkers,
And may they still be shrinkers
From all good men and true."
Thus said the Jovial Man of *Kent*,
As through his golden hops he went,
With sturdy limbs and brow unbent,
When Autumn's sky was blue,
When Autumn's sky was blue above,
When Autumn's sky was blue.

10

The hop that swings so lightly,
The hop that glows so brightly,
Will sure be honour'd rightly
By all good men and true.
Let *Frenchmen* boast their straggling vine,
Which gives them draughts of meagre wine;
It cannot match this plant of mine,
When Autumn's sky is blue,
When Autumn's sky is blue above,
When Autumn's sky is blue.

20

When winter snows are falling,
And winter winds are brawling,
For nut-brown ale are calling
All honest men and true.
And when the merry song is sung,
And logs upon the fire are flung,
They think upon the hop that swung
When Autumn skies were blue,
When Autumn's skies were blue above,
When Autumn's skies were blue.

30

Although we have somewhat strayed from the road, we now make the best of our way to the hop-grounds, and join in the Hop-Pickers' Song.

[*Vineyard Revels*—A Pantomime acted at Sadler's Wells Theatre, 1777.]

Hop-Pickers' Song.

By Charles Dibdin, the Elder.

COME, neighbours, away to the hop-grounds, away !
 Behold the bright season invite,
 Where pleasure attends on the toils of the day,
 And labour is crown'd with delight. 4
 Haste, haste, then, and strip, as it bends from the pole,
 The fruit that gives vigour and strength to the soul :
 Our hearts and our spirits to cheer,
 It warms and enlivens the true *British* Beer. 8
Let innocent mirth to loud harmony raise,
And rapture pour forth all our songs in its praise,—
'Tis the liquor we love—'tis the juice we revere ;
'Tis the spring of our courage—the true British Beer. 12

Content with the riches of *Britain's* fair isle,
 Let the subjects of *Britain* rejoice ;
 May no foreign vintage our senses beguile,
 No stream of the grape have our voice. 16
 Ripe harvests of corn shall their full measure yield,
 And the flavour of hops crown the juice of the field ;
 Sport, pleasure, and love, banish sorrow and fear,
 While we toss off our cans of the true *British* Beer. 20
Let innocent mirth to loud harmony raise, &c.

XCVIII.

The Hop Supper.

BEFORE proceeding to this scene of mirth and good-fellowship, we will take a far different view of a phase of life in the hop-gardens, from the standpoint of "A Hopper," who

poured forth the ensuing doggrel complaint in the columns of the *Kent and Sussex Times* (September 28th, 1878), when its Editor remarked, "Readers must overlook the 'poetry,' in consideration of the subject dwelt upon." We hope our readers will take the same favourable view, in looking into the grievance caused by the varying size of

~~Hop-~~Measuring Baskets.

DEAR sir, this letter I send,
 Knowing you to be the workman's true friend.
 To this subject my mind has always been bent,
 Since the first day that I came hopping in *Kent*. 4

The farm that I work on has one hundred baskets or more,
 And the hops that we pick are dreadfully poor.
 To cheat us of our measure the tallyman's bent ;
 That's how we are treated when hopping in *Kent*. 8

When I went to school I always was told
 That four pecks made a bushel, be it of sand or of gold ;
 But down here in *Kent*, how a measure to tell—
 True ; sure it would puzzle the devil from hell. 12

I measured our basket, and found it contained
 Just eight bushels of the hops golden grain ;
 But our tallyman told us that that was meant
 For a six-bushel basket when hopping in *Kent*. 16

Now, I think with Mr. *Simmons*, I've a right to say
 That the farmers would not like to be treated this way.
 Yet self-preservation might make us intent
 Upon doing as we are done by when hopping in *Kent*. 20

If a poor man steals a turnip, the farmer will feel
 It his duty to give him a month on the wheel ;
 They steal from us our labour, and we ought to be content
 With any rough usage when hopping in *Kent*. 24

The huts that we sleep in, God knows, are well named ;
 They are "huts," not dwellings, and let in the rain ;
 They were not made for comfort. So pray be content,
 And never grumble at trifles when hopping in *Kent*. 28

Now, Mr. Editor, to bed I must go,
 For the embers of my fire are burnt rather low.
 Next year when I come I hope to say with content—
 They are forced to give us just measure when hopping in *Kent*. 32



[“ *The Kentish Songster*,” p. xxii., 3rd edit., Canterbury, 1784.]

The Hop-Supper.

AROUND the brown board at the farmer’s we met,
Where plenty of all we could wish-for was set ;
His hops were all pick’d, and of corn his barns full,
Man and wife are all joy, ’twas a sin to be dull.

Derry down, down, down, derry down. 5

He, blest with his friends, with his children and spouse,
Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us carouse ;
By *Jove*, we enjoy’d it, as sons of true mirth,
We drank him success in the fruits of the earth.

Derry down, down, &c. 10

But the farmer’s large bowl, and his flaggons of beer
(As brown as a filbert, and aged a full year),
Made our eyes (like the stars in a frosty night) twinkle,
Not a brow of threescore had that night the least wrinkle.

Derry down, down, &c. 15

If the king and the queen to our presence had stopt,
And view’d, with our joy, what decorum we kept,
They’d wish’d to have joined us, when we, with their pow’r,
Would have settled the nation in less than an hour.

Derry down, down, &c. 20

We drank, sung, and danc’d, and told stories of fun,
Ne’er heeded old Time, nor his sands how they run ;
’Twas the farmer’s good will we of joy should be full—
We resolv’d to be so, and hang all that were dull.

Derry down, down, &c. 25

Now Death, thou destroyer of good and of evil,
(Directed by Providence) be to us civil ;
The life of the worthy pray lengthen the span,
And spare this good farmer as long as you can.

Derry down, down, &c. 30

XCIX.

The Old Oak Chair.¹

MY good sire sat in his old oak chair,
 And the pillow was under his head,
 And he raised his feeble voice, and ne'er
 Will the memory part From my living heart
 Of the last few words he said : 6

"When I sit no more in this old oak chair,
 And the green grass has grown on my grave,
 And, like armed men, come want and care,
 Know, my boys, that God's curse Will but make matters worse,
 How little soever you have. 12

"The son that would sit in my old oak chair,
 And set foot on his father's spade,
 Must be of his father's spirit heir,
 And know that God's blessing Is still the best dressing,
 Whatever improvements are made." 18

And he sat no more in his old oak chair ;
 And a scape-thrift laid his hand
 On his father's plough, and he cursed the air,
 And he cursed the soil, For he lost his toil :
 But the fault was not in the land. 24

And another sat in his father's chair,
 And talked, o'er his liquor, of laws,
 Of the tyranny here, and the knavery there,
 Till the old bit of oak And the drunkard broke :
 But the times were not the cause. 30

But I have redeemed the old ricketty chair,
 And trod in my father's ways ;
 Have turned the furrow with humble prayer,
 To profit my neighbours, And prosper my labours,
 And bind my sheaves with praise. 36

¹ We here insert some lines, their agricultural admonitions fitting them better for a place in this Group than elsewhere. They had been penned by one whose name and labours must always be deservedly honoured in this County—the late Rev. Thomas Streatfeild, of Chart's Edge, Westerham. They were sung at, or after, an anniversary dinner of the Westerham Amicable Benefit Society, and printed (with four illustrations by George Cruikshank) at the end of *Lympsfeld and its Environs*, also by Mr. Streatfeild, in 1838. Dr. Rimbault set them to music, and they were circulated in true ballad form on a "slip." We are indebted for our copy to the kindness of Mr. J. Fremlyn Streatfeild.

C.

[The *Sporting Magazine*, xx. 61, April, 1802.]

Upon the Maidstone Fracas,

Between Law and Hops.¹

STERN Judges, in Spring, to all counties are sent,
 And, amongst other counties, the county of *Kent*;
 When at *Maidstone*, while feasting and villainy thrives,
 The pilfering paupers are tried for their lives.
Derry down, down, down, derry down. 5

Most lawyers meet Mischief, and here, with the rest,
 As an advocate able, was fam'd Serjeant *Best*;
 The Serjeant inveigh'd against thieves in the shops,
 And well work'd one *Waddington, dealer in hops.*
Derry Down. 10

A fraudulent factor, a r—— he had call'd him,
 And 'fore Judge and Jury had terribly maul'd him;
 The *Factor* vow'd vengeance—at night thro' the town
 He follow'd the Serjeant *high—low—up and down.*
Derry Down. 15

¹ We here meet with a triumphant, splendid, and (we believe) almost unnoticed, instance of a vindication of the Majesty of the Law, and the Privilege of Counsel, which occurred during the Spring Assizes at Maidstone in 1802. To say that the learned Serjeant had the best of the argument is a needless tautology, also that he made brief work of his assailant. We have no doubt the case was amply discussed by the Home Circuit at the time, and that the Serjeant's spirited conduct met with its full meed of approbation from his legal brethren.

At length to his lodgings he ventured, and swore
 The Serjeant "a *Liar*"—"the son of a w . . . ,"
 "A *rascal*—a *soundrel*;"—but these words to meet,
 The Serjeant kick'd *Waddington* into the street.

Derry Down.

20

When *Waddington* rose up, "he hoped he'd accord,
 To meet him to-morrow with pistol and sword."
 "No, no," says the Serjeant, "your distance still keep,
 I'll no more fight with you than a stealer of sheep.

Derry down.

25

"I'll draw you next term into *Westminster Hall*,
 Your dealings, your bargains, *hop contracts*, and all ;
 Where *subpœna'd*, *indicted*, *arraign'd*, you'll be *tried*,
 And will scarcely *hop off* without holes in your *hide*."

Derry Down.

30



CI.

Impromptu.

THE rustic wit of the patriotic Jan Ploughshare, whose effusions figure in our *Kentish Volunteer Group*, has here favoured us with an Impromptu on Hops, which, contrary to his usual custom, is not written in dialect.

[Probably there was more than one Richmond in the field; and *this* Jan Ploughshare may not have been the real Simon Pure, but some one who assumed the signature without authority: such being the disadvantage of a *nom de plume* with no "rights reserved."—J. W. E.]

[From the *Kentish Chronicle*, Oct. 1, 1802.]

Impromptu.¹

SOME Travellers were got together,
 Talking and yawning at the weather.
 At last, to change their conversation,
 They talk'd of sights in every nation.
 One who had seen great *Teneriffe*, 5
 Whose wond'ring size exceeds belief,
 Swore "From the top, an house's height
 Was not so big as any mite ;
 Nay, that the ships upon the seas
 Did scarcely look as large as bees : 10
 A thousand miles, at least, at once
 You might with eyes take in your scone."
 A *Kentish* man of ready wit,
 On which sometimes *perhaps* you'll hit,
 Said that a Hop-ground was confest 15
 The finest prospect and the best :
 "For there," says he, "upon my soul,
 You'll see at once from *pole to pole*."

JAN PLOUGHSHARE.

We have now reached the close of the first portion of our *Kentish Garland*, the one devoted to the County in General ; and take a temporary leave of our readers, who have so far favoured us with their company through

The londe of *Kente*
 That ys free and swythe gente :

and our greatest hope is that the songs we have gathered from ancient and modern sources, celebrating the glories of our grand old county, may

Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the *Kentish* hills.

Table of First Lines.

[Such a table of First Lines as I now furnish will be found serviceable to readers who may desire to return to any particular ballad, poem, or song in this First Volume of the *Kentish Garland*. Therefore it will be better to give the list at once, for easy reference, without awaiting the completion of the Second Volume, and the issue of a general Index. No ballad-book ought to be without both a Table of Contents and an Index of First Lines.—J. W. E.]

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of the

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